

# Think Of The LOX

The Lox

You know who it is  
Hey  
Large Pro what up  
Living Off Xperience you know

If the love don't work, what will money do?  
I'ma need that G pick up truck colored honeydew (Woo)  
Cantaloupe color the interior  
Whoever act superior, we'll pop him with a .22  
Have a carm in the condo with 22  
Birds holding birds coming up Route 22  
Ain't a cup of liquor but niggas know he's a 100 proof  
Cut the legs off of niggas saying they run with you  
I'm the pot head, the cool homie to vibe with  
Violate, you oughta bring a homie to die with  
I blow a eighth, think of states that I could buy in  
Cop in a state think of weight that I could fly in  
Can you hear me now like Verizon?  
King of New York, bang your head right on a hydrant  
Pops always told me to think out the box  
So when you think about the best nigga, think of The LOX

Ayo  
Half a mil' on the neck got 'em big mad  
You think you takin' this shit? You getting shit back  
Blew two hundred got the coupe all red (Skrirt)  
The real locked up and the rest are dead  
That's facts  
Thirty plus clips in that stack  
I aim for the body but I hit all that  
These rap niggas ain't real  
Shooting out the car and had one hand on the wheel

Yo, leaning on a toy like a B-Boy  
Parked the whip  
Make my son come downstairs and watch Bruce Leroy  
Last Dragon, pants sagging, nigga, Don Don's here  
I'm out for the season and I ain't have Achilles tear  
I'm Emirates Air, Shakira got the window seat  
I light something and go dumb on a Large Pro beat  
Who fucking with us? I only use a fifth of my brain  
And I'm still better than them niggas tryna be Wayne  
I move that cane like a blind man  
I'm caked out without a million plus SoundScan  
My skin looking like I found the youth fountain (Look at me baby)  
And jumped in and got the red Louis duffle with the fucking pump in it (Shit  
)  
White Wraith space you could put clump in it  
Passing the grave yard, I can see Trump in it  
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Yo, riding through them blocks in them foreigners like baby chariots  
Had to run it up or these niggas, won't take me serious  
Real life street shit , niggas know how I carry it  
She can't sit on this leather interior on her period  
'Bout to get the coupe with the gun slot in the rear of it  
The 20-22 like I forgot what year it is  
Wanted it, I went and got it  
Now I'm sharing it  
From tossin' money bags in the closet, I built a pyramid  
Took my respect living off experience  
Stories about my hood got me living all luxurious  
Racks on racks, stacked right in the closet  
Need another stash house, I might get one in Yonkers  
I did it, look how I benefitted from them losses  
Paying back connects and paying all them loyals  
Got work if you niggas can't afford you a verse  
Still make my bitch ride with the joint in her purse

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I've been getting money so you know I want more  
I'm live at the barbeque looking at the front door  
Got the glow like I just came home from off tour  
Got the Plain Jane AP on, off-shore  
Skybox doing what a owner would do  
Couple hundred mil' over a Corona or two  
Every day I face off with a zone of the glue (Gorilla)  
Then spend the old paper up and paytron to the new  
First we gone beat the odds then we even it up  
No ice on rabbit ears, leaving 'em stuck  
Ask me they was better off leaving them tucked  
There's four pipes on everything even the trucks  
In the foreign, listening to Lauryn  
The joint about Zion, these niggas is lying  
Put hands on 'em and the sneak dissing it stops  
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