

Lost Boyz "Da Game"

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YO I NEEDS DOUGH YOU NEEDS DOUGH WE NEEDS
DOUGH SO YO (X4)

VERSE ONE (MR CHEEKS)

PUT ON MY THINKIN CAP
Don't KNOW TO RAP ABOUT THE NIGGAS GETTIN
OUTTA STATE TRAP
LIVIN DAT YO WHUTS UP BLACK
WELL it's MY THIRD DAY HOME AND NOT A CENT TO MY
NAME
NO JOBS THEY CLAIM IM BACK IN THE DRUG GAME
I NEED SOME MONEY IN A HURRY
IM SINGIN MY BABY BOY TROY HE'LL BE TWO NEXT
FEBRUARY
IM IN THE CRIB WIT MY MAN
MY NIGGA VAN DAM
AN WERE THINKIN OF AN OUTTA STATE PLAN PEEP IT
MY MAN ROLLA DOUGHS FLYIN UP ON FRIDAY
HES BUY'N A HALF AN BOUNCIN BACK ON THE
HIGHWAY
NOW FRIDAY COMES MOMS IS BEEFIN CAUSE IM CURSIN
SHE SMELLS CHEEB ON ME IMA WHOLE DIFFERENT
PERSON
WELL I GUESS IM GOIN TA CHEET
SHE UNDERSTOOD THE CHAT
NOW CALL ME WHEN YA GET THERE AN TELL ME
WHERE YOU AT
ALL RITE MA
I CHECKED OUT ALL MY NIGGAS THEN WE JETTED
WIT FIFTY BALLS A PEICE BROUGHT A PEICE FOR
UNLEADED
SMOKIN BLUNTS FORTY OUNCIN
G AND P BOUNCIN
THIS IS HOW WE DO
WES THE LOST BOYZ CREW

CHORUS

WE IN THE GAME THE BITCHES THE MONEY THE CARS
(X4)

VERSE TWO (MR CHEEKS)

DREAMS IN THE HEAD WE GONNA BLOW
46 BALLS A PEICE AN EACH GOT AN O
IN THE TRUNK PUNK
WE BOUNCIN TO JAMAICA QUEENS FUNK
AN INSIDE THE BLUNT 21 SKUNK
WERE HEADED FOR THE BELLY AN WERE ENTERIN THE
MOUTH
NIGGAS IN THE HAT BLACK AN YO WE HEADED SOUTH
NOW THAT don't LOOK RITE
BUT LISTEN BLACK WE BE AIIGHT
SMOKIN BLUNTS BY THE BOXES
GHETTO CHAMPAIGNE IS CHILL
STOP BACK THE FIRST BIT BOYS FOR GAS AN A MEAL
NOW EVERYBODIES LOOKIN AT THE NIGGAS FROM NEW
YORK
FIELD JACKETS ON AN THEY PEEP AS WE TALK
I SAY TO PRETTY LOU WELL LOOK A ROLLA DOUGHS
HAT
I WANT ONE OF THEM SHITS BY THE TIME I GETS BACK
WE GOT THE GAS ATE A MEAL ON THE ROAD ONCE
AGAIN
TALIQS ON THE BLUNT G AN P'S ON THE HENN

CHORUS

VERSE THREE (MR CHEEKS)

NOW WE REACHED THE DESTINATION 1 OCLOCK ON
THE DOT
WENT TO CHECK OUT THE SPOT
ITS RITE NEXT TO A LOT
WE JUMPED OUT THE CAR WE GOT THE WHOLE TOWN
STARIN
AT THE NEW YORK CITY PLATES AN THE TOUGH SHIT
WE WEARIN
I GUESS IT ALL SEEMS THAT WE CAME TO CAUSE
RACKET
MY NIGGAS IN THE ACK AN EACH GOT A FIELD JACKET
A WEEK DOWN THE LINE WE GOT SHIT ON THE BALL
EVERY SINGLE DAY WE GETTIN FRESH IN THE MALL
TROOPIN
PLUS WE GOT THE CAR WASH MOVIN
WE GETTIN OUR CONNECTS FROM A CUBAN NAMED
RUBIN
HANGIN OUTTA STATE
PO NINE IS A PEASANT
LIVIN IN THE PARK BUT IN THE PARK IT AINT SO
PRESENT

CHORUS

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