

The Lox, Bring It On

Ohh
Ay Yo Swizz
What's up
I told you baby this the one right here
This is the one
Sheek Louch
Omigod
Yo yo yo Ay yo

CHORUS 2X:

Ay yo y'all niggas want war?
Bring it on c'mon
Y'all want war with Sheek?
Bring it on c'mon
Y'all tryin na stop how I eat?
Bring it on c'mon , bring it on c'mon , bring it on c'mon

(Sheek: Verse 1)

Yo how you gon talk shit when you soft as pudding
Knowing the work that these real thugs put in
We too legit
Let me hear you rap something bout us
I'ma break the hands of the man who wrote your shit
We take minks off backs
Them grime niggas in clubs that make niggas walk
With them bodyguard cats
I'm glad I'm free
I feel like Harriet Tubman came and got me
>From the white man property
It's all glitz and glitter but no cash you getting
You hear the difference in that shit that I'm spittin
Double R
That's street shit and that's the way it has to be
Myself , Sheek Louch , and I'm still MTV
I can talk about guns
Go out smack some nuns
Then flip and do a song with country music and shit
Don't ever play LOX for no fucking retard
Cuz your dough aint that long that you can't see God
Plus these rap niggas out here respect the god
They know we spit that shit so they respect our sound
They know how hard a motherfucker is and water that's down
Here that's that shit right there
I swear from Yonkers motherfucker
We'll bust in the air
Aint nobody killin clouds over here
Respect us
You bleed how we bleed
We bust how you bust
Yo Swizz help me out sing this chorus for us
C'mon

CHORUS 2X

(Verse 2)

Ay yo this here is for them cats that wild nonstop
Can't dance just play the club and bop
No respect for the law
Fuck security son
Cuz you big that aint stopping me from bustin my gun
It's a fact that fire burns and shit stink
It's also a fact that your vest only protectin your chest
You aint think about your head when you was talkin that mess

Or this knife
Across your face scar you for life
Now do you really wanna rock that ice?
Heh heh
Do your security really love your life?
Or do they just want their check
You think they gon take one in the neck
For a nigga with no respect
For his crew
Man we don't wear half on Chinese food
Slept in the same bed
Same chick gave us head
Brothers , and we aint gon stop till we all dead
Aint shit gon change
Just the dough gon change
Fuck a Bentley
I'm good with a rubberband colored range
I empty a clip at you you send nothing in exchange
Y'all niggas mad soft no heart all brains
But what's smart when a dumb dumb burst your heart
I'm done now but first hold up hold your applause
I got one question to ask y'all do y'all niggas want war?

CHORUS 6X

(Swizz ad libs to end)