

## **The Lox** **"Dirty Ryders"**

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Yeah, yeah, yeah, what up Looch  
We did it again shocks, no doubt  
Yeah, still, ain't nothin' changed  
It's still a ghost baby  
You see me don't say shit nigga  
What, yo, hey yo

You know that motherfucker Sheek Looch is a gladiator  
Like Russell Crowe, with my heat in a radiator  
I come through slow you out there I'm lettin' it go  
I got fire for ya ducks you want lissome dro'

That's why I ain't got mercy for pigs  
Off the roof, I let shit parachute to their wigs and their  
kids  
I treat their face like I'm goin' to my safe  
Ten to the left, six to the right

240 pounds and I ain't tryin' to fight  
And they don't make cuffs strong enough to lock me in  
And your vest ain't thick enough to stop all ten  
The sergeant be callin' up ya next-of-kin

But fuck that, my guns gotta speech problem  
They stutter when they spit  
Go through you when they hit, my shit ain't got no  
manners  
Chromed out sniper rifle with the tank bananas, uh uh

Training day, you could hear the sirens  
All the cops crooked like who you people jivin'  
Head shots, shoot between the eyes  
And bullets in the dome like all you cowards dyin'

Knife work, stab you in the heart and the throat  
And we don't leave till you gargle or choke  
And we Black Mob, L O X guerrilla niggas  
Show you how to kill a nigga, you ain't got to feel a  
nigga

I love my niggas, why wouldn't I?  
Die for my motherfuckers, how couldn't I?

Want a lot of things but it just ain't affordable  
Only thing that count when you die is what they thought  
of you

Kid comin' through with a clip full of cop killers  
Booted out something decent  
Up to light a blunt, wild out, and shoot it out with the  
precinct  
Cops stay crooked, my niggas ain't nice see

'Cause the block stay cookin' I'm coolin' it off  
When the pigs come through they medullas is off  
Where I'm from dog you rude or you soft  
If you say you a killer niggas'll ask you who did you off

So P keep this hustlin' up  
When it comes to these guns or these knives dog I'm  
fuckin' you up  
And baby we can knuckle it up, I'm always up for a  
brawl  
S P and I done been through it all

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Hey yo, now I know you seen niggas with half a bodies  
On top of skateboards, the work of shotties  
Shit bags and all that, back to potties  
I ain't a playa but my nine keeps 'em hotties

And we don't run when we hear  
I just hit em' off with cake so they give us a break  
And let us know who rattin', I leave their bodies in the  
Middle of Manhattan, where Wall Street at, come on

I said all the cops hate us and they got a good reason  
to  
Forty bricks a month, no account unbelievable  
Homicide here and there, bitches in pajamas  
Holdin' llamas in they dairy-air, playin' the fun

We the 3 5 4 boys, play if you one  
All they do is call the cop on us

See us in the hood they know we got the glocks on us  
poppin' 'em off  
Niggas call me the cab driver now I'm droppin em' off

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