

The Lox, We Are The Streets

Intro: Sheek

Ugh

You know we had to 'dis right

Hugh Hugh

You know we had to 'dis right

Hugh Hugh

It just wouldn't be right

Verse One:Sheek

Yo

Ayo

Yo I'ma b-boy standin in my b-boy stance

Glock on my hip is big is the dick in my pants

You don't want nuttin wit sheek you soft as fuck

I leave a single shotgun shell on top of your truck

Wit a horseshoe to let you know you pressin' ya luck

You don't want nuttin wit kiss, nuttin wit styles

You don't wanna end up food for the crocadiles

I'd take the gun off ya waste and smack ya

And turn around and point it at ya mink and give you one

I'm the reason why ya peeps not in ICU

Cause believe me when you ain't watchin I see you

From the Hamptons to the place where you like to eat

I put somethin in them mams you keep thinkin is sweet

I'm in the bushes all night calm wit' the Tommy

Waitin for you to skinny dip wit' that mommy

While she waitin for the night i'm waitin for her flight

Chorus: Jadakiss

2X

No we ain't

Wit dem

No more cause we ruffrydin

Get it out ya head now

LOX is back now

Show a little love now

Pump it in the club now

Verse Two: Jadakiss

Yo if you should die tonight

It's cause I said peel his cap

We on Ruffryders now

How real is that

It's the kiss of death everybody know J- face

Us gettin off similar to OJ's case

Just better rhymes and better beats involved

Less politics more of the streets involved

Things always go smooth when the heats involved

Sign today or get beat tommorow

First one talkin that family shit

And get a lotta doe and don't give the family shit

I don't care how many ? you wrote

I just wanna see how you gonna dance when your neck get broke

if yall do fall down i'ma scoop the ?

No shiny suits

Everybody boots and jeans

The industry is one thing being real is another

That means i'll steal your mother

Chorus: 2x

Verse Three: Styles

Yo if you left the peak ballin i don't feel yo ass
I wish duke was still alive and they killed yo ass
You can keep an industry but don't you come to the hood
I got a thousand niggas like me and they feel like suge
If you think i'm beefin for nuttin then rob me dog
I'm from the hood
And I ain't bee robbed before
Tell you screw all the paper work
You can lie in dirt
Walk through the valley nigga tell me if the iron hurt
Ruffryder now cause that's where the bombs at
And i tell niggas fuck that car jack
Take the roley out the air put the don back
Can't wear shiney suits on combat
Guess i got personal beef
You worse then a thief
Probably be your man that'll work you to sleep
We goin put the guns down and we ain't bringin a crew
You got friends that hate yo ass more than we do nigga

Outro: L.O.X.

We don't give a fuck about ya (3x)
We gonna be alright with out ya

Chorus: (6x)