

Breathe Easy

The Lox

[Intro:]

SP Killer

Yeah yeah yeah, L-O-X, L-O-X motherfucker

Niggas don't know how we bout to come this time

No more shiny suits

None of that shit

[Chorus: x2]

[Sheek Luchion]

We gonna R.U double F.R.Y.D.E

[Jadakiss]

Revolver, semi-automatic and a P.G.

Hooptie getaway driver Breathe Easy

[Sheek Luchion]

Explain thing further

Murder or get murdered

[Verse 1:]

[Styles Paniro]

Half of the hustle, half of them killers

All of them Niggas wanna kill Paniro

Better send the guerrilla's

Cause beef is like a brand new car

You better ride

Everytime I sleep I die

Wish I was gone (ya know)

Felt dumb when I was young

I used to wish I was on

I'ma stay blunted and red with one in the head

Niggas thinkin' they the don

Till their shit get bombed

I put 4 in your shootin' arm

2 in your legs

Like 10 in your chest

The last one in your head

I give you the whole clip,

like you cheated and stole shit

Knocked off the pack, flossed and no chips

You know the business

Empty rap kill your co-defendant

Keep it male and catch a body in trial

If you want a Nigga dead than do it Holiday Styles

Come with 2 guns up and empty both off the clips

Kill you whole fuckin' crew and go 'n smoke on the fifth

[Chorus: x2]

[Verse 2:]

[Sheek Luchion]

Yo, yo, yo

I come to your town on a Peter Pan, no Jack

One pair of clothes, 2 hoes and buggy with that

Wanna beef me?, y'all Niggas is borrowin' heat

Callin' all across town to borrow a full pound

Meanwhile this Nigga got his guns to your noggin

While your man with the heat is with some bitch up in the project

He clappin' at you, you duckin', makin' you dance

You should have spent it on some guns
Instead of Iceberg pants
What, L.O.X. off top, pullin' our triggers
With our guns on our lap, we ride around like Cali Niggers (WESTSIIIDE)
Target motherfuckers, cold hearted motherfuckers
Stead of young dumb your moms, and whoever she got with her
There's a new-born in the house,
then I'm killin' the babysitter
Y'all Niggas all clowns in Sheek eyes
Your moms would wear glasses,
with the nose disguise around me
Talkin greasy
Y'all like watermelons
Big but crack easy

[Chorus: x2]

[Verse 3:]

[Jadakiss]

Now if you know Jay,
I never been a brother to front
I be in L.A. wearin' any colors I want
Rock guns like shirts, block under the punk
And I put somethin' hot, anyone of you chumps
And I know a few of you wanna get my watch
But it a be funeral if you get my watch
It ain't nothing y'all can do to stop the Lox' wealth
Run up in a gunstore, cop the top shelf
The Crack-game is dead, all they want is weed now
Chicks that I went to school with, a seed now
You know Kiss, stocky bald head, light brown
Ice down, in my roll look like nighttown
To all y'all lil' Jada's for the 1000th time
I recall hittin' your moms or writin' your rhymes
And just because you might have seen me,
in and out of your house
Is no way that she gon have a baby out of her mouth

[Chorus: till end]