

## **The Lox**

### **"Goin' Be Some Shit \*"**

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I think it's time I start feelin bitchy  
I've been too nice, too muthafuckin long  
Yeah, it's definately time I get nasty  
[Goin' be some shit]

Sheek:

Yeah, yo, well if I can't talk less squall finish streets like  
the westerns

Ten paces, turn around and squeeze at unfamiliar  
faces

First y'all industry niggas shut the fuck up

Swear you know a nigga's shit by readin the Vibe

Well some faggit-ass reporter don, wrote in your life

I stop the presses, don't let this be your last interview  
you do

I say it straight, print it straight to avoid this bullet  
wound boo

And y'all niggas kill me with that Windy Williams shit

Well see a playa (?), swear a nigga Puff jerkin niggas  
money

Something ain't right, them niggas ain't got no whips

Where they rolley's at, but fuck y'all we got more chips

Shit y'all doin nothin, I can buy a (?) for a bitch

Now let me see what else, oh yeah these hoes act like  
we married

We ain't engaged, don't be mad if I don't take you  
backstage

Yo, if I hit that I hit that, why don't you leave it at that

Instead you try to star sixty-nine my bitches on jacks

That's why you get smacked, cause y'all hoes ain't  
never gon' learn

That's why many of these younger brothers don't go on  
that turn

As for y'all MC's, whoever write your rhymes

Might as well hold your microphone, thats how I feel if it  
ain't your own

But we spit as indivually writ, why you paid sixteen  
stars to write your

sixteen balls

Bought like sixteen cars and ain't like none of them  
yours

Y'all niggas lucked up and made it through these

doors, shut the fuck up

Chorus:

Shut the fuck up

[Hot damn]

(Goin be some shit)

Sheek:

Yo, yo, yo, ayyo I pump up, get big walk through the party jig

Hat back, tattoos thats straight to the bar, kid

No weed, healthy as an ox the big man from Lox

You see solo in some spots, no crew just blocks

The freaky one, mom said I was soon to be done

Because I sexed more, and my career's yet to begun

But I can't help that, you bless me with they looks and pops with the yanks

So now the dimes gimme brain, and spot me faster in his hand

Sheek baby, my style been rough until Puff showed me the better things in life

And how to live phat like Biggie, so I present my shit like that

Half rough half jiggy, this part time college nigga, part time job

Had to taste the cake one time and decided to rob, and buy drugs

Caught slippin almost got Sheek plugged, Jack Daniel, dog

Shorty rushed the buildin with the pump out, he spit around I'm like, whoa!

I guess it was God that pushed my head down, cause I ain't know, word yo

And since then neither religious or christian, but I keep the faith in Him

Plus the desert eagle clan, so if niggas click they know by now they better

(?), wha

(Chrous)

Sheek:

Yo, ayyo, my whole click been ConAir, everytime we fly but we don't jack shit

We play it cool when in doubt no cash, platic, gats plastic

Now thats sweet, unditected, so when I walk through the scanners it don't beep

I hear fuck Sheek, fuck the Lox, Styles, and Jay, so what they signed to Bad

Boy

Puff jerkin them anyway, but the difference is if i'm  
gettin jerked I'm still  
seein noise  
Push the big boy toys that fly by like zooms  
So I sit and (?) like a bitch, Lox in Cancun  
Up in daddios fuckin wild hoes, the groupy chicas  
So fuck y'all, we paid y'all (..?..), we train hard  
continuously, cause we  
smart  
I rock you ran up them stairs, we run up charts and  
won't stop til one of us  
depart  
With one through the heart, but even then that won't  
stop us  
Cause or spirit gon' guide us, till we rich and old, hand  
worn down from  
arthritis  
In the hall of fame, we killed this game in your website  
like spiders  
Old and gray we're still the same Lox you can't divide  
us, wha

(chorus)

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