

Break It Down

The Lox

I'm another breed my seed is the way of the gun
Break it down one is all, all is one L-O-X
Yeah, it's the trinity nigga you feel the energy
Break it down, break it down

Living off experience nigga you can't test us
Imma watch your eyes and all of your hand gestures
Smoke and get high and channel my ancestors
Heading out of town in the burgundy tan Tesla
Lower in the Ralph shirt blow it to the outskirts
Kill everything my emergency plan is messed up
11 9's in the 911
Your 7, 6 shoties in the six series
You get it, with a grenade in my coat
And a bomb in my crib
I stay calm if the shits litty
Yeah, it's the trinity nigga you feeling energy
Chef in Hell's kitchen Sin City is my vicinity
Automatic, semi automatic or revolver on the ankle with a shottie in the trunk for the enemies
Keep em close to you
Told my niggas if I die don't cry I swear to god I would leave my ghost to you

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Homicide let his momma know, her boys a rap
He wouldn't listen tried to warn him them niggas would clap
He hard headed now them hollow tips shells embedded
I seen him laying there I told paramedics forget it
I'm another breed my seed is the way of the gun
My whole lifestyle is fast I'm formula one
I freestyle with Big I even did songs with Pun
I got rich, overall my career's been fun
But whoa, even though I'm spitting find ways to hate this
You can't copy my autopsy it'll show greatness
I'm a legend in this fucking game
Especially now all these rapper niggas sound the same
Whip this, cook up that I'm in the trap
Nigga please you never even touch the crack
Little Usess we put Yonkers on the Map
D Block, L-O-X your boys is back

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Yo! Less baseheads coke prices is getting higher
That stash you had, the sneaker boxes is getting lighter
These little niggas is shooting shit, but he a fighter
Good cat, he need to learn how to be a tiger
Tray tables the seats up for the deasent
Street shit, we blue print for the cement

If they see me after the flight I chuck em the deuces
I'm in the villa high up with double masseuses
P put me in the game we bubbling juices
More money less fame the trouble is useless
Yea, if you can make it you could stack it
Come in your crib and smell the bodega on my jacket
Advance technology, laser on the racket
When I hit my number I ain't playing with this rap shit
The strongest son, longest run
Break it down one is all, all is one L-O-X