

A+

"Boyz 2 Men-feat. Canibus, Mr. Cheeks)"Visit "[Boyz 2 Men-feat. Canibus, Mr. Cheeks\)](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Mr. Cheeks]

Basically, LB Fam to the motherfuckin death
Park side, Queen's niggaz represent
Long Isle, how we do? They new 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
Yo, eh yo, yo, yo, how we do this

Hey yo well 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 Im havin ccess', drinkin, I'm kickin raps and Emceein
LB for life, kid my way of bein
Its 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 30 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 my mothafuckin last breath

[Chorus: Mr. Cheeks x2]

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

[A+]

Check this out

Yo, yo

My mind is reachin twice that size than it only did last year

Three times its 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, 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 dont 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...

[Canibus]

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 supremecy

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 light in your eyes with those silver
gamas

So when you revive you cant recall or understand it

Thats how the Canibus keeps tabs on the planet

I use amnesia to neutralize public panic
and take advantage of oppurtinities to do damage
I pierce your heart with evil thoughts
The only thing faster then tha 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

[Chorus x2]

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