

The Lox

"We Are The Streets"

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You know we had to ?dis, right?
You know we had to, ?dis right?
It just wouldn?t be right

Yo, ayo
Yo I?ma B-boy standin' in my B-boy stance
Glock on my hip is big is the dick in my pants
You don?t want nuttin' wit sheek you soft as fuck
I leave a single shotgun shell on top of your truck

Wit a horseshoe to let you know you pressin? ya luck
You don?t want nuttin' wit kiss, nuttin' wit styles
You don?t wanna end up food for the crocodiles
I?d take the gun off ya waist and smack ya

And turn around and point it at ya mink and give you
one
I?m the reason why ya peeps not in I.C.U.
'Cause believe me when you ain?t watchin' I see you
From the Hamptons to the place where you like to eat
I put somethin' in them yams you keep thinkin' is sweet

I?m in the bushes all night calm wit the Tommy
Waitin' for you to skinny dip wit that mommy
While she waitin' for the night, I?m waitin' for her flight

No we ain?t, wit dem
No more 'cause we rough ridin'
Get it out ya head now
LOX is back now
Show a little love now
Pump it in the club now

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Yo if you should die tonight, it?s 'cause I said, "Peel his
cap"

We all rough riders now, how real is that
It's the kiss of death everybody know J-face
You's gettin' off similar to OJ's case

Just better rhymes and better beats involved
Less politics more of the streets involved
Things always go smooth when the heat's involved
Sign today or get beat tomorrow

First one talkin' that family shit
And get a lotta dough and don't give the family shit
I don't care how many checks you wrote
I just wanna see how you gonna dance when your neck
get broke

If y'all do fall down I'ma scoop the
No shiny suits, everybody boots and jeans
The industry is one thing being real is another
That means I'll steal your

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Yo if you left the peak ballin', I don't feel yo ass
I wish duke was still alive and they killed yo ass
You can keep an industry but don't you come to the
hood
I got a thousand niggas like me and they feel like Suge

If you think I'm beefin' for nuttin' then rob me dog
I'm from the hood and I ain't been robbed before
Tell you screw all the paperwork, you can lie in dirt
Walk through the valley nigga tell me if the iron hurt

Rough ridin' now 'cause that's where the bombs at
And I tell niggas fuck that car jack
Take the roley out the air put the don back
Can't wear shiny suits on combat

Guess I got personal beef, you worse than a thief

Probably be your man that?ll work you to sleep
We goin' put the guns down and we ain?t bringin' a
crew
You got friends that hate yo ass more than we do nigga

We don?t give a fuck about ya
We don?t give a fuck about ya
We don?t give a fuck about ya
We gonna be alright with out ya

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