

Lox

"Y'all Fucked Up Now"

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Yeah
Two guns up motherfucker
Uh huh
Yeah
Niggaz runnin around yappin with dicks in they mouth
My Niggaz
Shit is serious L.O.X.
Couldn't even put three niggaz together and come up
With this combination (faggot)
Shit is fo' real
Yo

[Styles]
I pack a 4 5
Puff a blunt and get high
Don't give a fuck if I die 'cause my son is alive
I grew up doing dumb shit that made me wise
Could of died ten times
That made me live
Sell my soul
Not for no cars and gold
I been through it 'cause my scars is old
Remember the time
I used to puff dimes
And think the law was cold
Back then when my mom played my father's role
Now I'm a man
Runnin with a gun in the vest
It feel good with my son on my chest
I wanna quit
But I'm one of the best
Fuck around I might run to the west
Lay low and get blunted to death
Niggaz is wack
I can't say it plainer than that
Dog you shine in the front but it rain in the back
Fuck the middle
'cause the middle do a lot and a little
Stuck in between but y'all niggaz won't see the riddle
Settle for less
A general but don't meddle my chest
Die for my niggas nevertheless

Can't find a nigga better than this
Kiss and the Louch
Every man ahead of the group
Regretting the coup
Y'all niggas want the red in my boots
Hole in my shirt
Twist a nigga wig and leave me dead in the dirt
I see the rollie not move but the shit still work
Motherfucker that'll make you a jerk
Cocksucker

CHORUS:

Ay yo what y'all gon do now
Y'all fucked up now
Niggas
How deep is your crew now
Y'all fucked up now
Don't make us heat you down (you know what I'm sayin
?diego?)
Y'all fucked up now (This aint no fuckin joke niggas is
hungry)
We the nicest niggas around (Fuck is wrong)
Y'all fucked up now (yeah yeah ay yo ay yo ay yo)

[Sheek]

I pay off blue suits that's Sucio
And I put drugs in my girl koochie yo
A bad bitch that kill
So when you put the dogs on her you smell Massengill
Summer's Eve
Puttin drugs in coffee hip to the D's
I play smarter
That's why my flights now be charter
Ten seater
What you know about a Porsche at a meter
Next to koochie freak those
Tickets keep those
And you can mail to my postbox down in Melrose
I aint the nigga that you see
Posted on cop walls
I'm that eighteen and up
Mamis on my balls
Y'all can't figure the great one
Sheek be Jason
Not cops
But that legendary nigga my pops
I bust shots like bums at a bar but far
>From a lush
Everything about this cat be plush
And I'm quick to do dirt since I'm through your shirt
Like nothing

Lift a arm I hit those under your wing
Yo why you following this cat
Hey he about to get pushed back
You could poke your chest out in the street
That's cool
But in a bing this fool
Was like Louis Rich meat
We don't run from y'all
We scatter for guns on y'all
What you know about two 380's inside a basketball
And when it's beef
Store on his side with burners on Coronas
We the best that ever did it
If you need us telephone us
What the fuck nigga

CHORUS

[Jadakiss]

Yo
A nigga wanna go to war with Kiss
Find him a ditch
Old school niggas tell me I remind of rich
'cause I take the kids shopping and send em on bus
trips
Hoppin out a rough six
With sweats and scuffed kicks
I supply all the dealers and tell em to stuff nix
I done signed every autograph and took every flick
I'm quite sure that I coulda hit
Every chick
But I didn't ones that I did gave em heavy dick
All day
The LOX flow hotter than Broadway
Election time tryin na cop blow in the hallway
And their aint enough plates for y'all to eat with me
Stingy nigga but I share my slugs equally
I put half where your waist at
And half where your face at
Yo we in from a new spot let somebody taste that
From your street rappin's only one of my plans
I got dirty south niggas payin a hundred a gram
And I could care less how much you shift the scan
However you get it you supposed to hit your man
But we don't hold the grudges
We control the budgets
And do whatever the fuck we wanna do nigga fuck it

CHORUS

