

# Recognize

## The Lox

Ruff ruff ruff ruff ruff ruff ruff  
Huh... ruff ryders (ryde or die (overlap))  
Don't get it twisted y'all (yea yea yea (overlap))  
Ruff ryders.(.ta fuck I'm talking about right here)  
Recognize, recognize, recognize (ruff ryders)  
Don't get it twisted y'all (yea yea yea (overlap))  
Recognize, recognize, recognize (ruff ryders)  
Don't get it twisted y'all (yea yea yea (overlap))(jadakiss)  
Now I know you couldn't wait  
To hear kiss over premier  
Kill you on tape  
Then, watch it over a beer  
Cause you ain't nothing but a movie  
With expensive footage  
That's the reason they gon' leave you with expensive bullets  
Aint non of y'all better than lox  
Have all of y'all dressed up in a suit  
Dead in a box  
Me and my niggas get reder than fox  
And I don't care if I love you  
I still want head of the drop  
Niggas runnin' round talkin' that y-2-k shit  
Crackheads'll still gon' want that gray shit  
That's why ima always cop the yay quick  
So I suggest all of y'all stay on jay dick  
Too hard for mtv  
Not black enough for bet  
Just let me be  
Give me all my royalty money  
And let me greed  
And ima have hoes for six  
And hash for three  
ChorusRecognize, recognize, recognize (ruff ryders)  
Don't get it twisted ya'll  
Recognize, recognize, recognize (ruff ryders)  
L to the o to the x (fade)  
Recognize, recognize, recognize (ruff ryders)  
Don't get it twisted ya'll  
Recognize, recognize, recognize (ruff ryders)  
L o x niggas (fade)  
Don't get it twisted ya'll  
(sheek luchion)

Ayo I give it to you point blank  
In your moms place  
So like point break with a mask on with presidents face  
Clear my space, when big sheek crash the boards  
Y'all ain't just mark niggas, y'all whole mark niggas  
With all that soft ass writin' might as well be in? cards?  
You gon' gamble with your life, when I launch these torpidos  
That'll shoot the crack out your ass? casionos  
Just me and my gambino's drunk as fuck  
With a time parking lot dvd in a trunk  
I been drunk most my life, don't ask me why  
Through ninth grade, I ain't go to highschool  
I went to school high  
And I don't care what y'all got  
That shit don't excite me  
Im black and deadly and my burner just like me  
And I'm quick to stick one of y'all on tour  
With the sheritten  
See what yours can be mine  
Without, inherittin'  
Give up your chains  
And them little diamonds in your ear  
Is it worth your family cryin'  
And the doctor yellin' clearChorus(styles pinero)  
If I knew heaven head a ghetto  
That was sweeter than here  
You know p would pack his bag  
And just leave next year  
But I got a son to raise  
So ima stay in this hell  
And I gotta gun to blaze  
If you play with the l  
Dot o dot x dot at the end  
We the niggas that's gon' leave  
With the pot at the end  
Never too young to die  
Or too old to live  
? to bust your gun  
Go home and mold your kid  
Im a shamed I sell crack  
But ima ryde for the moment  
Know the concequence  
Ima die with the omen  
Two is better than one  
There's three of the lox  
Key in a pot  
Key in the drop  
Key to the top  
Father, son, and holy ghost of rap

3 in a 1 seein a gun  
And usin' it dog  
Dope in a six  
Coke in a five  
Weed in a four  
Ice is for my niggas  
But the heat is for ya'll  
Chorus (loop recognize/fade)

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>