

Lox "Recognize"

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Ruff Ruff Ruff Ruff Ruff Ruff Ruff Ruff
Huh...Ruff Ryders (Ryde or Die (overlap))
Don't get it twisted ya'll (yea yea yea (overlap))
Ruff Ryders..(..ta fuck i'm talking about right here)
Recognize, Recognize, Recognize (Ruff Ryders)
Don't get it twisted ya'll (yea yea yea (overlap))
Recognize, Recognize, Recognize (Ruff Ryders)
Don't get it twisted ya'll (yea yea yea (overlap))

(Jadakiss)
Now I know you couldn't wait
To hear kiss over premier
Kill you on tape
Then, watch it over a beer
Cause you aint nothing but a movie
With expensive footage
That's the reason they gon' leave you with expensive
bullets
Aint non of ya'll better than lox
Have all of ya'll dressed up in a suit
Dead in a box
Me and my niggas get reder than fox
And i don't care if i love you
I still want head of the drop
Niggas runnin' round talkin' that Y-2-K shit
Crackheads'll still gon' want that gray shit
That's why ima always cop the yay quick
So i suggest all of ya'll stay on jay dick
Too hard for MTV
Not black enough for BET
Just let me be
Give me all my royalty money
And let me greed
And ima have hoes for six
And hash for three

Chorus

Recognize, Recognize, Recognize (Ruff Ryders)
Don't get it twisted ya'll
Recognize, Recognize, Recognize (Ruff Ryders)
L to the O to the X (fade)

Recognize, Recognize, Recognize (Ruff Ryders)
Don't get it twisted ya'll
Recognize, Recognize, Recognize (Ruff Ryders)
L O X niggas (fade)
Don't get it twisted ya'll

(Sheek Luchion)
Ayo I give it to you point blank
In your moms place
So like point break with a mask on with presidents face
Clear my space, when big sheek crash the boards
Ya'll aint just mark niggas, ya'll whole mark niggas
With all that soft ass writin' might as well be in ?cards?
You gon' gamble with your life, when i launch these
torpidos
That'll shoot the crack out your ass ? ? casionos
Just me and my gambino's drunk as fuck
With a time parking lot dvd in a trunk
I been drunk most my life, don't ask me why
Through ninth grade, i aint go to highschool
I went to school high
And i don't care what ya'll got
That shit don't excite me
Im black and deadly and my burner just like me
And i'm quick to stick one of ya'll on tour
With the sheritten
See what yours can be mine
Without, inherittin'
Give up your chains
And them little diamonds in your ear
Is it worth your family cryin'
And the doctor yellin' "clear"

Chorus

(Styles Pinero)
If I knew heaven head a ghetto
That was sweeter than here
You know P would pack his bag
And just leave next year
But i got a son to raise
So ima stay in this hell
And i gotta gun to blaze
If you play with the L
Dot O dot X dot at the end
We the niggas that's gon' leave
With the pot at the end
Never too young to die
Or too old to live
? to bust your gun
Go home and mold your kid

Im a shamed i sell crack
But ima ryde for the moment
Know the concequence
Ima die with the omen
Two is better than one
There's three of the lox
Key in a pot
Key in the drop
Key to the top
Father, son, and holy ghost of rap
3 in a 1 seein a gun
And usin' it dog
Dope in a six
Coke in a five
Weed in a four
Ice is for my niggas
But the heat is for ya'll

Chorus (loop recognize/fade)

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