

All For The Love

The Lox

[Jadakiss]

What's the deally yo?

I gotta squeeze the juice outta the headphones

(Jadakiss...)

Yeah (I like that)

Squeeze the juice outta the headphones

Yo, yo yo

[Verse 1]

When you think of me you think of a problem

Who? What? When? and how you gonna solve em

Automatic or revolving

The K I double S and, Here's the lesson

Most beams is infared, but mine's is flourescent

No matter where you go, I'ma spot you

No matter how many people you put me in front of, I'ma rock you

And if you try to be the hard top, I'ma drop you

I got to, treat you like the clutch, and pop you

Creep threw, in the 4-20 with your honey

Cuz you ain't nuthin' but a playboy that turned bunny

And the only the thing left to discuss is more money

In these ??? games these chickens, try to run me

Ya'll know ya'll can't touch us, I flow luses

It's so real I make her hop out, and get the dutches

I'm sittin on a thousand birds, and I hide from the cameras (why?)

Cuz a picture's, worth a thousand words

Ain't ya'll heard? Ya'll get what ya'll deserved

Ya'll do the catering, while we just get served

And you got some nerve, for P-Hing

Jason, do you have any idea who you facing?

Just something about my shit, you'll never figure out

It's hot it's burning my mouth, that's why I spit it out

It must be, real hard for ya'll to listen

And it's sad, niggas is to broke to pay attention

[Chorus]

Chilling, sittin' on about half a million

And all my niggas, all my guns, all my women

Next two years I should see about a billion

All for the love of drug dealing

[Repeat]

[Verse 2]

Hey yo, niggas know the line of work, Bullet proof designer shirt

Rolling with a China Doll, She'll be reminding ya'll

Don of the underworld, every block minded it of course

Jadakiss and L-O-X boss

A pro cause I grow off the shit that I absorb

You just another so and so, trying to flow, going broke

You trying to buy property, set it up for growing coke

Niggas making a movie, so I came to edit

Wiping everybody out, right before the credits

I'm a hard guy to get along with, get on a song with

When shit be going right, I flip into the wrong shit

The prime artist, expect me to rhyme hardest

Slash con artist, gonna get mine regardless
I ain't even big and I size niggas up
Cuz they eyes give em up, look at em and see they butt
I'm 22 with 10 ends so there that go
You hear that flow, and drove the underground wacko
Every since 12 I've been spittin like tabacco
Relax though, Pop the tape CD and the wax though
They wonder how, but the thing about ours
We open up 24 hours
Niggas don't sleep with eat so when they speak it mean power
So you should keep quiet, you a coward
About to be layed out flat, and pushing up flowers

[Chorus: to fade]