

The Lox

"Bring It On"

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Ay yo, Swizz, what's up?
I told you baby, this the, one right here
This is the one, Sheek Louch
Oh, my God, yo yo yo, ay yo

Ay yo, y'all niggas want war? Bring it on c'mon
Y'all want war with Sheek? Bring it on c'mon
Y'all trying na stop how I eat? Bring it on c'mon
Bring it on c'mon, bring it on c'mon

Ay yo, y'all niggas want war? Bring it on c'mon
Y'all want war with Sheek? Bring it on c'mon
Y'all trying na stop how I eat? Bring it on c'mon
Bring it on c'mon, bring it on c'mon

Yo, how you gon' talk shit when you soft as pudding?
Knowing the work that these real thugs put in
We too legit, let me hear you rap something 'bout us
I'ma break the hands of the man who wrote your shit

We take minks off backs
Them grime niggas in clubs that make niggas walk
With them bodyguard cats, I'm glad I'm free
I feel like Harriet Tubman came and got me

From the white man property
It's all glitz and glitter but no cash you getting
You hear the difference in that shit that I'm spitting
Double R, that's street shit and that's the way it has to be

Myself, Sheek Louch and I'm still MTV
I can talk about guns, go out, smack some nuns
Then flip and do a song with country music and shit
Don't ever play LOX for no fucking retard

'Cause your dough ain't that long that you can't see
God
Plus these rap niggas out here respect the God
They know we spit that shit, so they respect our sound
They know how hard a motherfucker is and water that's
down

Here that's that shit right there, I swear from Yonkers
motherfucker
We'll bust in the air, ain't nobody killing clouds over
here
Respect us, you bleed how we bleed, we bust how you
bust
Yo, Swizz help me out sing this chorus for us, c'mon

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Ay yo, this here is for them cats that wild nonstop
Can't dance, just play the club and bop
No respect for the law, fuck security, son
'Cause you big that ain't stopping me from busting my
gun

It's a fact that fire burns and shit stink
It's also a fact that your vest only protecting your chest
You ain't think about your head when you was talking
that mess
Or this knife, across the face scar you for life

Now, do you really wanna rock that ice?
Do your security really love your life?
Or do they just want their check
You think they gon' take one in the neck

For a nigga with no respect for his crew
Man, we don't wear half on Chinese food
Slept in the same bed, same chick gave us head
Brothers and we ain't gon' stop till we all dead

Ain't shit gon' change just the dough gon' change
Fuck a Bentley, I'm good with a rubberband colored
range
I empty a clip at you, you send nothing in exchange
Y'all niggas mad soft, no heart, all brains

But what's smart when a dumb dumb burst your heart
I'm done now but first hold up, hold your applause
I got one question to ask y'all, do y'all niggas want
war?

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This is Sheek in your area
Swizz Beats in your area
War, war, war, LOX, LOX, LOX
Y'all here, [Incomprehensible]

[Inaudible]

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