

Move Forward

The Lox

The L dot O dot X, dot at the end
Basically, I grind with the grimiest
Challenge my seed to break bread, move forward
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Basically, I grind with the grimiest
Challenge my seed to break bread, move forward
Gun clap, stay strapped, this is Preemo rap
Guerilla guru, bullets through you
You wish voodoo on my career
That hard shit you hardly hear
Get out the car, make a drink, dump a cigar
Walk in your label like "fuck your A&R"
'Cause he don't know the meaning of dope
And he looking for a one-hit-wonder that's cleaner than a bar of soap
This is LOX city grave to its ashes in the urn
Know the candles burn
I don't mingle, I ain't loving your single
I ain't taking no Instagram pic, nigga, get off my dick
And I ain't hating, I ain't grumpy, I'm rich
Even chicks, if she ain't real, fuck that bitch
The foundation, it's like we never took a vacation
Being dope all these years around these squares
You know my team, drop that Preem
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These niggas all allegedly nice
It's a conspiracy 'cause some of them allegedly write
It ain't on 'till it's blood on the edge of your knife
It's a fact that Montega taking money is better than white
I sold work, new niggas think it's better to swipe
LOX, when it's loyalty there's never a price
Nah, your girl know, the world know
Bentley truck is the same color as Merlot
Know me, I evolve as the world go
One foot in, one foot out, I'm thorough though
It's quite frightening in fact
Being in the booth, UFC fighting with the trap

The real old wolf and a viking to be exact
All you heard was thunder, lightning was in the back
You know my team, dawg, stop that
We ain't gotta say too much, yo Preem, drop that
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Basically, I grind with the grimiest
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Shitting on niggas and teach 'em they ain't master rap
I blast the gat if hip hop is a lost cause
Lot of mumbling rappers, DJs with the aux cord
We have them four fools on four floors
Got 4x4s, flipped and got 4 more
We on that juice swings, yeah, the fourth store
Lighting a 400 a weave, thinking of 4 more
Tell 'Kiss tell the other top 4 in the top 5
Me and Louch'll knock your fucking jewels off
The old me would hit it with the sawed off
The new me is lighting weed and thinking about more tours
Old rappers, new rappers, fuck 'em all
I tell their baby mother to suck it off
You ain't that nigga, you not that team
You either screaming "Preem, drop that" or "drop that, Preem" The L dot O dot X, dot at the end
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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