

A

"Boyz 2 Men"

Visit "[Boyz 2 Men](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Basically, LB Fam to the motherfuckin' death
Park side, Queen's niggaz represent
Long Isle, how we do? They know our style
Represent niggaz in and out the P now
Yo, I could do this mother shit for a while
I don't give a fuck, my rap style be true yo
Eh yo, yo, yo, how we do this

Hey yo we'll back on my South Side, Jamaica part of
town
Where us real niggas love to get down
Where you only hear G and P finessin' tracks up on the
tape
We stuck in Queens and I'm not tryin' to escape
Yo I'm havin' ccess, drinkin', I'm kickin' raps and
Emceein
L B for life, kid my way of bein'
It's time to, set up shops, wild in this game and got
props
And fuck cops, we puffin' lah wit windows up in drop
tops

Nothin' stops my crew from gettin' it we learn from the
past
Puffin' on this ounce of weed, I got this drink in my
glass
Conversatin' with myself, what does my future hold?
Niggaz is dyin', will I make it past thirty years old?
I can't run, I guess I gots to hold it down till I'm done
What the fuck's the deal? I been doin' this here from
day one
Official Queen's nigga, be a Lost Boy till my death
Until I breathe the mothafuckin' last breath

Eh yo from boyz 2 men, we're strictly Fam, no longer
friends
Let's keep it thorough, I hold it down till it's on again
Until we meet again, yo I'm back up on the street again
I'm tryin' to take it, throw out my nine but pack the heat
again
Eh yo from boyz 2 men, we're strictly Fam, no longer
friends

Let's keep it thorough, I hold it down till it's on again
Until we meet again, yo I'm back up on the street again
I'm tryin' to take it, throw out my nine but pack the heat
again

My mind is reachin' twice that size than it only did last
year
Three times it's likely to feel clear
A+, I transform into a super emcee
With super vocals quicker than Superman can find a
phone booth
The whole truth nothin' but the whole truth, I roast you
Thermonuclear vocals get hotter than in Shanobal
The double O, we ever sold just abide nuclear
explosions
Exposin' radiation like a vulcan

I'm the only guy that knows why the golden eye was
stolen by five
Soviet spies, they told me to lie, they don't want to hear
the God spit
Chop my hands off at the armpits but I regenerate
limbs
Like Star fish, comin' at you with the hard shit
Swallow my beeper and page myself so I can
communicate
With a dolphin, lyrical arson rush the planet like a
million martians Committin' arson, walkin' the tarpits in
India
With snake charmers that place all the weight down

Yo, A+, fuck the nonsense I got the reinforcements
To crush any enemies offense with a hundred
thousand Horsemen
And the hardest muthafucka on the market right here
I'll complete in a minute what would take you a light
year
Extra-terrestrial biological entities with infinite energy
Battling for world supremacy, who wanna get touched,
the Can-I-Bus
Will crush you with hard jigsaw puzzles and strong jaw
muscles

Ambushin' emcees jumpin' out the trees like
Vietnamese in fatigues
Covered with leaves, interrogatin' you wack emcees
like MIB's
With dark glasses, askin' you to tell me exactly where
that alien craft
Landed by flashing bright lights in your eyes with those
silver gamas

So when you revive you can't recall or understand it
That's how the Canibus keeps tabs on the planet
I use amnesia to neutralize public panic
And take advantage of opportunities to do damage

I pierce your heart with evil thoughts
The only thing faster than the speed of light is the
speed of dark
With the jaws of a great white shark I rip you apart
My state-of-the-art lyrical lasers is razor sharp
Splatter the brain matter of my enemies
With the same bullet trajectory that murdered John
Kennedy
In the back of his cranial cavity which is actually
What happens to any motherfucker for tryin' to battle
me

Eh yo from boyz 2 men, we're strictly Fam, no longer
friends
Let's keep it thorough, I hold it down till it's on again
Until we meet again, yo I'm back up on the street again
I'm tryin' to take it, throw out my nine but pack the heat
again
Eh yo from boyz 2 men, we're strictly Fam, no longer
friends
Let's keep it thorough, I hold it down till it's on again
Until we meet again, yo I'm back up on the street again
I'm tryin' to take it, throw out my nine but pack the heat
again

Eh yo from boyz 2 men, we're strictly Fam, no longer
friends
Let's keep it thorough, I hold it down till it's on again
Until we meet again, yo I'm back up on the street again
I'm tryin' to take it, throw out my nine but pack the heat
again
Eh yo from boyz 2 men, we're strictly Fam, no longer
friends
Let's keep it thorough, I hold it down till it's on again
Until we meet again, yo I'm back up on the street again

Visit [A](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.