

Chest To Chest

DJ Clue

Chorus: L O X chest to chest back to back

Glock for glock mac for mac

Dope and crack is what we sling do things you talk about

Player fuck around and catch a slug in ya mouth!

Verse One: Jadakiss

It's a shame he can rhyme nigga loves crime

Every late night he outside with the nine

You ain't got chips fuck the world

You got chips you can fuck the next mans girl

Sounds harsh but they been ripped apart my world

Where thugs can rule, and selling crack was cool

Knocked off hundred-packs, brought stacks to school

No diploma, weed aroma, nigga half coma

Know the tricks in the class see my ass on the corner

You ain't ate shit 'till y'all tasted life

Had my mom saying Jay don't waste your life

But me and my ace is tight moving base at night

Lace your nights, you see Narc's jet

I'll meet you on the corner in the park doin' sets

And when it's dark again, we'll let the nine's spark again

Y'all know the dogs, niggaz stay movin out the fog

And when it's war we ain't tryin to call on the Lord

I'll hit 'em like the board when I split 'em with my sword

You fear what you hear so nigga, press record

From here on out we ain't tryin to be ignored

LOX drops shit that makes niggaz mop shit

You wanna pop shit, nigga, pop clips!

Verse Two: Style Paniro

Too many niggaz is shaky, life is shaky

I act like this 'cause they make me, probably hate me

Nigga, I'm in the dictionary look me up

Express art from my heart, baby, cook me up

I'm the crack in your tape deck

I'm the burner on your waist that'll leave the place wet

I'm the money in the safe that'll pay the case debt

I'm the jewels on your neck that'll make these dime bitches give head

I'm the blunt three in the morning you take to the head

I'm that car that you snatched when you first got bread

I'm that spot that you got when you was runnin' from the Feds

I'm the heart of the page of that book that you read

I'm the ground that absorbed all that shit that you bled

Styles, physically and mentally

Goin' for the gold 'cause I paid the penalty

You ain't a friend of me, y'all ain't seen the enemy

Thinking of bending me but I'm on the Kennedy

When I fly back in, I hope you're packing

Coming to tear y'all niggaz in fractions

Four-four

Seen the future we battling all laws

Verse Three: Sheek Luchion

Y'all must really wanna die fucking wit' Sheek Luchi

This here is the roof we droppin' niggaz off banzai

Goodbye, see you in your afterlife when

You come back as a pussy and I fuck you again

Respect come not from teks, it comes from niggaz who write checks

To get y'all little niggaz out of big debts

With paper, I'm sure that y'all will never see me sweat

Only in my linen when I'm spinning with whip up
Pass niggaz and watch they faces frown like a pit bull
The shit that we crush niggaz sniff into their groove
Scared to move
Gleaming like they looking for change
But ain't no dollars down there it's that sack fuckin' with you
No bounce before we hit you where the good lord split you
Hustle to work you kidding me, you know the difference in the cash
Income
For years too many niggaz must have been dumb
Where we from, niggaz been hustling drums
Making sneaker money working for crumbs, pullin' in sums
If time don't stop why should we you light your spliff
You need work come on I got an assignment to give
This year I need 97 gats, 97 cars
Swear to God this year I'm gonna fuck 97 stars
And if I come short, it ain't no slack off my shoulder
I'm waiting for this last bitch to get a little older
What LOX niggaz, DJ Clue, 'till the motherfuckin' death