

The Lox, Dirty Ryders

(The Lox)

Yeah, yeah, yeah

What up Looch (What up, what up D-Block)

We did it again shocks, no doubt

Yeah (It's The Lox!) Still, ain't nothin' changed (Still a ghost)

It's still a ghost baby (Come on, what's up, yeah, yeah, yeah)

You see me don't say shit nigga (Grab ya burner and bust off)

What (Uh huh, uh huh) yo, hey yo...

(Sheek)

You know that motherfucker Sheek Looch is a gladiator

Like Russell Crowe, with my heat in a rad-iator

I come through slow you out there I'm lettin' it go

I got fire for ya ducks you want lissome dro

That's why I ain't got mercy for pigs

Off the roof, I let shit parachute to their wigs and their kids

I treat their face like I'm goin' to my safe

Ten to the left, six to the right (Ha ha)

240 pounds and I ain't tryin' to fight

And they don't make cuffs strong enough to lock me in

And your vest ain't thick enough to stop all ten

The sergeant be callin' up ya next-of-kin

But FUCK THAT my guns gotta speech problem

They stutter when they spit

Go through you when they hit

My shit ain't got no manners

Chromed out sniper rifle with the tank bananas, uh uh

(Hook: Jadakiss)

Training day, you could hear the sirens

All the cops crooked like who you people jivin'

Head shots, shoot between the eyes

And bullets in the dome like all you cowards dyin'

Knife work, stab you in the heart and the throat

And we don't leave till you gargle or choke

And we Black Mob, L-O-X guerilla niggas

Show you how to kill a nigga, you ain't got to feel a nigga

(Styles)

I love my niggas, why wouldn't I

Die for my motherfuckers, how couldn't I

Want a lot of things but it just ain't affordable

Only thing that count when you die is what they thought of you

Kid comin' through with a clip full of cop killers

Booted out something decent

Up to light a blunt, wild out, and shoot it out with the precinct

Cops stay crooked, my niggas ain't nice see

Cause the block stay cookin' I'm coolin' it off

When the pigs come through they medullas is off

Where I'm from dog you rude or you soft

If you say you a killer niggas'll ask you who did you off

So P keep this hustlin' up

When it comes to these guns or these knives nigga I'm fuckin' you up

And baby we can knuckle it up

I'm always up for a brawl

S-P and I done been through it all

(Hook)

(Sheek)

Hey yo, now I know you seen niggas with half a bodies

On top of skateboards, the work of shotties

Shit bags and all that, back to potties

I ain't a playa but my nine keeps em' hotties

And we don't run when we hear (* Police Sirens *)
I just hit em' off with cake so they give us a break
And let us know who rattin'
I leave their bodies in the middle of Manhattan
Where Wall Street at, come on

(Styles)

I said all the cops hate us and they got a good reason to
Forty bricks a month, no account unbelievable
Homicide here and there, bitches in pajamas
Holdin' llamas in they dairy-air, playin the fun
We the 3-5-4 boys, play if you one
All they do is call the cop on us
See us in the hood they know we got the glocks on us
Poppin' em' off
Niggas call me the cab driver now I'm droppin em' off

(Hook x2)