

## Dirty Ryders

## The Lox

[The Lox]

Yeah, yeah, yeah  
What up Looch (What up, what up D-Block)  
We did it again shocks, no doubt  
Yeah (It's The Lox!) Still, ain't nothin' changed (Still a ghost)  
It's still a ghost baby (Come on, what's up, yeah, yeah, yeah)  
You see me don't say shit nigga (Grab ya burner and bust off)  
What (Uh huh, uh huh) yo, hey yo...

[Sheek]

You know that motherfucker Sheek Looch is a gladiator  
Like Russell Crowe, with my heat in a rad-iator  
I come through slow you out there I'm lettin' it go  
I got fire for ya ducks you want lissome dro  
That's why I ain't got mercy for pigs  
Off the roof, I let shit parachute to their wigs and their kids  
I treat their face like I'm goin' to my safe  
Ten to the left, six to the right (Ha ha)  
240 pounds and I ain't tryin' to fight  
And they don't make cuffs strong enough to lock me in  
And your vest ain't thick enough to stop all ten  
The sergeant be callin' up ya next-of-kin  
But FUCK THAT my guns gotta speech problem  
They stutter when they spit  
Go through you when they hit  
My shit ain't got no manners  
Chromed out sniper rifle with the tank bananas, uh uh

[Hook: Jadakiss]

Training day, you could hear the sirens  
All the cops crooked like who you people jivin'  
Head shots, shoot between the eyes  
And bullets in the dome like all you cowards dyin'  
Knife work, stab you in the heart and the throat  
And we don't leave till you gargle or choke  
And we Black Mob, L-O-X guerilla niggas  
Show you how to kill a nigga, you ain't got to feel a nigga

[Styles]

I love my niggas, why wouldn't I  
Die for my motherfuckers, how couldn't I  
Want a lot of things but it just ain't affordable  
Only thing that count when you die is what they thought of you  
Kid comin' through with a clip full of cop killers  
Booted out something decent  
Up to light a blunt, wild out, and shoot it out with the precinct  
Cops stay crooked, my niggas ain't nice see  
Cause the block stay cookin' I'm coolin' it off  
When the pigs come through they medullas is off  
Where I'm from dog you rude or you soft  
If you say you a killer niggas'll ask you who did you off  
So P keep this hustlin' up  
When it comes to these guns or these knives nigga I'm fuckin' you up  
And baby we can knuckle it up  
I'm always up for a brawl  
S-P and I done been through it all

[Hook]

[Sheek]

Hey yo, now I know you seen niggas with half a bodies  
On top of skateboards, the work of shotties  
Shit bags and all that, back to potties  
I ain't a playa but my nine keeps em' hotties  
And we don't run when we hear [\* Police Sirens \*]  
I just hit em' off with cake so they give us a break  
And let us know who rattin'  
I leave their bodies in the middle of Manhattan  
Where Wall Street at, come on

[Styles]

I said all the cops hate us and they got a good reason to  
Forty bricks a month, no account unbelievable  
Homicide here and there, bitches in pajamas  
Holdin' llamas in they dairy-air, playin the fun  
We the 3-5-4 boys, play if you one  
All they do is call the cop on us  
See us in the hood they know we got the glocks on us  
Poppin' em' off  
Niggas call me the cab driver now I'm droppin em' off

[Hook x2]