

The Lox, If You Know

Intro:

(Sheek)

Yo I might get drunk

(Jadakiss)

Jeckel and Hyde

Roll these with lemons

(Sheek)

I'm tellin' y'all Niggas

Swizz Beatz

Chorus:

(All)

If you know, like we know, like they know

L.O.X. is the best

If you know, like we know, like they know

Swizz Beatz is the best

If you know, like we know, like they know

Ruff Ryders is the best

If you know, like we know, like they know

We'll bring it to their chest

Verse 1:

(Sheek a.k.a Louch)

Yo if I can't make money

Then you can't either

If I didn't have to rap

I have blown in the freezer

(Styles a.k.a Holiday)

If I can't rock Nikes

or Tim's with double soles

I have the 9 in the pound

And leave your ass full of holes

(Jada a.k.a Kisseastwood)

If I didn't push a Benz

And I didn't push a Lex

Then the Ambulance will come

And they be pushin' on your chest

(Swizz Beatz)

If I couldn't hit the studio

and make another record

For my double R Niggas

I'll lay y'all on stretchers

(Sheek a.k.a Louch)

Now I might get drunk

Or I might get high

But my game stay Trump

And my style stay fly

(Styles a.k.a Holiday)

I might hit a dime

Or I might hit a duece

And when I wanna go to war

Is when you wanna call a truce

(Jada a.k.a Kisseastwood)

I might buy 'em cooked

Dough I might buy 'em raw

And I might tap your chin

Or I might cross your jaw

(Swizz Beatz)

Now I might go 18's

I might go 20's

I might use dumdums

Cause y'all Niggas dummies

Chorus:

Verse 2:

(Sheek a.k.a Louch)
Ayo, me without weight
Is like Harlem without 8
(Jada a.k.a Kisseastwood)
Yeah, me with no funds
Is like Queens with no dunns
(Styles a.k.a Holiday)
And me with no beef
Is like Brooklyn with no guns
(Swizz Beatz)
Man and me with no beats
Is like Cali with no blunts
(Sheek a.k.a Louch)
First I got head from her
Then I hit her from the back
Then she told me that she hustled
So I hit her with a pack
(Jada a.k.a Kisseastwood)
Yeah, screw how many mics you got
How much ice you got
My bullets'll make you icy-hot
(Styles a.k.a Holiday)
Y'all, all my Niggas killas
We don't talk on the phone
And give a way better message
When we come in your home
(Swizz Beatz)
Yo, catch me Down-South
When I'm pumpin' up things
and my name ain't Rover
Don't jump on my rings
(Sheek a.k.a Louch)
Man, you gotta have your hustle right
When you up in the game
(Jada a.k.a Kisseastwood)
You gotta have your lawyer money
For you firm-aly change
(Styles a.k.a Holiday)
And don't you leave out the house
Without bringer your things
(Swizz Beatz)
We gonna Ruff Ryde, Nigga
>From here to the bank

Interlude:

(Sheek a.k.a Louch)
What you greaseball cocksuckers thought it was over
This double R, Nigga, L.O.X.
We are the streets
When the kennels is open the dogs is biting, bitch
Shits real

Verse 3:

(Drag-on)
Yo, yo, yo, yo
I might pull up in a V,
that cost more than a buck
Then turn around and burn it
Cause you thought it was plush
(Eve)
Anytime I get on fire
I get a car to match
And tell any rapper you name

You gard it black
(Drag-On)
When I bust my hammer
I nail my Nigga
We the Ruff Ryder family
All hail, my Niggas
(Eve)
And I might ride, I might die
That's up to the Lord
And my Niggas might come home
That's up to the ?
(Drag-On)
Yo, If money make you feel good
I'm happy with lead
Joe Pesci-style
Kickin' Niggas after they dead
(Eve)
Picture the litter
Hold the 4-5th for my Niggas
Writin' the venom
Ass look right in the dinner
(Drag-On)
?Dockin'? you pay
Word from me you clockin' the Yay
I hustle for real
Let you hold the block for a day
(Eve)
Pull it in your brain
And give you a hot idea
You wanna low
Here's a casket you can hide out there

Chorus: til fade