

DJ Clue, 1, 2, 3, 4

(feat. The L.O.X., Mase)

[Verse One: Sheek Luchion]

You on the circle line, what's wrong? Ain't your yacht out yet
ain't you that Willie, Benz pushing, slash Melrose cat
Nigga please, in the Hills of Beverly, you find it's heavenly
slingin' dick to Pamela Anderson bitches daily
L.O.X., when we ball
it's Pay-Per-View y'all
Straight movie
flee in the Z3 while woozy
Now gentlemen, do we have to get into some gangsta shit
for me to get paid on my song, y'all just get sprayed
Esta mointo; as a nail but on point though
I'll blast up the loca
for skimming on my coca
L.O.X., in total control and power
and everything you see us with in videos be ours
You can't afford it, so you playa hate I see your logic
my coat is \$1500 keep your army in the closet
As long as L-O-X keeps giving you what you need
we gonna take it there nigga AS WE PROCEED

[Chorus (Ma\$e):] 1, 2, 3, 4 [x4]

[Verse Two: Jadakiss]

Yo, you already know what I'm here for
therefore, L-O-X be the niggaz that I care for
Holding down this foundation, Mr. Jason
bald head, baby faced and I stay laced and
When you pay good, you play good, stay good
I'ma get this money while you fake thugs stay hood
Why wouldn't I be stacking franks
15 in clip while you packing shanks
Iron swinger, hair triggers, Fed bidders
real niggaz, the lil' kids still dig us
Next time be careful who you bring drama to
speaker phone in the Suburban with 6 monitors
Pad lock everything filled to the top
we ain't gonna stop, we just gonna squeeze 'til you drop
Paniro, Luch, bounce in the coupe
with no trouble all my niggaz bubble like goose
Or geese, Nautica fleece it ain't nothing
but now I can drop 25 on the piece
Butta Nats do it with whoever, who you kidding?
back to back like green on the other side of Clinton
Shock treatments for them cats who can't freak it
we keep 'em dusted, that's why they always try to leak it
But peep it, that weed shit, you can keep it
we trying to sell all the real units we can eat with

[Verse Three: Styles Paniro]

Fuck the cars and the clothes, sex and the bitch
homies that got life and niggaz that run thick
Like a pack of wolves with tools we all improve
chance I can drown I ain't jumping in the pool
I ain't a fool, you fucking with the Guineas and the Moul
when the money's making me hot, I move where it's cool
My pigment is just a figment
you never see my ghost, move through the L-O-X triangle pyramid
This is for them cats that's like "who's the L.O.X.?"

better float up to Yonkers nigga choose a block
Got Arabics, Ricans, Jews and Wops
drinking booze 'bout to drop, trying to lose the cops
Same shit, where you at say where you at
I got my first felony, holding my gat
And I been robbing cats, slinging my sacks
Styles P-A-N-I-R-O
BM Doub., see that thug, get that dough
We ain't positive, but we ain't negative
the cops got guns and they don't like us where we live
Take notes, I'm smoking a roach, holding my toast
giving my quotes, to the shorties living with dope
You think it ain't real, until you're caged in and you can't get a feel
we keep the rage in cuz we never made a mil.
So we blazin' all the faggots on the hill
fuckin' niggaz girls but they keep 'em on the pill
But dog wear your hat cuz the honey's type ill
everything is real