

Lox, The

"We Are The Streets"

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Intro: Sheek

Ugh

You know we had to 'dis right

Hugh Hugh

You know we had to 'dis right

Hugh Hugh

It just wouldn't be right

Verse One:Sheek

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 crocadiles

I'd take the gun off ya waste 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 ICU

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 mams 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

Chorus: Jadakiss

2X

No we ain't

Wit dem

No more cause we ruffrydin

Get it out ya head now

LOX is back now

Show a little love now

Pump it in the club now

Verse Two: Jadakiss

Yo if you should die tonight
It's cause I said peel his cap
We on Ruffryders now
How real is that
It's the kiss of death everybody know J- face
Us 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 heats involved
Sign today or get beat tommorow
First one talkin that family shit
And get a lotta doe and don't give the family shit
I don't care how many ? you wrote
I just wanna see how you gonna dance when your neck
get broke
if yall 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 mother

Chorus: 2x

Verse Three: Styles

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 bee robbed before
Tell you screw all the paper work
You can lie in dirt
Walk through the valley nigga tell me if the iron hurt
Ruffryder 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 shiney suits on combat
Guess i got personal beef
You worse then 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

Outro: L.O.X.

We don't give a fuck about ya (3x)

We gonna be alright with out ya

Chorus: (6x

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