

Wait For Me

The Lox

This is it (this is it)
Ugh, Lox
Lox, Lox
Ugh
Got it, yo

It's hell on earth, ignorant, we fight over turf we don't even own
A black queen's gon' know what they worth but I ain't preachin'
I still know each gun to tuck it
Bag a bitch, get her drunk, take her home and fuck it
Bottle to that Rose, grandaddy lightin'
I work out in the gym like I'm ultimate fightin'
But I don't wanna grapple, I go upside your head with a Snapple
Bitch, that's how we do it in the Apple
Carats on my wrist, P-0s take samples when I piss
But I laugh at the white ass like Kiss
I'm built for an all-out riot but gettin' money got me constantly tired
But understand my shooters is constantly hired
Fake-ass thug nigga, I heard that you wired
Couple bucks put you on an I-V diet
L-O-X waitin' for niggas to come try it

Make money, spend money, make money
Take money, spend money, take money
Take money

Early money, late money
Rapper money, weight money (weight money)
Crooked money, straight money

Tell me go to hell, I shoot you and tell you wait for me
Tell me go to hell, I shoot you and tell you wait for me
Tell me go to hell, I shoot you and tell you wait for me (wait for me)

The clock moves slow but time flies
When my heart stop, when my mind die
If Louch and Kiss fly, then I'm fly
If Louch and Kiss ride, then I ride
And I'm the get high guy
Pitch it to me it's a home and a line-drive
Some talk slick, some think slick
They work on a corner where a bullet is your pink slip
Drive on the pain, rely on my instinct
Knee-deep in the game, I know shit stink
Bitch wanna leave, you tell her peace
You thought you bought it, it was just a lease
Play with L-O-X, rest in peace
Classy-ass gangsters to say the least
We in the streets, we are the streets
Gun out the Porsche [?] top with the [?] seats

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When it's go-time, I ain't never hesitated (uh uhn)
When I hear what happened to 'em, I ain't never devastated (nope)
By the way, none of my victims have never made it
I already know I got a spot reserved
Starin' at the barrel, you see it ain't a gimmick
When you get there, tell Satan I be there in a minute
I'm insane, I got permanent damage on the brain
It's a shame how a nigga took advantage of the game
How he work so hard, how he manage all the pain?
Nice for so long, how he handle all the fame?
Real nigga network, different channel from the lames
It's a love-hate thing, I just handle it the same (same way)
Can't spoil us, most loyalist (yeah)
Never about I, always all of us (L-O-X)
To infinity, cocksucker
Third sermon of the Trinity, cocksucker
What? (what?)

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