

Chest 2 Chest

The Lox

[Intro: The L.O.X.]

L-O-X

Chest to chest, back to back
Glock for Glock, mack for mack
Dope and crack is what we sling
Do things you talk about
Player fuck around and catch a slug in your mouth

[Verse 1: Jadakiss]

It's a shame he could rhyme nigga love crime
Every late night he outside with the nine
You ain't got chips, fuck the world
You got chips, you could fuck the next mans girl
Sounds harsh but they been ripped apart my world
Where thugs could rule, 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
Ya'll ain't ate shit till ya'll taste the life
Had my mom screaming "J Don't waste your life"
But me and my ace is tight moving base at night
Lace your nikes, you see narcs jet
I'll meet you in the morning in the park doing sets
And when its dark again, we'll let the nine spark again
Ya'll know the dogs, niggas stay moving out the fog
And when its war we ain't trying to call on the lord
I 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 trying to be ignored
LOX drop shit that make niggas mob shit
You want to pop shit? nigga, pop clips

[Verse 2: Styles P]

Too many niggas shakey, life is shakey
I act like this cause they make me, probably hate me
Nigga, im in the dictionary look me up
Express art from my heart, baby cook me up
Im the crack in your tape deck
Im the burner on your waist that'll get the place wet
Im the money in safe that'll get the case dead
Im the jewels on your neck that'll make the dime bitches give head
Im the blunt three in the morning you take to the head
Im the car that you snatched when you first got bread
Im the spot that you got when you running from the feds
Im the heart in the page of that book that you read
Im the ground that absorbed all that shit that y'all bled
Styles, Physically and Mentally
Going for the gold cause I paid my penalties
You Ain't a friend of me, ya'll ain't seen the enemy
Thinking of bending me but im on the Kennedy
When I fly back in, hope you packin'
Comin' to tear ya'll niggas in fractions
.44 see the future we battle ya'll all lost

[Verse 3: Sheek Looch]

You must really want to die
Fucking with sheek Looch I

This years the booth we droppin' niggas off banzai
Goodbye, see you in the afterlife when
You come back as a pussy and I fuck you again
Respect come not from teks
It comes from niggas who write checks
To get ya'll little niggas out of big debts
With paper, im sure that you'll never see me sweat
Only in my linen when im spinnin' im my Whip oh
Pass niggas watch their face frown like a pitbull
The shit that we crush niggas sniff into they groove
Scared to move, leanin' like they lookin' for change
But ain't no dollars down there its that sack fuckin' with you
Now bounce before we bust you where the good lord split you
Hustler work, you kidding me?
You know the difference in the cash income
For years too many niggas must of been dumb
Where we from, niggas been hustling dumbs
Making sneaker money running for crumbs, Pulling in sums
If time dont stop then why should we yo light your spiff
You need work? come on I got your assignment to give
This year I need 97 gats, 97 cars
I swear to god this year, I'mma fuck 97 stars
And if I come short It ain't no slack off my shoulder
I waiting for this last bitch to get a little older
What, LOX nigga, to the motherfucking chest