

# One Two Three Four

The Lox

You in the circle line, what's wrong  
Ain't your yacht out yet  
Ain't you that Willie Benz pusher slash (?)  
Nigga please in the Hills of Beverly you find us  
Heavenly  
Swingin' dick to Pamela Anderson bitches daily  
LOX, when we ball it's paper view y'all  
Straight movie, flee to see three while I'm oozy  
Now gentlemen, do we have to get into some gangsta shit  
For me to get paid and I saw y'all just get sprayed  
It's the (?), as a nail but on point though  
I blast up the Loca for scheming on my coke-ah  
LOX, in total control and power  
And everything you see us sweatin' in our videos be  
ours  
But you can't afford it so you player hate, I see the  
logic  
My coke fifteen-hundred keeps your army in the closet  
As long as L-O-X keep giving you what you need  
We gonna take it there nigga, as we proceed

One Two Three Four  
Two Three Four  
Three Four

Yo, you already know what I'm here for  
Therefor L-O-X be the niggas that I care for  
Holdin' down this foundation, Mister Jason  
Balled head baby face and I stay laced and  
When you pay good you play good  
I'ma get this money while these fake thugs stay low  
And why wouldn't I be stackin' Franks  
Fifteen in the clip while you packin' shanks  
(?) swingers, hair (?), fed bidders, real niggas  
The little kids still dig us  
Next time be careful who you bring drama to  
Speaker phone in the Suburban with (?)  
Pad lock, filled to the top and everything  
We ain't gonna stop  
We just going to squeeze through your glock  
Dinero, Louch, bounce to the coup with  
No trouble all my niggas bubble like goose  
Or geese, nauticale fleece it aint nothin'  
But now I can drop twenty-five on the piece  
Butt in axe duels with whoever  
Who you kidding, back to back  
Like cream on the other side of Clinton  
Shock treatment for the cats who can't freak it  
I keep it dusted that's why they always try to leak it  
But peep it, that weed shit you can keep it  
We trying to sell all the real units we can eat with

Fuck the cars and and the clothes, sex and the bitch  
Focus on life and niggas that run thick  
Like a pack of wolves, with tools we all been frugal  
This chance is second round I aint jumpin' in no bull  
Fucking with the guiani's and the moles

When the money's making me hot, I move where it's cool  
Our pigment is just for figment  
You never see my rolls (?) moving through the triangle  
pyramid  
This is for the cats that's like "Who's the Lox?"  
Better flow up to Yonkers nigga, choose a block  
Got Arabics, Ricos, Jews and Wops  
Drinking booze up the (?) tryin' to lose the cops  
Same shit, where you at, but where "you" at?  
I got my first felony, holding a gat  
And I've been robbed by cats, slingin' my sacks  
Styles P-A-N-I-R-O, B-M-Doub, see that thug, get that  
doe  
We ain't positive, but we ain't negative  
The cops got guns, and they don't like us where we live  
Take notes, I'm smokin' a roach, holding my toast  
Givin' my quotes, to the shorties livin' with dope  
You think it ain't real, until you caged in  
And you can't hit a feel, you keep the rage in  
'cause you never made a mil' so we keep it blazin'  
And the fagots on the hill, fucking niggas girls  
But they keep them on the pill, a dog where you at  
'cause the honey is tight ill, everything is real