

# 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-Os 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  
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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 reservated  
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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