

# 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  
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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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Money, power, and respect  
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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