

Elvis Presley

"DJ Clue"

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Chorus: L O X chest to chest back to back
Glock for glock mac for mac
Dope and crack is what we sling do things you talk
about
Player fuck around and catch a slug in ya mouth!
Verse One: Jadakiss
It's a shame he can rhyme nigga loves crime
Every late night he outside with the nine
You ain't got chips fuck the world
You got chips you can fuck the next mans girl
Sounds harsh but they been ripped apart my world
Where thugs can rule, and selling crack was cool
Knocked off hundred-packs, brought stacks to school
No diploma, weed aroma, nigga half coma
Know the tricks in the class see my ass on the corner
You ain't ate shit 'till y'all tasted life
Had my mom saying Jay don't waste your life
But me and my ace is tight moving base at night
Lace your nights, you see Narc's jet
I'll meet you on the corner in the park doin' sets
And when it's dark again, we'll let the nine's spark
again
Y'all know the dogs, niggaz stay movin out the fog
And when it's war we ain't tryin to call on the Lord
I'll hit 'em like the board when I split 'em with my sword
You fear what you hear so nigga, press record
From here on out we ain't tryin to be ignored
LOX drops shit that makes niggaz mop shit
You wanna pop shit, nigga, pop clips!
Verse Two: Style Paniro
Too many niggaz is shaky, life is shaky
I act like this 'cause they make me, probably hate me
Nigga, I'm in the dictionary look me up
Express art from my heart, baby, cook me up
I'm the crack in your tape deck
I'm the burner on your waist that'll leave the place wet
I'm the money in the safe that'll pay the case debt
I'm the jewels on your neck that'll make these dime b

