

Think Of The LOX

The Lox

You know who it is
Hey
Large Pro what up
Living Off Xperience you know

If the love don't work, what will money do?
I'ma need that G pick up truck colored honeydew (Woo)
Cantaloupe color the interior
Whoever act superior, we'll pop him with a .22
Have a carm in the condo with 22
Birds holding birds coming up Route 22
Ain't a cup of liquor but niggas know he's a 100 proof
Cut the legs off of niggas saying they run with you
I'm the pot head, the cool homie to vibe with
Violate, you oughta bring a homie to die with
I blow a eighth, think of states that I could buy in
Cop in a state think of weight that I could fly in
Can you hear me now like Verizon?
King of New York, bang your head right on a hydrant
Pops always told me to think out the box
So when you think about the best nigga, think of The LOX

Ayo
Half a mil' on the neck got 'em big mad
You think you takin' this shit? You getting shit back
Blew two hundred got the coupe all red (Skrtrt)
The real locked up and the rest are dead
That's facts
Thirty plus clips in that stack
I aim for the body but I hit all that
These rap niggas ain't real
Shooting out the car and had one hand on the wheel

Yo, leaning on a toy like a B-Boy
Parked the whip
Make my son come downstairs and watch Bruce Leroy
Last Dragon, pants sagging, nigga, Don Don's here
I'm out for the season and I ain't have Achilles tear
I'm Emirates Air, Shakira got the window seat
I light something and go dumb on a Large Pro beat
Who fucking with us? I only use a fifth of my brain
And I'm still better than them niggas tryna be Wayne
I move that cane like a blind man
I'm caked out without a million plus SoundScan
My skin looking like I found the youth fountain (Look at me baby)
And jumped in and got the red Louis duffle with the fucking pump in it (Shit
)
White Wraith space you could put clump in it
Passing the grave yard, I can see Trump in it
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Yo, riding through them blocks in them foreigners like baby chariots
Had to run it up or these niggas, won't take me serious
Real life street shit , niggas know how I carry it
She can't sit on this leather interior on her period
'Bout to get the coupe with the gun slot in the rear of it
The 20-22 like I forgot what year it is
Wanted it, I went and got it
Now I'm sharing it
From tossin' money bags in the closet, I built a pyramid
Took my respect living off experience
Stories about my hood got me living all luxurious
Racks on racks, stacked right in the closet
Need another stash house, I might get one in Yonkers
I did it, look how I benefitted from them losses
Paying back connects and paying all them loyals
Got work if you niggas can't afford you a verse
Still make my bitch ride with the joint in her purse

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I've been getting money so you know I want more
I'm live at the barbeque looking at the front door
Got the glow like I just came home from off tour
Got the Plain Jane AP on, off-shore
Skybox doing what a owner would do
Couple hundred mil' over a Corona or two
Every day I face off with a zone of the glue (Gorilla)
Then spend the old paper up and paytron to the new
First we gone beat the odds then we even it up
No ice on rabbit ears, leaving 'em stuck
Ask me they was better off leaving them tucked
There's four pipes on everything even the trucks
In the foreign, listening to Lauryn
The joint about Zion, these niggas is lying
Put hands on 'em and the sneak dissing it stops
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