

# Blood Pressure

## The Lox

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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