

# 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