

The Lox F/ Lil' Kim % Skeek

"It's On You"

Visit "[It's On You](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Chorus (with EPMD samples):

On you ("Smile in my face, behind my back they talk trash")

On you ("Mad and stuff because they don't have cash")

On you ("When I roll and stroll ??? always pack a tool")

On you ("Just in case, a brother acts a fool")

[CL Smooth]

It's death before dishonor, strap the vest down tight
when you bring the
drama

Now raise up off mine, and taste it in the raw
Before snipers on the floor galore, in my hardware
store

Nightmares of thirsty crooks, niggas all acting fishy
working off the books

Painting pictures of poverty, causing armed robbery

And provoke every last one gets smoked

No doubt for real it's like wildlife

Where thugs forever pull caps and always keep a knife

Cause on the strip warefare's inevitable, hot steel's
incredible

And it's a pride the revolution won't be televised

As I supply and demand, as I build my currency to
expand, call it progress

When I bless my territory all respect due

But can niggas keep it real? It's on you

Chorus

Step into the dragon's lair, where CL's the don and
Pete's the creator

Now praise the most high and represent the best

Cause the number one killer of black men is stress

The armed and dangerous, the bulletproof

Couldn't stop the homicide of another youth

Penetrating your body parts with hollow point shells,
you fraud

Cause vengeance is mine said the Lord, indeed

My own click now truns greedy

Out of twelve of my soldiers, one will decieve me
With salt in the game, shame the family and push
My black ass straight into a terrifying ambush
The whole empire's at stake
Mastering the streets, devil the mental won't break and
turn snake
For Pete's sake you gotta be true to the crew
So if niggas want to set it, it's on you

Chorus

Capture the beast within me, beware when it's moving
deep in New York City
The diabolical gangster chronicle mob scenes in all
directions
The type of connections to get your wig split
Submit the wanted signs posted, chickens spots for
major knots you get
toasted
To the head piece, I release firepower, only I'm
controlling
We put in work and got the right brothers rolling
When hell kicks off we lick off
Keeping mine hard like stone from the red zone, to
each his own
Smile in my face behind my back you talk trash
But my pockets hit empty and my Lexus crashed
but not in your wildest dreams
Hear my name in all the scandals and all the schemes,
I rest in Queens
The Veronville's my capital, so memorize the cuts
Then give you two more seconds to get off these nuts,
it's on you

Chorus

song fades out and a freestyle session fades in

[Pete Rock]

Check it, Grap Luva, if you're in the house
Just get on the mic and show 'em what it's all about

[Grap Luva]

It's all about the wicked check one two
Cause I rips a microphone and pass it to my crew
I don't drink no brew, I smoke nuff spliffs, I don't have
no riffs
So check me as I shoot the gift
Rip rhymes, freestyle rhymes
Off top of the dome every time
I'm glad this shit is going on tape

So I can escape into the beat and make nuff papes
Word to God, kicking nuff freestyle rhymes

fades out

Visit [The Lox F/ Lil' Kim % Skeek](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.