

Thank You

The Lox

I appreciate you from the bottom of my heart
The bottom, very bottom
Dayzel.. (the Machine), L-O-X, experience
HA-HAAAEH!

Uh, main event, you the under card
I'm big homie lil' nigga, I done spun the yard
Gun to gun right now with anyone of y'all (what up?)
Had to give 'em half of it, they didn't want it all (nah)
Put a little weight on, I had to run it off
40 milligram Opana, G74's
No fly zone, .45 chrome (yeah)
Might get strangled the night on the ride home (yup!)
Niggas hold grudges, I just hold my own (umm)
So many fake dutchies, I'm starting to buy cones (yeah)
Sold CD's, sold tapes, I sold vials (uh huh)
Niggas trying to copy and paste my whole style (yeah)
When you know ya man is telling then go to trial
One is so stupid, the other is so foul (foul)
I was lucky to get my hand on the big banks
And I'm letting these niggas live
So they should give thanks.. WHAT?

Geah, D-Block
L-O-X, ya with Don' Don'
I got it my nigga, wooo!

Uh, you talking 'bout money or you talking 'bout beef?
You ready to go to war or you talking 'bout peace?
Look what you made me do (what?)
Took a hundred out the stash, bought that thing in blue
And my bitch one too (it's nothing)
So much Hermès, I'm a hermit (geah)
But I'ma mind my bid'ness, Kermit (haha)
IG, no Instagram
That's just facts on who the fuck I am
You hear that .40 cal dumping, I'm reloading the steel
And I ain't letting up 'til P tell me to chill (aight then)
We been nice since Harlem in the mart
So y'all can suck our dick from the bottom of my heart, ha
They like y'all but they love us (L-O-X)
Still make 'em wild out like good dust (wild out)
Quarter mil' in like 5 of these banks (all day)
To Hip-Hop, that's who we give thanks, nigga

Thank you (woo!), shit is highly appreciated
From the bottom of my heart
My word (D-Block..)

When you hurt, I cry for you
Wanna merk, I ride for you (I ride)
And I'm talking to the streets, give 'em my little speech
To let 'em know I die for you
(I'll die for the streets)
And I'm thankful for longevity (hahaha)
I got a lot of wrong memories (a lot)
That gave me that strong melody

And ill lyrics that gave me my identity (ill)
I'm one 3rd of the Trinity (L-O-X)
I make millions off of felonies (millions, nigga)
More millions off of legal money
When I die, you'll remember me (you'll remember me)
Louch and Kiss give me energy (D-BLOCK!)
I feel sorry for my enemies (fuck y'all)
Get shot or get shanked (shank, nigga)
Whoever live, give thanks

D-Block, wooo!!!
(The Machine...)