

The Lox

"Fuck You"

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Shit

Feel this

If your hoped we wouldn't make it, fuck you

(Fuck you)

Talk with a heart full of hatred, fuck you

(Fuck you)

And you said we wouldn't cake it, fuck you

(Fuck you)

Only my man blood is sacred, cocksucker, fuck you

Yo, everybody's a snake that's why I try to keep the
grass cut

So I can see 'em when they coming then I heat they ass
up

'Cuz them niggas that you went to school with

Will catch you while you in your new whip

And turn your brains into Cool Whip

Niggas that you running 'round getting ass with

Ain't gon' help you do nothing but carry your casket

Got the nerve to ask Kiss why I smoke so much

And how I'm such a young nigga that seem to know so
much

While you was running round pumping for niggas

I was listening and you still pumping for niggas

I'm coming through visiting

You heard, L O X came through in a yellow Lex

And hop out with the Air Force One's with yellow checks

And you liable to see me Dolo, icing the Rolo

Burner under the Polo, a lot of y'all is homos

Funny style niggas never down with me

Type that go to the bathroom, sit down and pee

I'll empty your house, back of your cribs, smacking
your kids

Bullets going through your leather, cracking your ribs

Don't even hit me on my hip if I ain't give you a call

And I ain't got a home phone number, I live on the road

Now I'm getting bigger checks
Conference calls with bigger 'xecs
Bigger bracelets with bigger begets
Fuck y'all

All I do is get high and think of faving you all
Motherfuckers hit 'cha knees and just pray to the Lord
I'd rather die today than live tomorrow
Then watch you crab motherfuckers just steal and ball

Put in my work, you might get put in a church
Funeral time, everybody kissing the corpse
Learn the ropes, stone rip if you soft, you pissing me
off
Call me S.P., and I spit on your boss

You can die 'coz this shit might happen to me
But I'ma still happen to be, packin' the 3
Fuck with bitches that be wrappin' the keys
And the niggas that bug over drug money, clappin' the
D

Shoot in the breeze, 9 in the boot, full of trees
1 in the morning, catch me with a gun on the corner
Let you know it's all real and you can front if you wanna
I understand, fuck it dog, die in the can

I say you pussy, you won't die for your right-hand man
As well as your left, niggas trip, fell into death
They touch you, only thing else to say is fuck you

A-yo, y'all niggas ain't hardcore, all my niggas is
homicide
What you know about getting shot, letting the drip dry
Letting the spit fly, seeing sparks whiz by
Putting a M A S H on niggas like Klinger and Horgi

So soft you mushy, I blast 'til your shit is gushy
Should be the head Cat in the Broadway play, you
pussy
Fuck with Sheek, Ouija board spell death
You can talk that beef shit, I hope that deep shit

Be as deep as you inside the fucking cement
Or you can deep sea dive, with no scuba gear
I'll drown you with your snorkel on, bitch, breathe out of
there
Whole team rich, never seen a summer like this

Baking hot, and you can sled ride down my wrist, neck
and hand

When it comes to coke, I can make a snowman, shit
Play in this shit make a angel with it
And I don't give a fuck about that 380 that y'all share

Between the 10 y'all with the same 8 bullets from last
year
When I bust I use snubs, denim flee in the spot
The hand I write with need a oven glove, my shit so hot
I want the most, Roley only work when it's next to my
post

Fuck a present gimme a yacht master, regular bezzy
Then I'm good when I'm in the hood and I'm on the
block
You got a gut feeling about shit, nigga, that means you
shot, what

If you hoped we wouldn't make it, fuck you
Talk with a heart full of hatred, fuck you
And you said we wouldn't cake it, fuck you
Only my man's blood is sacred, cocksucker, fuck you

I'll tell you in your face, fuck you
Pull it off my waist, hit you up, fuck you
And watch you die on the street, fuck you
Whoever feel sad at the funeral, fuck them too

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