The Lox "So Right"

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Catch me in the dirt [unverified]
In the [unverified] porch burning out
Head across seas 'bout to turn it out
Coming back home to a furnish house

We three deep, What? And we ain't get no sleep We on the next flight, 25 a night, damn right Plan is to keep the fam tight Copping the Vipe and I ain't stopping at the light

Can't see the dice, ice to bright Heard he with a pretty chick, you a idiot Get a record deal and not take it serious Plan to make hits for a long period

Hell of a living, shit being on television
Ball I'm-a score every time there's an inning
I once had had a mill and it's just the beginning
Everybody want a pool, I need an ocean to swim in

Your fault, so right
(So right)
It makes me want more
(It makes me want more)
Your fault, so tight
(So tight)
You need an encore
(Give me an encore)

Yeah, yeah, yeah What up, yo, hey yo, hey yo

Hey yo, before I rock a show, I pray to God in a huddle Sheek laid back, you know, I'm 'bout to bubble All y'all hate that, tryin' to keep me in trouble We take things serious, y'all do it for fun

'Cuz when we hit we stick like noodles When then done International despite thee, West coast beef I blew it down on Keenen Ivory Wayans Got the all with a grain for the pain
So if we conflict you get all in yo brain
You gonna play this like little kids play hoolahoop
From day 'til it's dark with the fat man scoop
Now you spook, you heard Lox about to drop

Pop the top, we got this in a can like Pringle Heard one song, now you changing up your single While I mingle, Sheek the black man jingle In a club with two mommies, that's bilingual

Your fault, so right
(So right)
It makes me want more
(It makes me want more)
Your fault, so tight
(So tight)
You need an encore
(Give me an encore)

Yeah, wha, wha? Yo, yo, yo, yo

Now what y'all think we here for? Aight then Get this money, keep it tightened, right when All y'all thought y'all was coming to get us 'Cuz we lost B.I.G. but he still wit us

Fooled y'all ass, y'all tools don't blast All we do is make hot songs and use y'all cash I hang my plaques in the bathroom 'Cuz I'm sill thinking 'bout making a hit

While I'm taking a shit Playa Haters be scraping the 6 For no reason, that don't even make no sense I'm happy they made them with bullet proof glass tints

If you want beef, see you at the Bad Boy cook out Get a new look out, pull your black book out Who you know pal for enough to distribute? 2.5 and that's just the tribute

Anything involved with Benji's we with that With the good comes the bad never forget that

Your fault, so right (So right) It makes me want more (It makes me want more) Your fault, so tight (So tight)
You need an encore
(Give me an encore)

Your fault, so right
(So right)
It makes me want more
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