

## **Canibus**

# **"Shout Out to Lost Boyz"**

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[dj clue]

Yeah, dj clue, desert storm, all up in ya area

With the lb fam, love peace and nappiness

A little sample, but first..

My man canibus, gon' rip shit down, ha ha

[canibus]

Yo, yo, yo

Lost boyz the beasts from the east up in this piece

With a new release on the streets every fifty-two weeks

And I dare a nigga to challenge us; I turn the

Love peace and nappiness into your blood on a napkin  
in the ambulance

Fuckin with the nigga called canibus, just the sound

Of my voice'll give you a positive urine analysis

I'm a lyrical demon, stronger than crack fiends

That smoke two p's with a c in between em

Lb fam, makin the music niggaz dance to

And we sip a very substantial amount of jack daniels

L-o-est, b-o-y-z we lock shit

We invested all of legal drug money profit

Showin love to each and every nigga that copped it

In they jeep, lex coupe, beema or benz knockin it

Music makin you high, givin you that urge

To spend two-thirds of the money you earned on herb

You're fuckin with the lb fam, we do what we gotta do

You never get the chance to shoot back at who shot at  
you

Nigga, you'll be dead before you reach the hospital

Lookin at you layin there with blood comin out your  
nostrils

Queens most wanted, quick to clap a nigga

Rap at killers who wear carharts and caterpillars

Totin the four-pound, holdin the fort down

Before heavy d bounced to uptown became a ghost  
town

Cheeks, lou and thai see eye to eye

Spig sees eye to thigh, bein the shortest

But he still gets busy on the one and two's regardless

Heard about the clue tape, so I had to get on it

Lost boyz and desert storm, show us the money

Cause we still hungry, we still got the growl in the

tummy  
We still grimy and grungy, dressin bummy  
Doin shows for foreign currencies in other countries  
Tryin to finance me a hum-vee with low mufflage  
Get a production deal, start our own record companies  
Sign our own acts, and rhyme about whatever we  
wanna rap  
Decorate our walls with plaques  
Summertime eighty-nine or better degree weather  
Nine-seven dj clue and lb fam forever

[dj clue]  
What? ! dj clue, all up in ya area

[canibus]  
Yo yo yo hold up I don't think niggaz know man  
I'm gonna rock some more, check it out, yo, yo  
Now just by watchin you, I can tell that I got you  
To face me, somethin you don't wanna do, my rhymes  
Are too hostile, they'll beat you down in public like the  
cops do  
Sit on top of you, make a human pinata out of you  
Flow as potent as possible, creatin obstacles three feet  
High and rising, like the chronicles of posdonus  
The old school hip-hop, is where I get my style from  
Uptown harlem, is where I get my lye from  
My cousin with mad guns, is where I get the nines from  
Area 51 is where I be gettin rhymes from  
I'm not a human being  
I'm the human being ill with a i.q. that's off the scale  
If words could kill, a verse of mine'll murder a mil'  
And mc'sll be gnashin they teeth, burnin in hell  
I'm learnin to be the head instead of the tail  
I ain't followin nobody else to increase my sales  
Metaphors are real, like they been forged in steel  
Stood before the judge told him I was forced to kill  
And how I went for mines to get paid in full  
Then I went for minds again and ripped em out of  
niggaz skulls  
The nigga on the block with the biggest balls, layin  
niggaz  
On the floor, robbin em too a biggie smalls song  
"turn your head round," give me the cheddar  
I'd rather be a lion for a day than a lamb who lives  
forever  
"turn your head round," give me the cheddar  
I'd rather be a lion for a day than a lamb who lives  
forever \*echoes\*

