

## Story

## The Lox

Somebody slipped me a mickey  
I'm dustin' my Raucomb  
Can't see straight and I can't feel my jawbone  
Can't find my phone so I can't even call home  
Damn

Heard a nigga said he was buggin'  
Where Sheek, Louch or Jadakiss or cousin?  
Which one of them niggas could come get him?  
'Cause homie set him up and you know that he gone wet 'em  
Don't know where I'm at or why I'm there  
Or what the fuck I was doin', my memory is ruined  
If I blacked out that seems awkward  
I feel nauseous, I'm usually so cautious  
Searchin' for somethin' that's familiar  
But then I smell haze from Vermilyea  
I guess I'm on Dyckman in the Heights  
Then I heard nut-cracker and Vicodin and Ice  
It was the plug's right hand  
Fuckin' gun butt, woke up in the big white van  
Y'all niggas just kidnapped the kid?  
He told me, "Hell yeah, boy, you you know what it is  
I know where you live, I'ma bring you to the crib  
If you don't get the money up, Imma kill your kids"  
Told him, "nigga I just moved"  
He hit me with the gun again, I know it's gone bruise

Damn, came in the house, took of my shoes  
Put my feet up, grabbed the remote, turned on the news  
Cheese Doodles, Ramen Noodles, Toaster Strudels  
I'm high, nigga 'bout to make pancakes  
Or should I just go to sleep until Styles come?  
He takin' too long we supposed to do a juice bar run  
Then my phone rang like yo we got your man (Who this)  
I hang up like this stupid bitch playin' again  
Then he hit me with a picture of SP  
I'm sayin' to myself, "What kidnapper gone text me?"  
Fuck outta here, LOL, FOH  
Then he send another picture with a gun on his waist  
I'm like, oh shit, I need more liquor  
I got money and everythin' don't touch my nigga  
Where we meetin' at? I'm comin' alone, grab my chrome  
Then I hit my nigga Kiss on the phone  
Ayo dog, it's funky out this bitch  
It's some coward niggas tryin' to get rich  
I swear to God Imma leave these niggas right in the ditch  
He like (Yo, chil, chill, try to relax, I know you ready to go to war)  
I'm like nigga that's facts  
But if you come around the back, silencers on  
And put a couple in the air, these niggas is gone

I grabbed the 44 long, they think somethin' is sweet  
Box of shells already had the pump in the jeep  
Closed casket, I ain't leavin' nothin' to see  
Tryna figure out who these niggas fuckin' with P  
They probably seen him makin' a bet, puttin' it in  
We got family on Sherman, it wouldn't be them

Like the line between love and hate, couldn't be thin  
They don't rock like that or we wouldn't be friends  
Ready to dump on sight in front of the law  
I met Louch on Academy in front of the stall  
Was the call blocked or did they leave a number to call?  
(We like nah, son, private, hop in, drive it  
Anythin' we ever been through we survived it, you know that, nigga)  
Real talk I just hope they don't try shit  
Before we get to em or somebody gotta die quick  
Shit, I was lost for a second  
I snapped right back when we crossed 207th  
Thinkin' to myself should've bought the MAC-11  
Seen a white van followin' the Porsche in the seven  
Damn maybe I'm just illin'  
The van made a right, BM in the Porsche trailed 'em  
We was two cars back  
They went through the light and pulled over by a buildin'  
Still no signs of the ghost  
We kept our eyes on 'em, but we didn't play em close  
Seen the crib that they went in  
Cocked my shit, Louch slipped another clip in  
Knocked on the door with the hammers  
They all lookin' at the playback on the cameras  
Lucky we ain't squeeze off the weapons  
Part of a short film that P was directin'

Yeah, we needed to get it without rushin'  
We set it up right the white van was production  
We caught y'all both in rare form  
We gotta shoot shit like this from here on

Then we got high and bent  
And laughed it off  
Yeah, and that's how that went, word

This nigga P  
He got me and Louch ridin' all around Washington Heights  
With muthafuckin' pumps, 44 longs, Desert Eagles  
All kind of shit that get you 100 years  
Lookin' for this nigga in one of these buildings  
And the whole time he tapin' this shit  
For him and-  
Shootin' a sort film him and Poos wrote  
This niggas the illest yo

Anyway after we calmed down  
The Dominican niggas gave us a couple ounces  
We bought a couple bottles  
We got high and drunk  
And we laughed that shit off while them niggas was editin' that shit  
This nigga's crazy yo!