

Lisa Loeb

"Focus"

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What what nigga?
LB Fam, Frankie Cutlass
Nine-six, Queens most wanted (word up)
Frankie Cutlass (Frankie Cutlass)
This is how we do (how we do)
Focus goin on, everybody in my crew
From Spig Nice to Tah to my man Pretty Lou
Check it, Queens escapes
Put the shit on DAT and a tape
One time check it out baby boy now (check it out now)

chorus

Focus your mind on this
Can we do our thing when we swing we don't miss
Connect, knock it out the park, what a hit
It gets deeper, I'm on some keeper, my brother shit
[and that's real]
repeat except brackets

You got a team of real niggaz in the room smokin trees
Us niggaz stayin blunted the most wanted LB'z
My family connections blows through East Circuit
My team is whom I work with, we must stay alert kid
Cause nowadays niggaz glorify how they be massin
We in the Jeep passin cheeba peep em as they assin
out in the game, what's the reason why you came?
To have these bitches be like askin you a season in
your brain
Flashin jewels, talkin blastin if he pack the tools
I got a glock to cock back to knock em, flat out your
shoes
Not no, Big Willie puffin Dutches not Phillie
We packin bubbly act up and we smack a nigga silly
The name is Mr. Cheeks I keep the dough get on the
low stroll
Take you to the Essence get my swerve on like the pros
do
Baggin bitches makin money bounce without my crews
In nine-six motherfuck power moves, ayyo

chorus

(Mashin Out!!)

No doubt, body wreck squad bringin it hard
and get charged, to rip shows in half, word to God
With clientele like a crack spot, me and my man dwell
?Fat blocks and rain sail from in jail to Ascott?
So yo, focus your mind on this
Nobody move and nobody get they wig twist
We real, still packin blue steel
Knockin brothers way up off of the top of the hill

Brownsville, M.O.P., Queens you know
Let them motherfuckers all BO BO BO BO BO!!
Yo I set shit, come correct with, fat raps that
rapidly fire like a infra tech spit
I'm trying to make it happen, no time for wishin
To tax at least a million is my lifetime mission so
IN GOD WE TRUST, Firing Squad we bust
Plus we must roll with the rough, Hometeam
Teflon, Billy, and Fame, mad Swingas to bring
That South 9 triple beam dream you been lookin for
Firing Squad blowin it up
And if you ain't TIGHT on the MIC
you ain't RIGHT shut the fuck up
Now, we represent in some of the illest situations
And some of the illest places, what happens up ?in
demonstrations?
Stayin down, so you can't see who we are
Yo, everyday trigger nigga nucca fuck a rap star

Big up to all street borough
Brothers from Brooklyn to my rocket launcher packin
Bronx niggaz
keep it thorough

In the ghetto, my Empire Strikes Back
How About Some Hardcore? Yeah we like it raw! Keep it
like that

chorus

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