

Lost Boyz "Can't Hold Us Down"

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[Mr. Cheeks]

You know the life situations, hard times of deep
conversations
Beef in the streets, eliminations
Shit gets iller, it's mad bullshit us niggas go through
They hate us, being broke and gettin dough too
Well let me show you, niggas how I feel when I'm singin
Ya niggas be constantly O.D.'ing
You can't show them crackers love, yo they love to take
advantage
Keep actin like ya black watch where ya land bitch
A word from the wise, you know us
The late street slummers
We creep on you with rentals, no hummers
We celebrate the summers, burn trees sit up on the
bench
Against the fench, watchin tournaments
These niggas know the scene, niggas roll dice for the
green
Bitches the more ice the mean
Keep the cars shining, these love the creep thru the
actional
And that the hood the fuckin main attraction
The hot bitches and niggas ayo we all make it happen
Sword sellin drugs are workin hard, we all rappin
Hope you recognize the realism, that I'm spittin
Not the hardest rap artist, but I'm hittin
Put the Gennus to my lip take a sip of it
Light my L, write my rhyme watch how I flip the shit
Ayo ya niggas ya be counterfeit, so tone it down a bit
A move along with you bullshit

Chorus: Lost Boyz & Mel

You can't hold us down, You can't hold us down
You can't hold us down, You can't fuck around

[Mr. Cheeks]

I creep the streets with my sounds blastin from the get
up
Lay back comfortable, why the fuck sit up
Rims shining, ordinary guy, makin cheddar
Life for me and wifey and for the kid it's more better

Better school and yo niggas makin better more
Like some old addition listen kid, cheddar roots
Kid you feelin me, these rap niggas killin me
Shit my team thru police they be drillin me
Niggas thrillin me, I shine like the diamond

For real a fuckin wit you money kid I'm only rhymin
But if you wanna get it on, yo we can do it
Any business that's mine yo I'm steppin to it
Livin life with no fear
My teams got my back and my rear
Niggas if you want me, I'm right here
Talkin out ya mouth, runnin out with gems and cant win
These DJ's makin tapes and can't spin
These rap niggas, makin money but they really trash
Niggas frontin like they want Parelli ass
Aiyo I pass, I'd rather listen to some R&B
Some hot shit maybe starrin me

Chorus 2X

[Mr. Cheeks]

It seems that my minds playin games on me
Police stay harass try to throw the chains on me
And try to warn me once I got up inside the game
Niggas told me that shit would never be the same
Niggas chains what money comes around the set
Niggas told me though so a nigga wont forget
Where I came from, you know the fuckin scoop
Police hate to see us cats when we on the stoop
Know the best, are whips caught sword in the chest
Knowin that we enter murder, money and the sex
Drugs, fuck with honeys who be hustlin for cheddar
They only out to make it better
Startin where it comes from
We used to sell those drums too
We represent the slums boo
How we do basically no doubt, LB Fam IV Life, yo we
out

Chorus 2X

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