

Dj Clue

"We're Back"

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[Sheek Louch]

Sheek Louch! Ayo Kiss... Ayo Styles P... Clip up niggas...
Y'all wanted this shit right?... fuck it.. let's go!

[DJ Clue]

New Lox! We're Back Y'all

[Chorus x2]

JK:L dot

SP:

O dot

SL:X muthafucka

Run and tell the hood we back (we back!) Yeah!

JK:L dot

SP:O dot

SL:X muthafucka

More bodies more guns more crack (more crack) Yeah!

[Sheek Louch]

So who's the kings of this microphone?

Who be still in the hood? Burner on 'em, dutch and
heavy Patron

Still big twenty pieces in a drug free zone

Still light conversation when I talk on the phone

In the Quadro-masi, doo-rag wrapped like I'm Hajji

Allybaba, when it's beef get the chopper

I'm in the trash can like I'm Oscar

Yeah! More bodies more crack more guns

[DJ Clue]

C'mon!

[Sheek Louch]

I figure we come back and make a couple more ones
shit I'm already lookin' at a thousand of my sons

Lil' Jay-Zs, lil' Esco's and Pun's

Lil' Doc Dre's, lil' Slick Rick's and Run's, yeah!

You ain't never heard 'em do it like we do

More money, but this not equal

Sheek Louch homie, microphone killer

No shirt on, silverback gorilla, yeah!

[Chorus]

[Jadakiss]

Yeah, we're back, yeah, yeah! Yeah, uh, yeah, yo,
Original coke movers, our CD's made
Niggas bids go smoother, when the system tried to
lose 'em
Gotta be god if they ain't devils
I'm in a hole in the wall, shootin' pool, table that ain't
leveled
I mean to offend you, if you dropped an album
In the last ten years then my DNA's in you
Can't be like but they wishin' to, dissin' who?
Please, these lil' niggas know who they listen to
Finally the underdogs is over the hump
Pass the cashmere Gucci trench over the pump
The snitches can still hurt me, as far as the bitches
They still thirsty, Far as the riches I'm still worthy
Whatever you want, I can get it by the thousands
And knock it off right in front of municipal housing
I can drop a jewel or a bomb, I just hope it hit ya
'Kiss, you can do the book, or the motion picture

[Chorus]

[DJ Clue]

It's Me Snitches Part 1, y'all!

[Styles P]

What else can I say that the others didn't?
L-O-X taught you everything that ya mother didn't
I shoot the gun 'til the trigger break, all of the rubber
missin'
Go and get another one, get on another mission
It's no one like me, quite frank, the right bank
I'll put ya think tank, all on ya Nikes
Still talk black shit, a whole lot of conscious
But I'm from the street so I never take nonsense
You don't want ya arm bent, followed by ya throat slit
Ferocious, wanna take a ride on the Ghost ship?
More bodies, more guns, more crack
More weights, more shots, more niggas that's runnin'
to get the stacks
Talk to the cartels never on the phone, no
Only on the front yard, when I get my lawn mowed
You don't want a bullet in ya baldy or ya corn rows
L-O-X is back, run and tell 'em that it's on, yo

[Chorus]

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