

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