

## The Lox "New York Rap"

Visit "[New York Rap](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Sheek Louch

LOX!

What's ya name again? Donnie G (D-Block!)

Who else wit' you, fam? (S-P!)

Wave the Ruger at these haters

This New York rap, who else wit' you? (Al Qaeda)

Don-Don, .38 revolve in the brown bag  
Money in the pocket, when I walk, my pants sag  
In and out of town, that's why the God look jet-lagged  
Sheek's still bangin', I ain't wavin' the red flag  
The curse of Bin Laden, boats don't float across  
His ghostly bones said "Rise up with green moss"  
Uh, smoke blowin' on a weave  
Audie on the sleeve, Louis Vs in the breeze  
Condos in Miami, I ain't even use the keys  
Women and fast cars, some of my pet peeves  
Cash and big guns, be wit' them OGs  
Levis, white ups, City Lab tees  
Nick said "Nate, the Yanks gotta bring it home" (New York!)

Them Dirty Harrys sittin' on me, all chrome  
Public enemy, welcome to the terrordome  
This UK money, my phone stay home, I roam  
Safety on Glock, ice on rock  
I rep Biggie since Rick Ross reppin' Pac

Styles P

I don't like too many rappers, or niggas  
If you see me talkin' to cowards, it's all figgas  
Gotta be ready to die to war wit' us  
Yeah, we three deep, but there's plenty of more wit' us

Chop it up, bag it up, set it up  
I got a problem on the strip, I'll wet it up  
I could get a ton on the arm, getcha credit up  
Talkin' to the pilot on the Palm, then a Senator  
You fakin', nigga, I get it shakin'  
I'll shoot your wife at the dinner table like Taken  
I did dirt since Krush Groove and Breakin'

Now they got a Biggie movie, Pac comin' next  
You can suck my dick, you said The LOX ain't the best  
Now yell pause and no homo that  
And get a bullet in ya fitted where the logo at  
Yeah, another one by the NE sign  
Stab him in the face with the pen he signed  
Now that's that, turn ya fitted to a snapback

Jadakiss

Yo, I'm the one that make the car start: Engine  
Hard liquor, two weeks straight, nigga: Bingin'  
This dope, getcha sniff on or syringe in  
I'm really in these streets, they pretendin'  
You compare him to these creeps? You offend him  
Water and oil, you don't mix, you can't blend them  
Trunk fulla powder, cook it when I get there  
It's me all alone on the throne, yeah, I sit there  
Now just let the haze burn  
Bullets don't ever change, they always burn  
Majority is snakes, the rest is straight worms  
Everybody's a baller, then I must be Dave Stern  
Virus, whenever I spit, I spray germs  
Who else been nice for this long and stayed firm?  
Donnie G, the Phantom, and Al Qaeda  
L-O-X, the criminology coordinators  
(What?)

Visit [The Lox](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.