

## **Lox, The**

### **"All For The Love"**

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Jadakiss]  
What's the deally yo?  
I gotta squeeze the juice outta the headphones  
(Jadakiss...)  
Yeah (I like that)  
Squeeze the juice outta the headphones  
Yo, yo yo

[Verse 1]  
When you think of me you think of a problem  
Who? What? When? and how you gonna solve em  
Automatic or revolving  
The K I double S and, Here's the lesson  
Most beams is infared, but mine's is flourescent  
No matter where you go, I'ma spot you  
No matter how many people you put me in front of,  
I'ma rock you  
And if you try to be the hard top, I'ma drop you  
I got to, treat you like the clutch, and pop you  
Creep threw, in the 4-20 with your honey  
Cuz you ain't nuthin' but a playboy that turned bunny  
And the only the thing left to discuss is more money  
In these ??? games these chickens, try to run me  
Ya'll know ya'll can't touch us, I flow lushes  
It's so real I make her hop out, and get the dutches  
I'm sittin on a thousand birds, and I hide from the  
cameras (why?)  
Cuz a picture's, worth a thousand words  
Ain't ya'll heard? Ya'll get what ya'll deserved  
Ya'll do the catering, while we just get served  
And you got some nerve, for P-Hing  
Jason, do you have any idea who you facing?  
Just something about my shit, you'll never figure out  
It's hot it's burning my mouth, that's why I spit it out  
It must be, real hard for ya'll to listen  
And it's sad, niggas is to broke to pay attention

[Chorus]

Chilling, sittin' on about half a million  
And all my niggas, all my guns, all my women

Next two years I should see about a billion  
All for the love of drug dealing

-Repeat-

[Verse 2]

Hey yo, niggas know the line of work, Bullet proof  
designer shirt  
Rolling with a China Doll, She'll be reminding ya'll  
Don of the underworld, every block minded it of course  
Jadakiss and L-O-X boss  
A pro cause I grow off the shit that I absorb  
You just another so and so, trying to flow, going broke  
You trying to buy property, set it up for growing coke  
Niggas making a movie, so I came to edit  
Wiping everybody out, right before the credits  
I'm a hard guy to get along with, get on a song with  
When shit be going right, I flip into the wrong shit  
The prime artist, expect me to rhyme hardest  
Slash con artist, gonna get mine regardless  
I ain't even big and I size niggas up  
Cuz they eyes give em up, look at em and see they butt  
I'm 22 with 10 ends so there that go  
You hear that flow, and drove the underground wacko  
Every since 12 I've been spittin like tabacco  
Relax though, Pop the tape CD and the wax though  
They wonder how, but the thing about ours  
We open up 24 hours  
Niggas don't sleep with eat so when they speak it mean  
power  
So you should keep quiet, you a coward  
About to be layed out flat, and pushing up flowers

[Chorus to fade]

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