We Are the Streets

The Lox

You know we had to dis, right?
You know we had to, dis right?
It just wouldnt be rightYo, ayo
Yo Ima B-boy standin' in my B-boy stance
Glock on my hip is big is the dick in my pants
You dont want nuttin' wit sheek you soft as fuck
I leave a single shotgun shell on top of your truckWit a horseshoe to let you know you pressin ya luck
You dont want nuttin' wit kiss, nuttin' wit styles
You dont wanna end up food for the crocodiles
Id take the gun off ya waist and smack yaAnd turn around and point it at ya mink and give you one
Im the reason why ya peeps not in I.C.U.
'Cause believe me when you aint watchin' I see you
From the Hamptons to the place where you like to eat
I put somethin' in them yams you keep thinkin' is sweetIm in the bushes all night calm wit the Tommy
Waitin' for you to skinny dip wit that mommy
While she waitin' for the night, Im waitin' for her flightNo we aint, wit dem
No more 'cause we rough ridin'
Get it out ya head now
LOX is back now
Show a little love now
Pump it in the club nowNo we aint, wit dem
No more 'cause we rough ridin'
Get it out ya head now
LOX is back now
Show a little love now
Pump it in the club nowYo if you should die tonight, its 'cause I said, "Peel his cap"
We all rough riders now, how real is that
Its the kiss of death everybody know J-face
You's gettin' off similar to OJs caseJust better rhymes and better beats involved
Less politics more of the streets involved
Things always go smooth when the heat's involved
Sign today or get beat tomorrowFirst one talkin' that family shit
And get a lotta dough and dont give the family shit
I dont care how many checks you wrote
I just wanna see how you gonna dance when your neck get brokeIf yall do fall down Ima scoop the
No shiny suits, everybody boots and jeans
The industry is one thing being real is another
That means Ill steal yourNo we aint, wit dem
No more 'cause we rough ridin'

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Pump it in the club nowYo if you left the peak ballin', I dont feel yo ass
I wish duke was still alive and they killed yo ass
You can keep an industry but dont you come to the hood
I got a thousand niggas like me and they feel like SugeIf you think Im beefin' for nuttin' then rob me dog
Im from the hood and I aint been robbed before
Tell you screw all the paperwork, you can lie in dirt
Walk through the valley nigga tell me if the iron hurtRough ridin' now 'cause thats where the bombs at
And I tell niggas fuck that car jack
Take the roley out the air put the don back
Cant wear shiny suits on combatGuess I got personal beef, you worse than a thief
Probably be your man thatll work you to sleep
We goin' put the guns down and we aint bringin' a crew
You got friends that hate yo ass more than we do niggaWe dont give a fuck about ya
We dont give a fuck about ya
We dont give a fuck about ya
We gonna be alright with out yaNo we aint, wit dem
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