

# The Lox, Y'all Fucked Up Now

Yeah  
Two guns up motherfucker  
Uh huh  
Yeah  
Niggaz runnin around yappin with dicks in they mouth  
My Niggaz  
Shit is serious L.O.X.  
Couldn't even put three niggaz togethther and come up  
With this combination (faggot)  
Shit is fo' real  
Yo

(Styles)

I pack a 4 5  
Puff a blunt and get high  
Don't give a fuck if I die cuz my son is alive  
I grew up doing dumb shit that made me wise  
Could of died ten times  
That made me live  
Sell my soul  
Not for no cars and gold  
I been through it cuz my scars is old  
Remember the time  
I used to puff dimes  
And think the law was cold  
Back then when my mom played my father's role  
Now I'm a man  
Runnin with a gun in the vest  
It feel good with my son on my chest  
I wanna quit  
But I'm one of the best  
Fuck around I might run to the west  
Lay low and get blunted to death  
Niggaz is wack  
I can't say it plainer than that  
Dog you shine in the front but it rain in the back  
Fuck the middle  
Cuz the middle do alot and a little  
Stuck in between but y'all niggaz won't see the riddle  
Settle for less  
A general but don't meddle my chest  
Die for my niggas nevertheless  
Can't find a nigga better than this  
Kiss and the Louch  
Every man ahead of the group  
Regretting the coup  
Y'all niggas want the red in my boots  
Hole in my shirt  
Twist a nigga wig and leave me dead in the dirt  
I see the rollie not move but the shit still work  
Motherfucker that'll make you a jerk  
Cocksucker

CHORUS:

Ay yo what y'all gon do now  
Y'all fucked up now  
Niggas  
How deep is your crew now  
Y'all fucked up now  
Don't make us heat you down (you know what I'm sayin ?diego?)  
Y'all fucked up now (This aint no fuckin joke niggas is hungry)  
We the nicest niggas around (Fuck is wrong)  
Y'all fucked up now (yeah yeah ay yo ay yo ay yo)

(Sheek)

I pay off blue suits that's Sucio  
And I put drugs in my girl koochie yo  
A bad bitch that kill  
So when you put the dogs on her you smell Massengill Summer's Eve  
Puttin drugs in coffee hip to the D's  
I play smarter  
That's why my flights now be charter  
Ten seater  
What you know about a Porsche at a meter  
Next to koochie freak those  
Tickets keep those  
And you can mail to my postbox down in Melrose  
I aint the nigga that you see  
Posted on cop walls  
I'm that eighteen and up  
Mamis on my balls  
Y'all can't figure the great one  
Sheek be Jason  
Not cops  
But that legendary nigga my pops  
I bust shots like bums at a bar but far  
&gt;From a lush  
Everything about this cat be plush  
And I'm quick to do dirt since I'm through your shirt  
Like nothing  
Lift a arm I hit those under your wing  
Yo why you following this cat  
Hey he about to get pushed back  
You could poke your chest out in the street  
That's cool  
But in a bing this fool  
Was like Louis Rich meat  
We don't run from y'all  
We scatter for guns on y'all  
What you know about two 380's inside a basketball  
And when it's beef  
Store on his side with burners on Coronas  
We the best that ever did it  
If you need us telephone us  
What the fuck nigga

CHORUS

(Jadakiss)

Yo  
A nigga wanna go to war with Kiss  
Find him a ditch  
Old school niggas tell me I remind of rich  
Cuz I take the kids shopping and send em on bus trips  
Hoppin out a rough six  
With sweats and scuffed kicks  
I supply all the dealers and tell em to stuff nix  
I done signed every autograph and took every flick  
I'm quite sure that I coulda hit  
Every chick  
But I didn't ones that I did gave em heavy dick  
All day  
The LOX flow hotter than Broadway  
Election time tryin na cop blow in the hallway  
And their aint enough plates for y'all to eat with me  
Stingy nigga but I share my slugs equally  
I put half where your waist at  
And half where your face at  
Yo we in from a new spot let somebody taste that

From your street rappin's only one of my plans  
I got dirty south niggas payin a hundred a gram  
And I could care less how much you shift the scan  
However you get it you supposed to hit your man  
But we don't hold the grudges  
We control the budgets  
And do whatever the fuck we wanna do nigga fuck it

CHORUS