

# The Lox, Chest To Chest

Intro: Styles

Dj Clue. Desert Storm style baby. What nigga

All:

L-O-X, chest to chest, back to back  
glock for glock, Mac for Mac  
Dope and crack is what we sling do things you talk about  
player f\*\*k around and catch a slug in your mouth

Verse One: Jadakiss

It's a shame he can rhyme, nigga loves crime  
every late night he's outside with the nine  
You ain't got chips, f\*\*k the world  
you got chips, you can f\*\*k the next mans girl  
Sounds harsh but they been ripped apart my world  
Where thugs could rule  
and selling crack was cool  
Knocked off hundred packs brought stacks to school  
No diploma, weed aroma nigga half coma  
know the tricks of the class see my ass on the corner  
You ain't ate shit 'til y'all tasted life  
had my moms screaming "Jay don't waste your life"  
But me and my Ace is tight  
moving base at night  
Lace your nights, you see Narcs jet  
I'll meet in the morning in the park doing sets  
And when it's dark again  
we'll let the 9s spark again  
Y'all know the dogs  
niggaz stay moving out the fog  
And when it's war we ain't gonna call on the Lord  
I'll hit 'em like the board when I split 'em with my sword  
You fear what you hear so nigga press record  
from here on out we ain't tryin' to be ignored  
L.O.X. drop shit that make niggaz mop shit  
you wanna pop shit, nigga, pop clips

Verse Two: Styles Paniro

Too many niggaz shake me, life is shaky  
I act like this 'cause they make me probably hate me  
Nigga, I'm in the dictionary look me up  
express art from my heart, baby cook me up  
I'm the crack in your tape deck

I'm the burner on your waist that'll leave the place wet  
I'm the money in the safe that'll pay the case debt  
I'm the jewels on your neck that'll make these dime bitches give head  
I'm the blunt 3 in the morning you take to the head  
I'm that car that you snatched when you first got bread  
I'm that spot that you got when you were running from the Feds  
I'm the heart of the page in that book that you read  
I'm the ground that absorbed all that shit that y'all bled  
Styles, physically and mentally  
going to for the goal 'cause I paid the penalty  
Y'all ain't a friend of me  
y'all ain't seen the enemy  
Thinking of bending me  
but I'm on the Kennedy  
When I fly back in, hope you're packing

coming to tear y'all niggaz in fractions  
Four-four  
seen the future we battlin' all laws

Verse Three: Sheek Luchion

Y'all must really wanna die, f\*\*king with Sheek Luchi  
this here is the roof we dropping niggaz off Bonsai  
Goodbye, see you in your afterlife when  
you come back as a pussy and I f\*\*k you again  
Respect come not from Tecs, it comes from niggaz who write checks  
to get y'all lil' niggaz outta big debts  
With paper, I'm sure that you never see me sweat  
Only in the linen when I'm spinning in my whip-up  
pass niggaz and watch they face frown like a pitbull  
The shit that we crush niggaz sniff into their groove  
scared to move  
Gleaming like you looking for change  
But ain't no dollars down there it's that sack f\*\*king with you  
now bounce before we bust you where the good Lord split you  
Hustle to work, you kidding me, you know the difference in the cash income  
for years so many niggaz must've been dumb  
Where we from, niggaz been hustlin' drums  
making sneaker money, running for crumbs, pulling in sums  
If time don't stop, why should we yo light your spliff  
you need work? Come on I got consignment to give  
This year I need 97 gats, 97 cars  
swear to God this year, I'm gonna f\*\*k 97 starts  
And if I come short, it ain't no slack off my shoulder  
I'm waiting for this last bitch to get a little older WHAT  
L.O.X. nigga, DJ Clue, to the muthaf\*\*kin' chest