L.O.X., I Wanna Thank You

[Jadakiss]
Yo, you can't fake it
Life's only what you make it
Front, be a snake, mess around, get your weight it
Ex-school boy who wanna go and try to take shit
Found his body, in the projects, naked
I ain't gonna lie, If I wasn't doing this now
I'd probably'd be tied down, in a small town
With my eyes on a couple of guys
With their eyes on a couple of pies
Cause I will survive
Brains, is the key to the game
If you ain't got none, what good is a shotgun?
If you ain't got guns, then you better cop some
'Cause the New World Order's around the block, dun
Streets be where Lox get their props from
Check us on the Internet, L-O-X dot com (lox.com)
A worldwide message, I try to express it
The best I could, for ya'll to cherish, till I perish

[Chorus: Kelly Price]
I wanna thank you, heavenly Father
For shining your light on me
It's been a long time
Since I had someone to love me
I owe my thanks to thee

[Styles]
They never expressed, that life's a part of death
They never go there, but you can blow here
The 25 to life and greens from below
Where, outta nowhere, you in the bus, hands is cuffed
Can't call your Mom, dog, you know times is rough
you was out yesterday, stressing a better way
Funny thing, they always seem to lock down Kings
And the thugs on the street just love to say, "It's all foul."
Watch the honeys check your style
Worthless, when they worship, what you purchase
They only see ice, not me, under the surface
What's the purpose? I just, go my way
Know my way, 'till bullets blow my way
Which they might, 'cause any night can change your life
Keep your state of mind tight and remain alright
It's plain to fight, but different to shoot
And might do it
If you ain't 10 different ways to get loot.

[Chorus: Kelly Price]

[Sheek]
Hey, yo, we handle rap like we do the street
Holding heat
It's them same crooked niggas
Watching dough, ain't nothing sweet, word
Buying beats is like copping grams
Niggas got too many scams
To give you garbage, slide the butters to their mans
That's aiight, though
'Cause even ready rock gets sold on our block
Watch us turn nothing into nitro
And we don't mingle
'Cause none of us don't really know you
From the heart, we never talk to strangers
So why start?

Anyway, we're rapping for this luxury shit
I watch wild niggas blow
See how plush shit can get
But we ain't trying to kiss ass to blow up fast
We gonna take our time and rely strictly on the rhyme
If I, wasn't that cat, Sheek Lucian, that rap
Would you still be my man
And pass your bottle to my hand
Would I be in the rain
While you pass me in the Land
Oh, you think by now that I don't already know your plan
To get next to me and possibly sex me
Then slip Ecstasy inside a nigga's Pepsi
Money'll never amount to respect, B
And you don't wanna test me
'Cause God blessed me.

[Chorus: Kelly Price]
And I know
I know that it could not happen without you
I know it could not happen without you