

Bout Shit

The Lox

LOX Shit nigga
Livin off Xperience
You feel it in the air, don't you?

Stepping out the Benz with the shearling that bane had
Before you test me, you ought to think of your brain pan
Donnie's a gorilla, Al-Qaeda came with the killers
Gun on the wait, while I wait for niggas
Plate full of plants
If you wanna die y'all know the devil, go ahead and pick the date for the dance
I'm in the i8, blow an 8th on the iPhone
On a money call, then take the advance
50/50 split, take mine's on the back end
Business going good, take the profit, put it back in
Reaganomics in effect, rooftops with cartels, honoring the set
My outfit, put you out kid
Fuck about the plug, cause we the outlet
Yardie homie got a tech, and he on that stout shit
Latin homie got the coke and he on that Ralph shit

You ain't really bout shit
We let the dogs out
Man, come on
You ain't really bout shit
Bam, bam, you in the Lord's house
Man, come on
You ain't really bout shit
Y-O nigga, we going all out
Man, come on
You ain't really bout shit
Find you a shelter, we gone fall out
Man come on, come on

They call me the microwave, cause I hit em with hot shit
Quick, got the streets like, damn this LOX shit stink
We ain't playing with you niggas
In the trunk I got them things that I'm spraying at you nigga
Think something funny, y'all keep laughing
Nigga already dead, Imma keep stabbing
Been a loose cannon, been putting work in
Name ringing bells, from school street to Warburton
Niggas talk about battle, but they ain't battle dog
My rap sheet is longer than niggas catalogues
Fuck you battle for, you know you ain't winning
X been the grim reaper since the beginning
These new rappers got me like what the fuck is you doing
You all over the place with it, what the fuck is you doing
If you ain't spitting the truth, then the shut the fuck up
Fuck you, suck my dick, now what

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All this fake love around here, I know how it feel
You could just say wassup, I could tell it ain't real
Nigga came home from somewhere, I could tell it ain't jail
No music, got a hundred thousand large in the mail
Can't tell them all yo plans, because they want you to fail
Nigga hate when you be moving, they rather you be still
Keep track of me, watch the back of me
I pop up more than my son's acne
Cut em into pieces, body in the freezers
I don't drink lean, so I don't be catchin seizures
With the cheese, I'm like Lil Caesars
Fuck your debit card, and your lil visas
Coke game, dope game, niggas been around that
Shot dead, left at your bitch house, you get found at
Trap game, rap game, niggas made hits
LOX, D-Block, get off our dicks

Pretty much are who we are now
We shed light on a city with a dark cloud
We bought Diddy through, even bought the Rs out
In a lot with the trucks and the cars out
And we never said once, if it wasn't for us
Hindsight I look back, it just wasn't enough
The fake love got exposed, just wasn't the lust
Find out who's who, you seek others to trust
It was already bars, we was already stars
Couldn't make us more related than we already are
It was written already, meaning it was already God
And we came from the bottom so it was already hard
Now I smoke different, I drink different, I think different
My contract is much bigger, so the inks different
My outlet, not about my outfit
How you feel about shit, you ain't really bout shit nigga

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