

blood pressure

The Lox

The headphones is on fire dis time around
Styles
Blood pressure
Y'all just bear wit' me
Yo, last time I'm a tell these niggas, man
Can't fuck around, man
Jada, man
Whoever
Old nigga, new nigga
Wha!
Yo, yo, yo[Jadakiss]
Who really the best rapper since B.I.G. ain't here?
Y'all know the answer to that when Kiss ain't here
When you see me, don't ask me nothin' about us
And don't definitely ask me nothin' about
Fuck it
You owe me one, I owe you two
I would of smacked you wit' the 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 the heart
And The Source got muthafuckas thinkin' they hot
Like my dope
Got fiends thinkin' they shot
When you thinkin' of the 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
Giuliani might as well be merkin' niggas
'Cause the time that he givin' out is hurtin' niggas
And all these record labels 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 that
I'm not tryin' to hear that, son[Chorus x 2]
Now, who the fuck y'all want? (Jadakiss!)
And who the fuck y'all need? (Jadakiss!)
And who the fuck gon' bleed?
All y'all hataz 'cause none of y'all niggas (Can't fuck wit' Jada!)[Jadakiss]
Don't you be that clown nigga in the back of the whip
That's gon' get the second half of the clip
And all I'm sayin': it'll be the other nigga in the front of the the whip
Runnin' his lip, wit' a gun on his hip
Feel me, dog?
Everybody walk the walk till they run into Kiss
Then they get stabbed, or hung, or stung wit' the 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 the 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' the Tommy
I'm a have ya body all over the lobby
I already helped y'all
I'm about to melt y'all
Tell the truth, dog
I ain't never felt y'all
This album, we gon' bubble like Seltzer
If it ain't Double R, who the hell else is hard?

Songwriters

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