

Who Did You Expect (Backstage LP Version)

The Lox

Yo even if I just cooked up, if money's comin give you it moist
And don't be scared to die, I aint give you a choice
Niggas'll try to kill you 'cause of what they think you got
And the ambulance'll take longer if they think you shot
Nigga fuck the bullshit, Kiss keep a full clip
In front of the store rockin gauze in the woolrich
Blowin sticky green grass, that'll sit me on my ass
Wit a mean sports coupe with 160 on the dash
So what I got a Rollie, and it got a lotta ice
I pull my gun out, and bet I get another one tonight
Your brother died, bet your mother lose another son tonight
I'm clever, only time we party, when we beat a body
Or when they free Gotti, so that means never
To my niggas in they cell wit a hour of rec
Or K.L., for beatin a coward to death
I feel y'all, so feel me, even if y'all guilty
Time y'all niggas come home, the god'll be filthy
Even though by then these faggots probably be done killed me
I tell my son, keep it real, give y'all niggas each a bill
So what's the deal, niggas y'all know the deal, uhWho did you expect, what, L O X to the death
And we go hard dog, everytime, nothing less
Catch us at the dice game, blowin a thou
Never go in to trial, coppin out, holdin it down
We could get it on, any way shape or form
Any day of the week, Styles, Jada, and Sheek
It aint hot 'less we are niggas we are the heat
We are the streets and we makin it hard to eatAyo, you say fuck me, I feel the same way about you bitch
Niggas made you rich and now you act like this
Who them thuggest niggas on your team, guns to the triple beam
Without rap my nickels gleam, drug money make it seem
Fast, niggas puff hydro and hash like it's nicotine
Fake niggas, rid o them, who flip from wealth
You want space, I give your whole hospital room to yourself
I got doctors who make housecalls when niggas get hit
That way the press and the cops run shit, feel me kid
When it comes to thuggin it, nigga that's my sport
I even pick up your shells so you won't get caught
Dumb dumbs, niggas camouflaged playin as bums
Pop up, shoot through the liquor bottle, straighten your lungs

Take the bum clothes off, buy a paper at the newsstand
 Walk by me, scream out, "somebody help this man"
 Not even life insurance helpin your fam, I'm takin that
 I'm from Yonkers motherfucker, where the murderers at
 Murderous gat, we bloodline no cur in our pack
 You owe us dough, have it as that, I leave it at that, faggots
 Who did you expect, what, L O X to the death
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 We are the streets and we makin it hard to eat
 Spittin to live, two bullets hittin your ribs
 You christen your kids, I let my son listen to B.I.G
 I won't stop til a thousand niggas fit in my crib
 I won't be happy til my last nigga finish his bid
 All on the top, yeah you could ball in a drop
 I'd rather, ball in a yacht, no callin the cops
 In the middle of the ocean, lettin my nine pop
 Givin a dime cock, blowin away
 Baggin the yae, tryin to get a wagon a day
 Pick up a quarter, and still throw my chain in the water
 Watch on the floor, bitch I'll put my glock in your jaw
 Niggas think they own a label, just signed a deal
 You poppin that bullshit they might find you killed
 Slum throwin the highway, behind the wheel
 Or you could do it my way, relax and chill
 You could worship SP sell cracks and peels
 Bitch I smack your mouth while you smoke in the field
 Run up in your house, then alarmin your grill
 Drama for real, you never seen honor and will
 Til you wake up in the mornin and your mama is killed
 Who did you expect, what, L O X to the death
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 Catch us at the dice game, blowin a thou
 Never go in to trial, coppin out, holdin it down
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 Any day of the week, Styles, Jada, and Sheek
 It aint hot 'less we are niggas we are the heat
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