

New York Rap

The Lox

Sheek Louch

LOX!

What's ya name again? Donnie G (D-Block!)

Who else wit' you, fam? (S-P!)

Wave the Ruger at these haters

This New York rap, who else wit' you? (Al Qaeda)

Don-Don, .38 revolve in the brown bag

Money in the pocket, when I walk, my pants sag

In and out of town, that's why the God look jet-lagged

Sheek's still bangin', I ain't wavin' the red flag

The curse of Bin Laden, boats don't float across

His ghostly bones said "Rise up with green moss"

Uh, smoke blowin' on a weave

Audie on the sleeve, Louis Vs in the breeze

Condos in Miami, I ain't even use the keys

Women and fast cars, some of my pet peeves

Cash and big guns, be wit' them OGs

Levis, white ups, City Lab tees

Nick said "Nate, the Yanks gotta bring it home" (New York!)

Them Dirty Harrys sittin' on me, all chrome

Public enemy, welcome to the terrordome

This UK money, my phone stay home, I roam

Safety on Glock, ice on rock

I rep Biggie since Rick Ross reppin' Pac

Styles P

I don't like too many rappers, or niggas

If you see me talkin' to cowards, it's all figgas

Gotta be ready to die to war wit' us

Yeah, we three deep, but there's plenty of more wit' us

Chop it up, bag it up, set it up

I got a problem on the strip, I'll wet it up

I could get a ton on the arm, getcha credit up

Talkin' to the pilot on the Palm, then a Senator

You fakin', nigga, I get it shakin'

I'll shoot your wife at the dinner table like Taken

I did dirt since Krush Groove and Breakin'

Now they got a Biggie movie, Pac comin' next

You can suck my dick, you said The LOX ain't the best

Now yell pause and no homo that
And get a bullet in ya fitted where the logo at
Yeah, another one by the NE sign
Stab him in the face with the pen he signed
Now that's that, turn ya fitted to a snapback
Jadakiss
Yo, I'm the one that make the car start: Engine
Hard liquor, two weeks straight, nigga: Bingin'
This dope, getcha sniff on or syringe in
I'm really in these streets, they pretendin'
You compare him to these creeps? You offend him
Water and oil, you don't mix, you can't blend them
Trunk fulla powder, cook it when I get there
It's me all alone on the throne, yeah, I sit there
Now just let the haze burn
Bullets don't ever change, they always burn
Majority is snakes, the rest is straight worms
Everybody's a baller, then I must be Dave Stern
Virus, whenever I spit, I spray germs
Who else been nice for this long and stayed firm?
Donnie G, the Phantom, and Al Qaeda
L-O-X, the criminology coordinators
(What?)

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