

SAY F/ Pete D Moore

"Scream L.O.X"

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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 henneseyed 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

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