

All We Know

The Lox

I got 'em son, let's go
We're more class~ than New York & NWA
We go hard like mac Dre repping the bay
The price of fame is heavy, but there's no other way
Latex glove and silencers are not spray
But I ain't here to lecture you, nah
How to shot niggas, and sold crack to SWAT oyster perpetual
Trying to get high on my next flight
Trying them thing bitch made for me last night
Them dope boys say they fuck with her, good nigga
So you land in New York, get in touch with us
Beyonc~ face on the other rack
This B Block, nigga need your autograph

Yeah, I shall plead
On the brink of insanity
Trials of a hungry nigga
Cult dream is getting bigger
We let live
When we wake up, we smoke the track
All we know is bitches hit the block strap
All we know is our case
All we know is D block
All we now is LOL
All we know is, shit

sitting on money I owe the cold plug
Fuck 'em, weed up with the dough plug
Got weed on the way, but can you smoke plug
Shotty and two hand guns, getting them both snub
Give you the power to see ghosts
Just watch Cowan seen a ghost
We're looking to get poke
A pop and a dope
Now I wanna lecture you
Nigga, I turn you vegetable
Gun hit nigga and bitches are bi-sectional
Like pop by itself, it's intellible
Hang from the door, ain't shoot'em, they're professional

Really smooth nigga, but shown

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Get real
Niggas livin life on the treadmill
You ain't never touch it so you don't know how that bread feel
Love is gone the hate is strong
Only a casket or a cell can break the bond
I got prescription pills I got the straight heron
I test it out in the hood I get a great response
I got a gun in the trunk
Another one on my palm
Nigga, I'm Al-Qaeda, jada, son of Saddam
I'm a terrorist shit
Are you scared of me now?
I have a Glock, I put your man on the ground
To finish this game, we have to settle the score
'Cause my money is up, and I'm ready for war

Yeah, how should I plead
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