

# The Lox, Niggas Dun Started Sumthin

(Featuring Mase, DMX)

(Sheek)

Yo

Hey yo let's get papers and pop Mo' with hoes up in skyscrapers  
And Condominiums over-looking our drug capers  
New York City, the only way to play is gritty  
I want cheddar so we can front up in the eight fitty  
My whole committee like to puff L's and look jiggy  
Who wanna test this? My semi leave you chestless  
There ain't shit that you can say to me when you be breathless  
Young buttadundy shit that you won't do  
So go ahead with that bullshit you blab about going through  
I got niggas who pump, on yo block and in yo spot  
But sit next to you protecting you but murder you player  
Don Status, nigga we getting chipseses  
And bad bitcheses frontin' in flickseses

(Mase)

Yo Mase and The Lox we taking knots from the outta state spots  
Any nigga make it hot get found in vacant lot  
You don't really wanna come try the one guy  
Who stay dumb high from blunt lie  
To ??? alumnight  
We got more beef than an atomic bomb  
So I pack enough sonic arms to neutralize atomic bombs  
There's not a nigga in your gang want it  
My AK slay gays and spray strays with niggas names on it  
Often not bugs and much softer than thugs  
Have a chump coughin blood fill his coffin with slugs  
Yo You know I got enough guns to wreck a nation  
Any nigga wave a tech in Mase and, Have and explanation  
You bring your crew in em I'm doing em  
Then I'm Beating em down with aluminium  
Then I'm putting two in em  
You can't touch me I've been Devil sinned  
Wanted for imbesslement  
A lot of other things but that's irrelavent

(CHORUS)

(Styles) If you love the money, then prepare to die for it

(DMX) Niggas done started something

(Styles) You can lay in the plains or hug the sky for it

(DMX) Niggas done started something

{Repeat Chorus}

(Jadakiss)

Yo, check out the kid that get coke like Sosa  
Never turn down Chocha We in the Costa  
Rica, sippin Margarittas with a mommy  
Clinged to Tommy, showing love to my army  
Whenever the Lox find Ricky Blocks we kill him  
Yeah I hear niggas but I still don't feel em  
This is for the listeners and prisoners  
And them jealous rap cats that prefer dissing us  
My 16's be so real  
You can feel em in your vein like the mellow pops from Sugar Hill  
Jay be the cause for the kiss that you wait  
Cartel lift spittin clips at yo face  
We started from the bottom, you don't see bad niggas pardon  
Whatever we can do it at the garden  
Word life, this shit is real B  
I'm making niggas blow trials even if they not guilty

(Styles)  
I want a palace for my thugs, with oriental rugs  
Green back for drugs get waxed for the love  
20 niggas batter me, still couldn't shatter me  
I'm only getting up, splitting up yo anatomy

Official Lox family, grants niggas handing me  
I want the finer things and I hope you understanding me  
Sitting at the table plan in the club then fanning  
Let the sweat dry off and then grab the cannon  
Think the smartest and retaliate the hardest  
Regardless, if you a thug or a rap artist  
Respect me like Pesci, and If rap was hockey  
I'd be Gretski, puffin Nestle  
And ya'll niggas done started something  
Acting invincible like you god or something  
If you god, then I'ma mix a lot until you rot  
And if you a player then play for everything you got  
And if you a thug then start busting off shots  
And if you a dogg you better bite before you bark  
Chorus  
(DMX)  
Don't come at me with no bullshit, use caution  
'cause when I wet shit I dead shit Like abortions, for bigger portions  
Of extortion and racket hear it, rap niggas fear it  
F\*\*k what you heard it's what you hearing  
How much darker must it get? How must harder must it hit?  
See if ya hardest niggas flip, When I start a bunch of shit  
I like pussy, but not up in my face, So give me 3 feet  
'cause when we creep, no more then 3 deep, niggas see sheet  
Let hell stand yo shit burried in the mud  
Following traces of gun powder, residue, and blood  
A positive ID is impossible, So you know, John Doe  
Is what they gonna be putting on that tag on yo toe  
Now who gonna tell yo mother her baby's under a cover in the morgue  
Stiff as a log, sniffed out by the dogs  
Another hard headed nigga that wouldn't listen  
So you got, what you came for, surgery, with the chainsaw  
I hit the f\*\*king streets just like I said before  
Ain't nothing going down until I eat  
Motherf\*\*kers think it's all about impressing bitches  
And stressing bitches, While I'm testing bitches game  
Undressing bitches and caressing bitches  
And dealing with motherf\*\*kers on all levels  
What I'm dealing with is all devils  
F\*\*king mistakes, runnin with niggas you call rebels  
I got an army of 7-30 niggas dirty niggas  
It's tough to worry niggas thrity niggas that like to bury niggas  
And scary niggas get all the time, and what they got is all of mine  
Ya never talked this shit until I pull the nine  
And if I don't know you I don't f\*\*k with you  
And if you with my man, then he getting stuck with you  
And gave me the money, 'cause I just lost my mind  
When he crossed the line, spit this back to his chest  
Then I tossed the nine  
Forced the crime, black ghotti, I stack bodies  
With the black shotti and jab niggas that act knotty