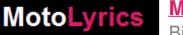
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Lox, The ''Recognize''

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(ladakiss) Now I know you couldn't wait to hear kiss over premier kill you on tape then, watch it over a beer cause you aint nothing but a movie with expensive footage that's the reason they gon' leave you with expensive bullets Aint non of ya'll better than lox Have all of ya'll dressed up in a suit dead in a box me and my niggas get reder than fox and i don't care if i love you i still want head of the drop Niggas runnin' round talkin' that Y-2-K shit Crackheads'll still gon' want that gray shit that's why ima always cop the yay quick so i suggest all of ya'll stay on jay dick Too hard for MTV Not black enough for BET Just let me be Give me all my royalty money and let me greed and ima have hoes for six and hash for three

Chorus

Recognize, Recognize, Recognize (Ruff Ryders) Don't get it twisted ya'll Recognize, Recognize, Recognize (Ruff Ryders) L to the O to the X (fade) Recognize, Recognize, Recognize (Ruff Ryders) Don't get it twisted ya'll Recognize, Recognize, Recognize (Ruff Ryders) L O X niggas (fade) Don't get it twisted ya'll

(Sheek Luchion) Ayo I give it to you point blank in your moms place so like point break with a mask on with presidents face clear my space, when big sheek crash the boards ya'll aint just mark niggas, ya'll whole mark niggas With all that soft ass writin' might as well be in ?cards? You gon' gamble with your life, when i launch these torpidos that'll shoot the crack out your ass ?? casionos just me and my gambino's drunk as fuck with a time parking lot dvd in a trunk I been drunk most my life, don't ask me why through ninth grade, i aint go to highschool i went to school high and i dont care what ya'll got that shit don't excite me im black and deadly and my burner just like me and i'm quick to stick one of ya'll on tour with the sheritten see what yours can be mine without, inherittin' give up your chains and them little diamonds in your ear is it worth your family cryin' and the doctor yellin' "clear"

Chorus

(Styles Pinero) If I knew heaven head a ghetto that was sweeter than here you know P would pack his bag and just leave next year but i got a son to raise so ima stay in this hell and i gotta gun to blaze if you play with the L dot O dot X dot at the end we the niggas that's gon' leave with the pot at the end never too young to die or too old to live ? to bust your gun

go home and mold your kid im a shamed i sell crack but ima ryde for the moment know the concequence ima die with the omen two is better than one there's three of the lox key in a pot key in the drop key to the top father, son, and holy ghost of rap 3 in a 1 seein a gun and usin' it dog dope in a six coke in a five weed in a four ice is for my niggas but the heat is for ya'll

Chorus (loop recognize/fade

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