

Lost Boyz "Colabo"

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[J-Drama]

Let me tell you somethin, about to wild on this track
Who wanna react, nigga aint no holdin me back
Sparkin the dutches every day, Colabo with Queens
Most
Up in the party, drinkin Bacardi, yo how we go
Rockin non stop to the top
And I won't drop, till my vocal cords feel like they gon
pop
Who wanna get it on, niggas try to peep my scheme
Know my team, standin right in front of the screen
I blaze it up, like flames, aint no time for the games
Out the same Queens crew, but two different names
JnJ and QMW, here to bring the trouble too
I wild on any track like that son I be runnin you
Leavin you on the floor bleedin, eatin mess is what you
needin
Cardiac arrest with poor breathin
I be leavin you in the dust, you can't front on us
We lust for the cream, and ya gun don't bust
Nigga what

[Bandit]

My team reform like a mason meeting
I put the heat to your face, official Queens greeting
Niggas like you get slapped kid, just for speakin
While my niggas wild out, off the shit I'm drinkin
That aint ya proof, I let loose on your whole group
While ya recruit, my fans splittin up ya fuckin loot
That's how we do, jump out like you owe somethin
You Q roll somethin, stompin like you stoled somethin
You think I'm frontin?, yo my Queens livin, money gettin
Whether its rap or coke flippin
Ya niggas need to avoid collision
'cause your chance is tryin to advance to all my fam
When it's gun to grams, wrong plan you and your man
Quick to get rejected, I rock a 50 inch necklace
My team break records, we make ya life hectic
The Queens Most Wanted, yo my man made you run it
But shit you did, we done it, y'all niggas don't want it

Chorus 2X: Leek

Ain't no tellin what I thought of them
Me and my hooligans a ruin em
Send hot ones at his crew and him
Fluin him, M.L. style, spinned around blaze the pound
Now lay ya ass down

[Rob U]

We be the wild type shifty livin cats from Queens
98 hold it down, basically for my team
Mega drama in the hood, y'all got to stay on point
'cause nothin to lose, wanna be thug cats
Push ya shit back, but fuck that
We play the game too, only if it's necessary
We never start shit, we finish shit
And holdin it down, when it's time to go hard
In this rap shit too, if you wanna get technical
It's quite a few to hold it down like we do
And lay ya verse on a track that be comfortable
It ain't a team out here fuckin with my crew
South Jamaica Queens, Queens Most comin through
Rob U, Wow Woo O, and my nigga Leek, and Bandit kid
Forever in my memory

[Jugga]

Now let me get on the mic, and get the penis
What's the count em in this?
Third and one, man in motion, I'm about the blitz ya
scrimmage
I see everything in my perimeter, I deliver the blows
Sendin you to the ground, you can't get up, lay down,
stay down
Sendin game to O Team, wild walk, QB and O Beem
Came on the field with O E, and nobody can hold me
The acrobatic track assassinator me and Drama
Stand back to back like 25 on a calculator
Now make a move, I shake em like an earthquake
I'm a take em and tie em into a human pretzle
What's left to do then break em
I disappear like a genie, reappear on ya tv with and LP
and CD
Strictly GB now we be, gutter butter family strong
Smurfin my bong, blaze trauma to bomb
on our flight to our show in Hong Kong
Now hold on tight, it's the rap reckin ball
Knockin ya out of position we don't saw
JnJ, Queens Most, colaboratin evacuate
A whole platoon of niggas, we should of did it sooner
niggas

Chorus 2X

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