

# L.O.X., Blood Pressure

The headphones is on fire dis time around, Styles  
Blood Pressure  
Y'all just bear wit me  
Yo, last time I'ma tell these niggas, man  
Can't fuck around, man  
Jada, man  
Whoever  
Old nigga, new nigga  
Wha!! Yo, yo, yo...

[Verse 1: Jadakiss]

Who really da best rapper since B.I.G. ain't here  
Y'all know da answer to dat when Kiss ain't here  
When you see me, don't ask me nothin about us  
And don't definatly ask me nothin about...  
Fuck it  
You owe me one, I owe you two  
I woulda smacked you wit da burner, but I know you'd sue  
And I ain't talkin to him  
I'm talkin to you  
Matter of fact, I'm talkin to y'all  
Life is like walkin a yard  
Nigga'll stab you wit a fork in da heart  
And The Source got muthafuckas thinkin they hot  
Like my dope  
Got fiends thinkin they shot  
When you thinkin of da best, nigga  
Think of The Lox  
I'll cut ya fuckin hand off if ya pinky ring's hot  
Then come thru ya block in a sticky green drop  
Hop out  
Let off fifty-three shots  
Wouldn't care if I hit fifty-three cops  
Guliani might as well be merkin niggas  
Cuz the time that he givin out is hurtin niggas  
And all these record label's jerkin niggas  
And you never was a thug, you's a workin nigga  
And you heard that shit right there?  
I started that  
Don't make me put somethin up in ya Starter hat  
No matter who you are, or where you from  
Screw all of dat  
I'm not tryin to hear dat, son

[Hook: x2]

Now, who da fuck y'all want? (Jadakiss!!)  
And who da fuck y'all need? (Jadakiss!!)  
And who da fuck gon' bleed?  
All y'all hataz, cuz none of y'all niggas (can't fuck wit Jada!!)

[Verse 2: Jadakiss]

Don't you be dat clown nigga in da back of da whip  
That's gon' get the second half of da clip  
And all I'm sayin, it'll be da other nigga in the front of the da whip  
Runnin his lip, wit a gun on his hip  
Feel me dawg?  
Everybody walk da walk 'til they run into Kiss  
Then, they get stabbed, or hung, or stung wit da fifth  
How you think ya man hard when son on my dick?  
Cuz I can get his ass body, plus front him a brick  
Got a chick named Super-head

She give super-head  
Just moved in the buildin, even gave the super head  
I cop big guns that spit super lead  
So, play Superman, end up super dead  
Call ne Kiss, or da kid from The Lox  
That'll twist ya moms out and do a bid wit ya pops  
We was in jail, you probably won't get no mail  
And if you pumped on my block, you won't get no sales  
When ya CEO know you can't fuck wit I  
I make a million by June  
I'm sayin fuck July  
And I beg you to try me while I'm holdin da Tommy  
I'ma have ya body all over da lobby  
I already helped y'all  
I'm about to melt y'all  
Tell the truth, dawg  
I ain't never felt y'all  
This album, we gon' bubble like Seltzer  
If it ain't Double R, who da hell else is hard?!

[Hook until end]