

## Lost And Found

### "Not A Test"

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[Mr. Cheeks]

A yo I come from New York V.A.'s where they found me  
This Mr. Cheeks I keep freaks around me  
L.B. Fam surround me in case something pops off  
Heat up in the winter in the summer take the tops off  
I'm from up north a New York City nigga  
About 6 feet I weigh a buck 50 nigga  
Not a pretty nigga smooth criminal type  
Freestyle or write I could do this all night  
I'm still that nigga with them (Car)harts and them  
Timbs on  
Rims on the whip shorty come along  
It ain't hard to tell a yo I'm back now  
Look at the game yo E(Dub) lay the track down  
Ok now how do that sound it sound official to me  
Let them know we in the place to be  
And I got this chick thinking the taste's with me  
And she's leaving the place with me well let's go!

[Chorus: Mr. Cheeks]

Now what you hear is not a test  
It's the dice game runner he's one of the best  
Yo peep me at a game I came down with finesse  
Yo that's my word you heard the rest well let's go get it  
(2x)

[Mr. Cheeks]

A yo my tux ain't rented it's been a minute I'm back in it  
Pulled up in the STS this shit's tinted  
Jumped out like the mack with the black apple jack on  
My fault I ain't mean to make you wait that long  
I've been there I done that I hits the scene  
I hit the spot and rock I gets the green  
Yo listen money this is all I do  
Bag chicks stack chips road trips with the crew  
We world wide man we got a lot of fam  
From the Boo-Yaa Tribe to {?} man  
That Queens nigga get his dough in every way  
No bullshit he's in the lab like every day  
I throw my L's up for those that rep the team  
The middle finger goes up for those that left the scene

Well how you see it well there's more green to burn  
than earn  
You know the saying man yo you live to learn

[Chorus]

[Mr. Cheeks]

I like to be up on the low spit my flow and get dough  
Earn my keep in the game like I aim to get more  
We did it in the past we still doing it now  
It's the L.B.F. fuck who ruin it how  
I'm far from a scrub chicks love the style  
That's why they behave badly and act all wild  
I love it when I bring a cutie back to the cut  
I'm blowing smoke on her bootie she shaking her butt  
I throw a little bit more joy juice in her cup  
She lights another L up yo that's what's up  
She's good to go so I throw on some songs  
She peels of her jeans off and shows the thong  
It's a day in the life of your nigga here  
E Double yeah that's my nigga there  
Ain't forcing nothing shorty rock giving it up  
Yo Jamaica funk nigga I'm just living it up

[Chorus]

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