

Lox, The

"I Wanna Thank You"

Visit "[I Wanna Thank You](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Jadakiss)

Yo, you can't fake it

Life's only what you make it

Front, be a snake, mess around, get your weight it

Ex-school boy who wanna go and try to take shit

Found his body, in the projects, naked

I ain't gonna lie, If I wasn't doing this now

I'd probably'd be tied down, in a small town

With my eyes on a couple of guys

With their eyes on a couple of pies

Cause I will survive

Brains, is the key to the game

If you ain't got none, what good is a shotgun?

If you ain't got guns, then you better cop some

'Cause the New World Order's around the block, dun

Streets be where Lox get their props from

Check us on the Internet, L-O-X dot com (lox.com)

A worldwide message, I try to express it

The best I could, for ya'll to cherish, till I perish

Chorus (Kelly Price)

I wanna thank you, heavenly Father

For shining your light on me

It's been a long time

Since I had someone to love me

I owe my thanks to thee

(Styles)

They never expressed, that life's a part of death

They never go there, but you can blow here

The 25 to life and greens from below

Where, outta nowhere, you in the bus, hands is cuffed

Can't call your Mom, dog, you know times is rough

you was out yesterday, stressing a better way

Funny thing, they always seem to lock down Kings

And the thugs on the street just love to say, "It's all foul."

Watch the honeys check your style

Worthless, when they worship, what you purchase

They only see ice, not me, under the surface

What's the purpose? I just, go my way

Know my way, 'till bullets blow my way
Which they might, 'cause any night can change your
life
Keep your state of mind tight and remain alright
It's plain to fight, but different to shoot
And might do it
If you ain't 10 different ways to get loot.

Chorus (Kelly Price)

(Sheek)

Hey, yo, we handle rap like we do the street
Holding heat
It's them same crooked niggas
Watching dough, ain't nothing sweet, word
Buying beats is like copping grams
Niggas got too many scams
To give you garbage, slide the butters to their mans
That's aiight, though
'Cause even ready rock gets sold on our block
Watch us turn nothing into nitro
And we don't mingle
'Cause none of us don't really know you
From the heart, we never talk to strangers
So why start?
Anyway, we're rapping for this luxury shit
I watch wild niggas blow
See how plush shit can get
But we ain't trying to kiss ass to blow up fast
We gonna take our time and rely strictly on the rhyme
If I, wasn't that cat, Sheek Lucian, that rap
Would you still be my man
And pass your bottle to my hand
Would I be in the rain
While you pass me in the Land
Oh, you think by now that I don't already know your plan
To get next to me and possibly sex me
Then slip Ecstasy inside a nigga's Pepsi
Money'll never amount to respect, B
And you don't wanna test me
'Cause God blessed me.

Chorus (Kelly Price)

And I know
I know that it could not happen without you
I know it could not happen without you

Visit [Lox. The](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

