

# The Lox, Scream L.O.X.

One , one , one  
Yeah!  
It's the second time around!  
Ya know , ya heard , (y'all know who this is)  
The real L.O.X. (no doubt)  
As we proceed  
To get rid of that bullshit (that's right)  
And give you what you need

CHORUS:  
Scream L  
Cuz we livin and we love the life  
Scream O  
We official and we override  
Scream X  
Cuz we experts and experienced (who is it nigga)  
We gon kill till we die and be ruff when we ride  
(One more time c'mon)  
Scream L  
Cuz we livin and we love the life  
Scream O  
We official and we override  
Scream X  
Cuz we experts and experienced  
We gon kill till we die and be ruff when we ride

(Sheek)  
Who that kid that  
Fly in his truck  
High as fuck  
Mami on my side she weeded I'm henneseeyed up  
Wet like flipper  
Dick on my zipper  
Kind of soft  
Waitin for this bitch to finish her weed to suck me off  
I'm done now  
Step out my truck then peep out my style  
Place a hundred in this bum cup in front of Mr. Child  
Glock 19  
Laser beam  
Fuck it no vest today  
No stress today , that's how I'm feelin today  
But if y'all shoot you think I won't put this bitch in my way  
I got love for my niggas that's deeper than lava  
Hotter than lava  
You point him out I'll pop the revolver  
Two years in jail and I don't need no package or nothing  
Sheek Louch true to this shit  
Y'all niggas is frontin  
We some evil motherfuckers you can tell when we smirk  
Comes to money we aint got no patience like doctors who don't work  
We drink till it don't hurt  
And the pain go away  
Now who you know out there who's fuckin with Sheek, Styles, and J  
C'mon

(Styles)  
What comes around goes around and I'm waitin to die  
I smoke weed in a cloud make my face in the sky  
I get blasted off the liquor, sell drugs, carry a 5th  
Fuck with my dogs  
Till they put me in a morgue  
And even when I'm alone it's me and my toast  
Me and my ghost

I wonder who get heated the most  
If you didn't live the life you probably couldn't relate  
I turn your face into pudding in the hood with an 8th  
Niggas beef over crack sales  
Scrap over hood rats  
Die over dice games  
You fuckin with us  
And I'ma still pop shit ridin up on a bus  
Like I'ma fuck a nigga up when I'm outta these cuffs  
And blow three niggas down cuz only cowards'll bluff  
Play it sweet when it's sour as fuck  
Calicoed up  
Money and the jewels and the powder is up  
I'ma make a nigga leak like I hit him with dust

(Jadakiss)  
Nowadays it cost money to breathe  
That's why I tote around three  
Ankle to waist and one in my sleeve  
Fuck security y'all can give that money to me  
Cuz when the bullets go off they be under the tree  
I'm at your chick's house bagging up  
Groupies styled out  
The Kool-Aid too sweet and the phone don't dial out  
You don't gotta like me  
I show up to your wedding  
Rockin a white tee  
Your wife like oohh-wee  
And if I dance wit her  
Then I got a chance wit her  
But I aint gonna do her  
I'ma wait till after the honeymoon to screw her  
And let niggas run through her  
For y'all that's behind that wall blockin the street  
Homemade doorags off the top of the briefs  
Everybody get they turn to live  
You just gotta know when it's your turn don't burn your bridge  
And all the real niggas will die the worms'll live  
And that's real fucked up but that's how shit is  
Scream it

CHORUS