

The Lox

"Y'all Fucked Up Now"

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Yeah, two guns up motherfucker
Yeah, niggaz runnin' around yappin' with dicks in they
mouth
My niggaz, shit is serious, L.O.X.
Couldn't even put three niggaz together
And come up with this combination, faggot
Shit is fo? real, yo

I pack a 4 5, puff a blunt and get high
Don't give a fuck if I die 'cause my son is alive
I grew up doing dumb shit that made me wise
Coulda died ten times that made me live

Sell my soul, not for no cars and gold
I been through it 'cause my scars is old
Remember the time I used to puff dimes
And think the law was cold

Back then when my mom played my father's role
Now I'm a man runnin' with a gun in the vest
It feel good with my son on my chest
I wanna quit but I'm one of the best
Fuck around, I might run to the west
Lay low and get blunted to death

Niggaz is wack, I can't say it plainer than that
Dog you shine in the front but it rain in the back
Fuck the middle 'cause the middle do a lot and a little
Stuck in between but y'all niggaz won't see the riddle
Settle for less, a General but don't meddle my chest

Die for my niggas nevertheless, can't find a nigga
better than this
Kiss and the louch, every man ahead of the group,
regretting the coup
Y'all niggas want the red in my boots, hole in my shirt
Twist a nigga wig and leave me dead in the dirt
I see the rollie not move but the shit still work
Motherfucker, that'll make you a jerk, cocksucker

Ayyo, what y'all gon' do now
Y'all fucked up now, niggas

How deep is your crew now
Y'all fucked up now
Don't make us heat you down
Y'all fucked up now
We the nicest niggas around
Y'all fucked up now

I pay off blue suits that's sucio
And I put drugs in my girl koochie yo, a bad bitch they
kill
So when you put the dogs on her, you smell massengill
Summer's eve, puttin' drugs in coffee hip to the D's
I play smarter, that's why my flights now be charter
Ten seater, what you know about a Porsche at a meter

Next to koochie freak those, tickets keep those
And you can mail to my postbox down in Mel rose
I ain't the nigga that you see posted on cop walls
I'm that eighteen and up mami's on my balls

Y'all can't figure the great one, sheek be jason not
cops
But that legendary nigga my pops
I bust shots like bums at a bar but far from a lush
Everything about this cat be plush

And I'm quick to do dirt since I'm through your shirt
Like nothing, lift a arm, I hit those under your wing
Yo, why you following this cat, hey, he about to get
pushed back
You could poke your chest out in the street, that's cool

But in a bing this fool was like Louis rich meat
We don't run from y'all, we scatter for guns on y'all
What you know about two 380's inside a basketball
And when it's beef, store on his side with burners on
coronas
We the best that ever did it, if you need us, telephone
us
What the fuck nigga

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How deep is your crew now
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We the nicest niggas around
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Yo, a nigga wanna go to war with kiss, find him a ditch

Old school niggas tell me, I remind 'em of rich
'Cause I take the kids shopping and send 'em on bus
trips
Hoppin' out a rough six with sweats and scuffed kicks

I supply all the dealers and tell 'em to stuff nix
I done signed every autograph and took every flick
I'm quite sure that I coulda hit every chick
But I didn't ones that I did give 'em heavy dick

All day the lox flow hotter than Broadway
Election time tryin' na cop blow in the hallway
And there ain't enough plates for y'all to eat with me
Stingy nigga but I share my slugs equally

I put half where your waist at and half where your face
at
Yo, we in from a new spot, let somebody taste that
From your street rappin's only one of my plans
I got dirty south niggas payin' a hundred a gram

And I could care less how much you shift the scan
However you get it you supposed to hit your man
But we don't hold the grudges, we control the budgets
And do whatever the fuck we wanna do, nigga fuck it

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