

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 cocaine

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]