Dirty Ryders

L.O.X.

Yeah, yeah, yeah, what up Looch
We did it again shocks, no doubt
Yeah, still, ain't nothin' changed
It's still a ghost baby
You see me don't say shit nigga
What, yo, hey yo
You know that motherfucker Sheek Looch is a gladiator
Like Russell Crowe, with my heat in a radiator
I come through slow you out there I'm lettin' it go
I got fire for ya ducks you want lissome dro'
That's why I ain't got mercy for pigs
Off the roof, I let shit parachute to their wigs and their kids
I treat their face like I'm goin' to my safe
Ten to the left, six to the right
240 pounds and I ain't tryin' to fight
And they don't make cuffs strong enough to lock me in
And your vest ain't thick enough to stop all ten
The sergeant be callin' up ya next-of-kin
But fuck that, my guns gotta speech problem
They stutter when they spit
Go through you when they hit, my shit ain't got no manners
Chromed out sniper rifle with the tank bananas, uh uh
Training day, you could hear the sirens
All the cops crooked like who you people jivin'
Head shots, shoot between the eyes
And bullets in the dome like all you cowards dyin'
Knife work, stab you in the heart and the throat
And we don't leave till you gargle or choke
And we Black Mob, L O X guerrilla niggas
Show you how to kill a nigga, you ain't got to feel a nigga
I love my niggas, why wouldn't I?
Die for my motherfuckers, how couldn't I?
Want a lot of things but it just ain't affordable
Only thing that count when you die is what they thought of you
Kid comin' through with a clip full of cop killers
Booted out something decent
Up to light a blunt, wild out, and shoot it out with the precinct
Cops stay crooked, my niggas ain't nice see
'Cause the block stay cookin' I'm coolin' it off

When the pigs come through they medullas is off
Where I'm from dog you rude or you soft
If you say you a killer niggas'll ask you who did you off
So P keep this hustlin' up
When it comes to these guns or these knives dog I'm fuckin' you up
And baby we can knuckle it up, I'm always up for a brawl
S P and I done been through it all
Training day, you could hear the sirens
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Head shots, shoot between the eyes
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Hey yo, now I know you seen niggas with half a bodies
On top of skateboards, the work of shotties
Shit bags and all that, back to potties
I ain't a playa but my nine keeps 'em hotties
And we don't run when we hear
I just hit em' off with cake so they give us a break
And let us know who rattin', I leave their bodies in the
Middle of Manhattan, where Wall Street at, come on
I said all the cops hate us and they got a good reason to
Forty bricks a month, no account unbelievable
Homicide here and there, bitches in pajamas
Holdin' llamas in they dairy-air, playin' the fun
We the 3 5 4 boys, play if you one
All they do is call the cop on us
See us in the hood they know we got the glocks on us poppin' 'em off
Niggas call me the cab driver now I'm droppin em' off
Training day, you could hear the sirens
All the cops crooked like who you people jivin'
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