

**DJ Clue F/ The L.O.X., Mase****"1, 2, 3, 4"**

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Verse One: Sheek Luchion

You on the circle line, what's wrong? Ain't your yacht  
out yet  
ain't you that Willie, Benz pushing, slash Melrose cat  
Nigga please, in the Hills of Beverly, you find it's  
heavenly  
slingin' dick to Pamela Anderson bitches daily  
L.O.X., when we ball  
it's Pay-Per-View y'all  
Straight movie  
flee in the Z3 while woozy  
Now gentlemen, do we have to get into some gangsta  
shit  
for me to get paid on my song, y'all just get sprayed  
Esta mointo; as a nail but on point though  
I'll blast up the loca  
for skimming on my coca  
L.O.X., in total control and power  
and everything you see us with in videos be ours  
You can't afford it, so you playa hate I see your logic  
my coat is \$1500 keep your army in the closet  
As long as L-O-X keeps giving you what you need  
we gonna take it there nigga AS WE PROCEED

Chorus (Ma\$e): 1, 2, 3, 4 (4X)

Verse Two: Jadakiss

Yo, you already know what I'm here for  
therefore, L-O-X be the niggaz that I care for  
Holding down this foundation, Mr. Jason  
bald head, baby faced and I stay laced and  
When you pay good, you play good, stay good  
I'ma get this money while you fake thugs stay hood  
Why wouldn't I be stacking franks  
15 in clip while you packing shanks  
Iron swinger, hair triggers, Fed bidders  
real niggaz, the lil' kids still dig us  
Next time be careful who you bring drama to  
speaker phone in the Suburban with 6 monitors

Pad lock everything filled to the top  
we ain't gonna stop, we just gonna squeeze 'til you  
drop  
Paniro, Luch, bounce in the coupe  
with no trouble all my niggaz bubble like goose  
Or geese, Nautica fleece it ain't nothing  
but now I can drop 25 on the piece  
Butta Nats do it with whoever, who you kidding?  
back to back like green on the other side of Clinton  
Shock treatments for them cats who can't freak it  
we keep 'em dusted, that's why they always try to leak  
it  
But peep it, that weed shit, you can keep it  
we trying to sell all the real units we can eat with

### Verse Three: Styles Paniro

Fuck the cars and the clothes, sex and the bitch  
homies that got life and niggaz that run thick  
Like a pack of wolves with tools we all improve  
chance I can drown I ain't jumping in the pool  
I ain't a fool, you fucking with the Guineas and the  
Mouls  
when the money's making me hot, I move where it's  
cool  
My pigment is just a figment  
you never see my ghost, move through the L-O-X  
triangle pyramid  
This is for them cats that's like "who's the L.O.X."  
better float up to Yonkers nigga choose a block  
Got Arabics, Ricans, Jews and Wops  
drinking booze 'bout to drop, trying to lose the cops  
Same shit, where you at say where you at  
I got my first felony, holding my gat  
And I been robbing cats, slinging my sacks  
Styles P-A-N-I-R-O  
BM Doub., see that thug, get that dough  
We ain't positive, but we ain't negative  
the cops got guns and they don't like us where we live  
Take notes, I'm smoking a roach, holding my toast  
giving my quotes, to the shorties living with dope  
You think it ain't real, until you're caged in and you  
can't get a feel  
we keep the rage in cuz we never made a mil.  
So we blazin' all the faggots on the hill  
fuckin' niggaz girls but they keep 'em on the pill  
But dog wear your hat cuz the honey's type ill  
everything is real

