U Told Me

The Lox

[Sheek]
Now you can quote me on this
I bust my gun
Also quote me on this
I handle my biz
I knew it was my house when Run was sayin it was his
I ain't lying
Ain't no cords or no steam in this iron
But it is a permanent press
Have these 38 shells spray starch your chest
Leave you stiff
Coroners make ashes of you
In rap I'm like God nigga forever above you
If I don't do it all I just dial my phone
And you get sprayed through your clothes like you put on cologne
If it's not violence or drugs I have nothing to spit
I be lying if I talk some spiritual shit
Like Kirk Franklin and them
Y'all just ain't me
I can't tell you about God but I can tell you about a key
And what I'll do to God's children if they jerk me
Hurt me , never , that'll be a sin
I'ma put the Bible to your head and shoot through Matthew verse 10
What
C'mon niggas
What

[Chorus: x2]
You told me you would bust your guns for me
(Yeah bust your gun dog)
You said you'd always sling your pounds
(Sling the hydro green)
Now you're away and you're all that I need
(You're all that I need baby)
But L-O-X will hold it down
(You know the LOX gonna hold it)

[Jadakiss]
I'm back in the game

I still ride the back of the train
And sit right next to Jake with a package of Caine
Niggas say he realer than me you call him a liar
I got the Audi T T the same color as fire
You just getting a name
Putting shit in the game
Stop faking
I have your do-rag looking Jamaican
Holey as the water in the front of the church
Then find you with no back plus one in your earth
I can't wait for the day you get murked
Cause I'ma throw a free party at the Tunnel and give out work
I love myself , my family , and love my son
Love my niggas and love white Air Force Ones
And besides that I'm open off the dro and the guns
And the head you could get from a hoe in the slums
Niggas always act silly till you show em the milly
Then they got the nerve to ask you why you wanna kill me
Uhh

[Chorus: x2]

[Styles]
I know it ain't right
For me to swear to God
But I swear to God that I'll murder you dog
And I know it ain't right
For me to sell dope
Rob stores but I still gotta run from the law
Twenty niggas in the clique
How all of us pour
In a three room apartment and we all on the floor
I reflect to the days I thought of busting the whip
Now I come through the scene and niggas cuffing they bitch
Feel good to see Kiss spend a buck on his wrists
Or Sheek fronting on a jet ski with a Puerto Rican chick
I don't rock no jewels
But I pops my tools
And I work my coupe to do a buck 68
P hit you in the head like a dutch to the face
Or a cup full of liquor
Come and fuck with you nigga
Cause I make drug money
Gotta take blood from me

If you wanna prove a point pull a joint shoot dummies

[Chorus: x3]

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