

## **The Lox**

### **"So Right rmx"**

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featuring Jay-Z, Kelly Price

Verse One: Styles

Catch me in the Dirty South

In the red porche 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'ma score everytime 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

Chorus: Kelly Price

Your love, so right (so right)

It makes me want more (it makes me want more)

Your fault love, so tight (so tight)

You need an encore (give me an encore)

Verse Two: Sheek Luchion

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 ya'll hate that, tryin to keep me in trouble

We take things serious, ya'll do it for fun

Cuz when we hit we stick like noodles when then done

International despite thee, Westcoast 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 gingle

In a club with two mommies, that's bilingual

Chorus

Verse Three: Jadakiss

Yeah, wha, wha, yo yo yo yo

Now what ya'll think we here for? aight then

Get this money, keep it tightened, right when

All ya'll thought ya'll was coming to get us  
Cuz we lost B.I.G., but he still wit us  
Fooled ya'll ass, ya'll tools don't blast  
All we do is make hot songs and use ya'll 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 prrof 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 envolved with Benji's we with that  
With the good comes the bad never forget that

Verse Four: Jay-Z

If you ain't in it for the money then get out the game  
Motherfuckers better think before they spit out my  
name  
I been known to have torn shit out the frame  
Load up the clip and aim TEST ME!  
You ain't in it for the dough, yo rhyme on your block  
I'll hit you with an owe, and do crime on your block  
If you wanna sell a million, Bad Boy and the Roc  
You know we come through with the gleam shit blinding  
your block

And our home be spacious, like a mil. and a dock

And the platinum bracelet, try to steal and get shot

Been a villain since I can remember for willing to plot

Sell crack, make a million then stop FEEL ME!

Yes nigga, Jay and L-O-X nigga

This is for you training bra bitches whose chest got  
bigger

It's on nigga, and the simple fact is

We got this rap shit captive

Chorus to fade

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