

DJ Clue, Chest To Chest

Chorus: L O X chest to chest back to back
Glock for glock mac for mac
Dope and crack is what we sling do things you talk about
Player f**k around and catch a slug in ya mouth!

Verse One: Jadakiss

It's a shame he can rhyme nigga loves crime
Every late night he outside with the nine
You ain't got chips f**k the world
You got chips you can f**k the next mans girl
Sounds harsh but they been ripped apart my world
Where thugs can rule, and selling crack was cool
Knocked off hundred-packs, brought stacks to school
No diploma, weed aroma, nigga half coma
Know the tricks in the class see my ass on the corner
You ain't ate shit 'till y'all tasted life
Had my mom saying Jay don't waste your life
But me and my ace is tight moving base at night
Lace your nights, you see Narc's jet
I'll meet you on the corner in the park doin' sets
And when it's dark again, we'll let the nine's spark again
Y'all know the dogs, niggaz stay movin out the fog
And when it's war we ain't tryin to call on the Lord
I'll hit 'em like the board when I split 'em with my sword
You fear what you hear so nigga, press record
From here on out we ain't tryin to be ignored
LOX drops shit that makes niggaz mop shit
You wanna pop shit, nigga, pop clips!

Verse Two: Style Paniro

Too many niggaz is shaky, life is shaky
I act like this 'cause they make me, probably hate me
Nigga, I'm in the dictionary look me up
Express art from my heart, baby, cook me up
I'm the crack in your tape deck
I'm the burner on your waist that'll leave the place wet
I'm the money in the safe that'll pay the case debt
I'm the jewels on your neck that'll make these dime bitches give head
I'm the blunt three in the morning you take to the head
I'm that car that you snatched when you first got bread
I'm that spot that you got when you was runnin' from the Feds
I'm the heart of the page of that book that you read

I'm the ground that absorbed all that shit that you bled
Styles, physically and mentally
Goin' for the gold 'cause I paid the penalty
You ain't a friend of me, y'all ain't seen the enemy
Thinking of bending me but I'm on the Kennedy
When I fly back in, I hope you're packing
Coming to tear y'all niggaz in fractions

Four-four

Seen the future we battling all laws

Verse Three: Sheek Luchion

Y'all must really wanna die f**king wit' Sheek Luchi
This here is the roof we droppin' niggaz off banzai
Goodbye, see you in your afterlife when
You come back as a pussy and I f**k you again
Respect come not from teks, it comes from niggaz who write checks
To get y'all little niggaz out of big debts
With paper, I'm sure that y'all will never see me sweat
Only in my linen when I'm spinning with whip up
Pass niggaz and watch they faces frown like a pit bull
The shit that we crush niggaz sniff into their groove
Scared to move
Gleaming like they looking for change

But ain't no dollars down there it's that sack f**kin' with you
No bounce before we hit you where the good lord split you
Hustle to work you kidding me, you know the difference in the cash
income
For years too many niggaz must have been dumb
Where we from, niggaz been hustling drums
Making sneaker money working for crumbs, pullin' in sums
If time don't stop why should we you light your spliff
You need work come on I got an assignment to give
This year I need 97 gats, 97 cars
Swear to God this year I'm gonna f**k 97 stars
And if I come short, it ain't no slack off my shoulder
I'm waiting for this last bitch to get a little older
What LOX niggaz, DJ Clue, 'till the motherf**kin' death