

# Loyalty And Love

## The Lox

[Intro: Styles P]

L-O-X to death, nigga

D-Block forever

We fuckin' 'em, right

[Chorus: Styles P]

Loyalty and love

I ride with the homie to get buzzed (I ride)

I ride with the homie to get plugged (Yeah)

Loyalty and love

I ride with the homie to go to war (I ride)

I ride with the homie I bring the gloves

Loyalty and love

I ride with homie to the grave

I ride with the homie to the judge (You know)

Loyalty and love

Homies is family, but not blood

We came up together out the mud

[Verse 1: Styles P]

You know what the fuck it is, I ain't got a fuck to give (I ain't got a fuck to give)

I ain't got a buck to give, the niggas on that sucker shit

Got me on my '93, Wu, bring the rucker shit

Only break bread with the homies that I suffered with (My homies)

That sucker shit don't reside here, you should slide or die from a wild niggas idea (Die)

We in the Taj in some fly gear, money machine, machine gun homie I swear (I swear)

I dare you to be loyal, try to diarrhea

You ain't seen 'em like us cause they don't make 'em homie (LOX)

You just a bitch ass nigga, don't get no makeup on me (Bitch ass)

Order get you popped in the neck, from my Jamaican homie

Yeah, still up in the jungle boy (Still)

Me and the homie and a half of P of jungle boys

Back then we moved cocaine, we was unemployed

Stay in your place, make it your face, that my gun avoid

[Chorus: Styles P & Sheek Louch]

Loyalty and love

I ride with the homie to get buzzed

I ride with the homie to get plugged

Loyalty and love

I ride with the homie to go to war  
I ride with the homie I bring the gloves  
Loyalty and love (Woo)  
I ride with homie to the grave (Sheek)  
I ride with the homie to the judge (Facts Styles, talk that shit nigga)  
Loyalty and love  
Homies is family, but not blood  
We came up together out the mud

[Verse 2: Sheek Louch]

Ayo

You know what the fuck it is, and I know where the fuck you live (Sheek)  
You was on some thug shit, today you all positive  
Motivation quotes and shit, early morning post and shit  
Rise like a propeller, who the fuck is you Mandela? (Hahaha)  
Blunts in my hand fella, left wrist sky dweller  
Accountant for twenty years, haven't seen one bank teller (Nah)  
Pass from being close and shit, finna kiss and ghost shit  
Give a nigga one verse, and tell him to make the most of it, nigga (Haha)  
What's all the fake smiles for?  
Your friendship is fake, you can't use me no more (No more)  
I cut niggas off, that what the two seater for (Ha)  
War, like you ain't seen that hundred shot by the door (Brr, brr, brr, brr)  
Loyalty and love, oh you love my loyalty?  
Oh, you stick around 'cause my niggas is royalty (LOX)  
Either way we went from blood to the mud (Uh-uh)  
To laughing at these niggas like "What?", DMX voice

[Chorus: Styles P & Jadakiss]

Loyalty and love (Woo)  
I ride with the homie to get buzzed (Yeah)  
I ride with the homie to get plugged (Uh)  
Loyalty and love (Woo)  
I ride with the homie to go to war (Yeah)  
I ride with the homie I bring the gloves (Uh)  
Loyalty and love (Woo)  
I ride with homie to the grave (Yeah)  
I ride with the homie to the judge (Yeah)  
Loyalty and love (Come on)  
Homies is family, but not blood (Woo, haha)  
We came up together out the mud (Yeah)

[Verse 3: Jadakiss]

Loyalty and love (Yeah)  
I ride with the homie when shit is real  
You ride with homie to get in clubs (Haha)  
All you do is look at his 'Gram to see how he movin' (Uh)  
When's the last time you called him to see how he doin'? (Uh)  
They just wanna catch it (Catch it)

They ain't really for us (Uh-uh)  
I had enough, I'm tired of supporting the supporters (Okay)  
Shoe is on the other foot, all I hear is crickets (Uh)  
They don't even give a fuck, all they want is tickets (That's it)  
Backstage passes (Yeah), dark shade glasses  
When nothing's going on, niggas walk straight pass us (Damn)  
Fam on the weekends (Always), never on a Tuesday (Never)  
Loyalty and love, two L's nigga, cool J (Woo)  
Richer for poor, for war, never change son (Never)  
Water and dirt is the mud, that's what we came from  
Smoke 'til we float, and drink till we hurl  
The only two things that you need in this world is—

[Chorus: Styles P, Sheek Louch & Jadakiss]  
Loyalty and love (Woo)  
I ride with the homie to get buzzed  
I ride with the homie to get plugged  
Loyalty and love  
I ride with the homie to go to war  
I ride with the homie I bring the gloves  
Loyalty and love  
I ride with homie to the grave  
I ride with the homie to the judge (LOX to death, nigga)  
Loyalty and love (D-Block)  
Homies is family, but not blood (D-Block, forever)  
We came up together out the mud (Haha)

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