

## **Lox**

# **"Livin' The Life"**

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(Puff talking)

Yeah, the game of life  
In this game it's not whether you win or lose  
But how you played the game  
Come on

(Stylez)

Everything involves The Lox  
Ask the niggas with the money in the safe  
And the cats on cell blocks  
Car parked in the lot  
Door is locked  
And the only time the phone is blocked is when home is hot  
I announce the bounce  
Smooth like an ounce  
Blow more ways than one  
Y'all niggas count  
One Mississippi - you can't get with me  
Two Mississippi - you never gon' hit me  
Three Mississippi - can't no bitch trick me  
Four Mississippi - won't no dog sick me  
Five Mississippi - we in Mississippi  
Twenty deep in the block  
Real niggas rock with me  
Blazing, reving in the black 9-11  
Lox out of sight like Michael Knight and Kevin  
Living dead  
Hoes giving head to the Feds  
Catch him with the calico  
Light him up in bed

Chorus x2 (Stylez)

Livin' the life, either you rise or fall  
It's a two-way street be large or small  
Livin' the life, either you die or ball  
It's a two-way street be rich or poor

(Sheek)

My niggas order parts for cars like motherfuckin' pizza  
For years

While you get all yours from Sears  
What!? Nigga even my guns be Ger-man  
Links, Cu-ban  
Rugs, Persian  
Now we can take this another level Pa-Pa  
And simply bust your pinata you hot-sa  
Lox take blocks  
Turn 'em into Fort Knox  
Cake wasn't blowin' here  
Till we started going there  
What!? I ain't hateing you cause you's a little richer  
But you old and I'm young, so that mean I think quicker  
When bitch drunk  
I'm bent up  
I bounce with the land blow  
(?) Pump the missile  
Black berry molassi  
Flossin' with the bad mama sita  
My chi-ca  
Be ten cent  
Job with the government  
Tap the Fed line  
So when they raid I'll be lovin' it

Chorus x2

(Jadakiss)  
I swear under oath no bullshit will any Lock take  
Cause we stop drama like anti-lock brakes  
High stakes  
Politic, pies and cakes  
Real niggas do dirt, tell lies, then skate  
What up son?  
What you bullshittin' bout now huh?  
Where we from?  
Don't matter cause we gettin' it done  
Land Rover, double sun roof  
Bulletproof  
Tangaray and grapefruit  
Got me hurlin' on my boots  
Man please  
Spit it out, twist the trees  
5-40 I fly when I'm dissin' the d's  
Deep Dish P.  
Sip Dom P. with ease  
First two words I ever learn, cock and squeeze  
Ain't about that  
Trying to do without that  
Makin' niggas fuck up their budget  
Time to get their paper route back  
L-O-X three letter word, black mall

With every last member of the team on the job  
Whether ir be controllin' the street  
Holdin' the heat  
Really don't matter to me  
Long as we eat

Chorus x2

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