Blood Pressure

L.O.X.

The headphones is on fire dis time around, Styles
A blood pressure is building
Yo, last time I'ma tell these niggas
Jada man, whoever, old nigga, new nigga
Wha! Yo, yo, yo
Who really da best rapper since Big ain't here
Y'all know da answer to dat when Kiss ain't here
When you see me, don't ask me nothin' about us
And don't definitely ask me nothin' about [Incomprehensible]
You owe me one, I owe you two
I woulda smacked you wit da burner, but I know you'd sue
And I ain't talkin' to him, I'm talkin' to you
Matter of fact, I'm talkin to y'all, life is like walkin' a yard
Nigga'll stab you wit a fork in da heart
And the Source got muthafuckas thinkin' they hot
Like my dope, got fiends thinkin' they shot
When you thinkin of da best, nigga, think of the Lox
I'll cut ya fuckin' hand off if ya pinky ring's hot
Then come through ya block in a sticky green drop
Hop out, let off fifty-three shots
Wouldn't care if I hit fifty-three cops
Guliani might as well be merkin' niggas
'Cause the time that he givin' out is hurtin' niggas
And all these record label's jerkin' niggas
And you never was a thug, you's a workin' nigga
And you heard that shit right there I started that
Don't make me put somethin' up in ya Starter hat
No matter who you are, or where you from
Screw all of dat, I'm not tryin' to hear dat, son
Now, who da fuck y'all want? Jadakiss!
And who da fuck y'all need? Jadakiss!
And who da fuck gon' bleed?
All y'all hataz, 'cause none of y'all niggas can't fuck wit Jada!
Now, who da fuck y'all want? Jadakiss!
And who da fuck y'all need? Jadakiss!
And who da fuck gon' bleed?
All y'all hataz, 'cause none of y'all niggas can't fuck wit Jada!
Don't you be dat clown nigga in da back of da whip
That's gon' get the second half of da clip

And all I'm sayin', it'll be da other nigga in the front of the da whip
Runnin' his lip, wit a gun on his hip
Feel me dawg? Everybody walk da walk 'til they run into Kiss
Then, they get stabbed, or hung, or stung wit da fifth
How you think ya man hard when son on my dick?
'Cause I can get his ass body, plus front him a brick
Got a chick named Super-head, she give super head
Just moved in the buildin', even gave the super head
I cop big guns that spit super lead
So, play Superman, end up super dead
Call me Kiss, or da kid from the Lox
That'll twist ya moms out and do a bid wit ya pops
We was in jail, you probably won't get no mail
And if you pumped on my block, you won't get no sales
When ya CEO know you can't fuck wit I
I make a million by June, I'm sayin' fuck July
And I beg you to try me while I'm holdin' da Tommy
I'ma have ya body all over da lobby
I already helped y'all, I'm about to melt y'all
Tell the truth, dawg, I ain't never felt y'all
This album, we gon' bubble like Seltzer
If it ain't Double R, who da hell else is hard?
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