

# Recognize

The Lox

Ruff Ruff Ruff Ruff Ruff Ruff Ruff Ruff  
Huh...Ruff Ryders (Ryde or Die (overlap))  
Don't get it twisted ya'll (yea yea yea (overlap))  
Ruff Ryders..(..ta fuck i'm talking about right here)  
Recognize, Recognize, Recognize (Ruff Ryders)  
Don't get it twisted ya'll (yea yea yea (overlap))  
Recognize, Recognize, Recognize (Ruff Ryders)  
Don't get it twisted ya'll (yea yea yea (overlap))

[Jadakiss]

Now I know you couldn't wait to hear 'Kiss over Premier  
Kill you on tape then, watch it over a beer  
cause you ain't nothing but a movie with expensive footage  
That's the reason they gon' leave you with expensive bullets  
Ain't none of y'all better than LOX  
Have all of y'all dressed up in a suit, dead in a box  
Me and my niggas get Redd-er than Foxx  
And I don't care if I love you, I still want head of the drop  
Niggas runnin' round talkin' that Y-2-K shit  
Crackheads'll still gon' want that gray shit  
that's why I'ma always cop the yay quick  
so I suggest all of y'all stay on Jay dick  
Too hard for MTV, not black enough for BET, just let me be  
Give me all my royalty money, and let me greed  
and I'ma have hoes for six, and hash for three

[Chorus]

Recognize, Recognize, Recognize (Ruff Ryders)  
Don't get it twisted y'all  
Recognize, Recognize, Recognize (Ruff Ryders)  
L to the O to the X (fade)  
Recognize, Recognize, Recognize (Ruff Ryders)  
Don't get it twisted y'all  
Recognize, Recognize, Recognize (Ruff Ryders)  
L O X niggas (fade)  
Don't get it twisted y'all

[Sheek Luchion]

Ayo I give it to you point blank, in your mom's place  
So like +Point Break+ with a mask on with president's face  
clear my space, when big sheek crash the boards  
Y'all aint just mark niggas, y'all Hallmark niggas  
With all that soft ass writin might as well be in cards  
You gon' gamble with your life, when I launch these torpedos  
that'll shoot the crack out your ass at Foxwood Casinos  
Just me and my gambino's drunk as fuck  
with a time parking lot DVD in a trunk  
I been drunk most my life, don't ask me why  
Through ninth grade, I ain't go to high school  
I went to school high  
And I don't care what y'all got, that shit don't excite me  
I'm black and deadly and my burner just like me  
and I'm quick to stick one of y'all on tour  
with the Sheraton, see what yours can be mine  
without, inheritin, give up your chains  
and them little diamonds in your ear

Is it worth your family cryin and the doctor yellin "clear"?

[Chorus]

[Styles Pinero]

If I knew heaven had a ghetto that was sweeter than here  
You know P would pack his bag and just leave next year  
but I got a son to raise  
So I'ma stay in this hell and I gotta gun to blaze  
If you play with the L dot O dot X dot at the end  
we the niggas that's gon' leave, with the pot at the end  
Never too young to die or too old to live  
? to bust your gun, go home and mold your kid  
I'm ashamed I sell crack but I'ma ryde for the moment  
Know the consequence I'ma die with +The Omen+  
Two is better than one, there's three of The LOX  
Ki in a pot, key in the drop, key to the top  
father, son, and holy ghost of rap  
3 in a 1 seein a gun and usin' it dog  
Dope in a six, coke in a five, weed in a four  
Ice is for my niggas, but the heat is for y'all

[Chorus: loop recognize/fade]