Money, Power & Respect

The Lox

See I believe in money, power, and respect
First You get the money
Then you get the muthafuckin, power
After you get the fuckin' power muthafuckas will respect you
It's the key to life
Money, power, and respect
Whatchu' need in life
Money, power, and respect
When you eatin' right
Money, power, and respect
Help you sleep at night
You'll see the light
It's the key to life
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Ayo my whole clique bout it, 'bout it
We take yours while you pout about it
Truck, step out the whore's wanna' crowd around it
You could see me on optimum TV
Go in your bathroom turn the light out, scream
Bloody Mary, 1, 2, 3
Sheek ain't your usual friend
About to setchu' up like Kaiser and walk straight at the end
I'm done wit' ice and charms
I'm tryin' my whole casket when I'm gone
Pull up wit' class on the don'
Once I meet em' I greet 'em
Kiss his feet for freedom
Tell 'em thank you lord
'Cuz on Earth I was gettin' bored
Now resurrect me back to this cat called Sheek
So I can make this album
And get back the cats that's weak
Two thirty, six two

Me bust for you that's like a cat vs a pitbull
Gun, know clip full, keep hunger
And plan for the future, 'cuz you figure
You gon' be older
Way longer than you gon' be younger
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Only time could tell how the clock ticks
I'm really loved here but I'm still a hostage
Two personalities check the posture
Smoke out the mouth clear out the nostrils
You think of death but the life seem scary
I'm past the graveyard seein' people Hail Mary
I ain't chillin til' I'm out parachutin'
Race my man in mountain climbin' for about ten diamonds
Twenty five thousand a piece
Fuck streets
Tryin' to own the island
Forget about wilin'
Try ridin' in the car that be glidin'
If I showed you where I lived you would think I was hidin'
Sling dick to chicks that don't speak English
Wake up in Trinidad, like fuckin' 'em rich
Come back, private jet live on set
If you could shit gold like you split the decks
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Yo nutin' but the hotness
Whenever we drop this
Monotonous for y'all to keep hatin'
'Cuz y'all never gon' stop us
I keep my rocks spotless, and my hoes topless
Take time try to figure out who da Lox is
Fear no one
Kick rhymes like Shoguns
You scared to blow one
Get robbed wit' your own gun
If I don't respect you I'm ah check you
And if I don't kiss you I'm a peck you
Right before I wet' chu
I sneeze on tracks an' bless you
I'm special
And if you like workin' out
then I'm gon' stretch you
Husslin' is dead but we still get red
Turn the spots in the bakeries to get back bread
And y'all said my monies spent
But it's in the Bent
So when the feds come the dogs can't get a scent
For my story, self-explanatory
that I'm the hottest thing on the street
An' yall ain't got nutin' for me
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Arf, arf
This is a beat that I can freak to
just drop the reals
Plus a nigga wit' the ill
Y'all niggas know my skills
Ass from the grills get em' up
split em' up, wet em' up
And watch em' come get em' up
Set em' up
When you do dirt, you get dirt
Bitch, I'll make your shit hurt
Step back like I did worse
This ain't no fucking game
You think I'm playin', till you layin'
To where? The junkyard decayin'
Mom's at home prayin'
That chu comin' home
But chu not, 'cuz you sittin' up in the trunk startin to rot
And hell is hot, I know because I'm here now Baby
It's goin' down baby
Git the full pound baby
And let off up in a nigga
especially if he think he bigga'
than my muthafuckin' trigga'
Did I? Can I get my? Is it gone?
DMX represent for one time, it's on
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