

The Lox

"All For The Love"

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What's the deally yo? What?
I gotta squeeze the juice outta the headphones
Yeah, squeeze the juice outta the headphones

When you think of me you think of a problem
Who? What? When? And how you gonna solve 'em
Automatic or revolving

K I double S and here's the lesson
Most beams is infrared, but mine's is florescent
No matter where you go, I'ma spot you
No matter how many people you put me in front of,
I'ma rock you
And if you try to be the hard top, I'ma drop you
I got to, treat you like the clutch and pop you

Creep threw, in the 4-20 with your honey
'Cuz you ain't nuthin' but a playboy that turned bunny
And the only the thing left to discuss is more money
In these bullshit games these chickens, try to run me

Ya'll know ya'll can't touch us, I flow luses
It's so real I make her hop out and get the dutches
I'm sittin' on a thousand birds and I hide from the
cameras, why?
'Cuz a picture's, worth a thousand words

Ain't ya'll heard? Ya'll get what ya'll deserved
Ya'll do the catering, while we just get served
And you got some nerve, for P-Hing
Jason, do you have any idea who you facing?

Just something about my shit, you'll never figure out
It's too hot,s burning my mouth, that's why I spit it out
It must be, real hard for ya'll to listen
And it's sad, niggas is too broke to pay attention

Chilling, sittin' on about half a million
And all my niggas, all my guns, all my women
Next two years I should see about a billion
All for the love of drug dealing

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Hey yo, niggas know the line of work, bullet proof
designer shirt
Rolling with a China doll, she'll be reminding ya'll
Don of the underworld, every block minded it of course
Jadakiss and L O X boss, a pro 'cause I grow off the shit
that I absorb
You just another so and so, trying to flow, going broke
You trying to buy property, set it up for growing coke

Niggas making a movie, so I came to edit
Wiping everybody out, right before the credits
I'm a hard guy to get along with, get on a song with
When shit be going right, I flip into the wrong shit

The prime artist, expect me to rhyme hardest
Slash con artist, gonna get mine regardless
I ain't even big and I size niggas up
'Cuz they eyes give 'em up, look at 'em and see they
butt

I'm 22 with 10 ends so there that go
You hear that flow, and drove the underground wacko
Every since 12 I've been spittin' like tobacco
Relax though, pop the tape CD and the wax though

They wonder how, but the thing about ours, we open up
24 hours
Niggas don't sleep with eat so when they speak it mean
power
So you should keep quiet, you a coward
About to be laid out flat, and pushing up flowers

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