

# L.O.X., Not To Be Fucked With

[Stylez]

Another small town cat with a million dollar fetish  
Learned my first lesson in jail from a peasant  
Always seem pleasant  
Happy to be present  
Said he past due, shouldn't have been in the essence  
Streets is like your girl, treat it like your wife  
You can flirt around with drugs, but don't hit the pipe  
You can mess around with guns but death ain't right  
Hold your breath, next step, cause life ain't right  
If you with the wrong cats then your cyph ain't tight  
Stylez hit the darkside, show them the light  
Life ended to the ice that freezes m.c.'s  
Friend of the flame, burn 'em in one game  
Tell oxygen he ain't hoppin in  
He a little time nigga, I ain't thinking of stoppin him  
Catch up first, you stretch up worse than them  
Been experts and done less work than them  
With no album, we net worth more than them  
These cats didn't think that the Lox could do it  
Got a hundred different styles that will guide you through it  
I'm the ghost of this shit, I provide you fluid  
Never crack sidewalks or ride the sewers  
You got some fly shit, but my shit  
Is like the whole city fallin out the sky bitch  
Loud tracks  
I'm the quiet loud ass  
Quick to set it off on your fucking foul ass  
Make six digits eight and cop a palace  
Make every rapper sick and call me malace  
Y'all niggas never know what the Stylez have  
Some shit in the stash that would crack a cow's back  
In a hundred pieces in they ass, and how's that?  
Never answer back, I'm the cancer on the track  
Just think, I could blink, and make the Pink Panther black

[Chorus x2]

[Jadakiss]

Who's not to be fucked with?

[Stylez]

That's me

[Jadakiss]

Who's to be fucked with?

[Stylez]

That's them

Why don't you watch my back while I go ask them?

[Jadakiss]

And if they want beef later on I splash them

[Stylez]

And if they want to flow, right now I thrash them

Should I give it to them new style or old fashion

[Stylez]

Do I have to break down the walls

Stay off the floor

I'm the general dog, I start the war

Make every m.c. never spit again

When I leave 'em empty

No guts, no chest, no brain, no game

Stylez go broke, I'm a rob the folk train

I feel no pain

Steal cocain

Fuck black thugs that run through whole gangs

Anytime that I want it nigga, better listen

Blunt is the magic wand, I'm the magician  
Stylez is the virus, ain't no physician  
With an anecdote that can stop my colission  
Before you start asking, I'm a start splashing  
When I come through, it's like ten planes crashing  
Twenty ships, full of thugs, all of them is bastards  
Mashed up, looking through binocs, about to crash in  
What's the next issue?  
Sheek did official  
Called Spielberg, cops get tissue  
So you can rock in the sky when feds come and get you  
Next question is where nasa at?  
We need a hundred g's, can fly, when traffic bad  
When we down on the craps  
We plasmic gats  
Tellin you now you can't fuck with dinero  
Got a lot of space when it seem real narrow  
Sagitarrius style, spittin out arrows  
Hundred at a time, killin a hundred heroes

[Chorus x2]