Goin' Be Some Shit

The Lox

I think it's time I start feelin bitchy
I've been too nice, too muthafuckin long
Yeah, it's definately time I get nasty
[Goin' be some shit]Sheek:
Yeah, yo, well if I can't talk less squall finish streets like the westerns
Ten paces, turn around and squeeze at unfamiliar faces
First y'all industry niggas shut the fuck up
Swear you know a nigga's shit by readin the Vibe
Well some faggit-ass reporter don, wrote in your life
I stop the presses, don't let this be your last interview you do
I say it straight, print it straight to avoid this bullet wound boo
And y'all niggas kill me with that Windy Williams shit
Well see a playa (?), swear a nigga Puff jerkin niggas money
Something ain't right, them niggas ain't got no whips
Where they rolley's at, but fuck y'all we got more chips
Shit y'all doin nothin, I can buy a (?) for a bitch
Now let me see what else, oh yeah these hoes act like we married
We ain't engaged, don't be mad if I don't take you backstage
Yo, if I hit that I hit that, why don't you leave it at that
Instead you try to star sixty-nine my bitches on jacks
That's why you get smacked, cause y'all hoes ain't never gon' learn
That's why many of these younger brothers don't go on that turn
As for y'all MC's, whoever write your rhymes
Might as well hold your microphone, thats how I feel if it ain't your own
But we spit as indivually writ, why you paid sixteen stars to write your sixteen balls
Bought like sixteen cars and ain't like none of them yours
Y'all niggas lucked up and made it through these doors, shut the fuck up
Chorus:
Shut the fuck up
[Hot damn](Goin be some shit)
Sheek:
Yo, yo, yo, aiyyo I pump up, get big walk through the party jig
Hat back, tattoos thats straight to the bar, kid
No weed, healthy as an ox the big man from Lox

You see solo in some spots, no crew just blocks
The freaky one, mom said I was soon to be done
Because I sexed more, and my career's yet to begun

But I can't help that, you bless me with they looks and pops with the yanks
So now the dimes gimme brain, and spot me faster in his hand
Sheek baby, my style been rough until Puff showed me the better things in life
And how to live phat like Biggie, so I present my shit like that
Half rough half jiggy, this part time college nigga, part time job
Had to taste the cake one time and decided to rob, and buy drugs
Caught slippin almost got Sheek plugged, Jack Daniel, dog
Shorty rushed the buildin with the pump out, he spit around I'm like, whoa!
I guess it was God that pushed my head down, cause I ain't know, word yo
And since then neither religious or christian, but I keep the faith in Him
Plus the desert eagle clan, so if niggas click they know by now they better
(?), wha
(Chrous)
Sheek:
Yo, aiyyo, my whole click been ConAir, everytime we fly but we don't jack shit
We play it cool when in doubt no cash, platic, gats plastic
Now thats sweet, unditected, so when I walk through the scanners it don't beep
I hear fuck Sheek, fuck the Lox, Styles, and Jay, so what they signed to Bad Boy
Puff jerkin them anyway, but the difference is if i'm gettin jerked I'm still seein noise
Push the big boy toys that fly by like zooms
So I sit and (?) like a bitch, Lox in Cancun
Up in daddios fuckin wild hoes, the groupy chicas
So fuck y'all, we paid y'all (..?..), we train hard continuously, cause we smart
I rock you ran up them stairs, we run up charts and won't stop til one of us depart
With one through the heart, but even then that won't stop us
Cause or spirit gon' guide us, till we rich and old, hand worn down from arthritis
In the hall of fame, we killed this game in your website like spiders
Old and gray we're still the same Lox you can't divide us, wha
(chorus)

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