

## **Lox**

# **"I Wanna Thank You"**

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(Jadakiss)

Yo, you can't fake it  
Life's only what you make it  
Front, be a snake, mess around, get your weight it  
Ex-school boy who wanna go and try to take shit  
Found his body, in the projects, naked  
I ain't gonna lie, If I wasn't doing this now  
I'd probably'd be tied down, in a small town  
With my eyes on a couple of guys  
With their eyes on a couple of pies  
Cause I will survive  
Brains, is the key to the game  
If you ain't got none, what good is a shotgun?  
If you ain't got guns, then you better cop some  
'Cause the New World Order's around the block, dun  
Streets be where Lox get their props from  
Check us on the Internet, L-O-X dot com (lox.com)  
A worldwide message, I try to express it  
The best I could, for ya'll to cherish, till I perish

Chorus (Kelly Price)

I wanna thank you, heavenly Father  
For shining your light on me  
It's been a long time  
Since I had someone to love me  
I owe my thanks to thee

(Styles)

They never expressed, that life's a part of death  
They never go there, but you can blow here  
The 25 to life and greens from below  
Where, outta nowhere, you in the bus, hands is cuffed  
Can't call your Mom, dog, you know times is rough  
You was out yesterday, stressing a better way  
Funny thing, they always seem to lock down Kings  
And the thugs on the street just love to say, "It's all  
foul."  
Watch the honeys check your style  
Worthless, when they worship, what you purchase  
They only see ice, not me, under the surface  
What's the purpose? I just, go my way  
Know my way, 'till bullets blow my way

Which they might, 'cause any night can change your  
life  
Keep your state of mind tight and remain alright  
It's plain to fight, but different to shoot  
And might do it  
If you ain't 10 different ways to get loot.

Chorus (Kelly Price)

(Sheek)  
Hey, yo, we handle rap like we do the street  
Holding heat  
It's them same crooked niggas  
Watching dough, ain't nothing sweet, word  
Buying beats is like copping grams  
Niggas got too many scams  
To give you garbage, slide the butters to their mans  
That's aight, though  
'Cause even ready rock gets sold on our block  
Watch us turn nothing into nitro  
And we don't mingle  
'Cause none of us don't really know you  
From the heart, we never talk to strangers  
So why start?  
Anyway, we're rapping for this luxury shit  
I watch wild niggas blow  
See how plush shit can get  
But we ain't trying to kiss ass to blow up fast  
We gonna take our time and rely strictly on the rhyme  
If I, wasn't that cat, Sheek Lucian, that rap  
Would you still be my man  
And pass your bottle to my hand  
Would I be in the rain  
While you pass me in the Land  
Oh, you think by now that I don't already know your plan  
To get next to me and possibly sex me  
Then slip Ecstasy inside a nigga's Pepsi  
Money'll never amount to respect, B  
And you don't wanna test me  
'Cause God blessed me.

Chorus (Kelly Price)

And I know  
I know that it could not happen without you  
I know it could not happen without you

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