

## Lost Boyz "Games"

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Aww yeah, party people you lookin' good out there  
Now we got flavor on top of flavor  
I'm talkin' about we got the old school flavor and the  
new school flavor Somethin' new from the LB fam  
I'm the local Starsky and I want you, you and you to get  
ready and party  
Cheeks drop it on 'em

Yo the situations I'm in it seem my life's out of order  
Escape place my tape in the recorder  
I sit back spark and listen' start my reminiscin'  
Realize that there's mad fam' missin'

I'm holdin' back the tears, no doubt we lost many peers  
Mom Dukes held it down many years  
Now many chumps came and left when my Pop Dukes  
split  
No doubt I had it bad as a kid

But held it down no me interested to the school  
Meetin' slugger now everything's cool  
155 niggas kept it live no doubt  
Mr. Tel is comin' down to roll out

We s'in out all the time in the yard all nine  
Talkin' 'bout that car's mine  
Young niggas growin' up in the city  
Enjoyed the streets 'cause at home things was shitty

My mom's boyfriend tryin' to break her down and hurt  
her  
Not yet drinkin' but still thinkin' murder  
Pro players and weeds under Christmas trees  
Gramma said there'll be days like these

Now when my granpops passed away  
What can I say? A nigga flips still to this day  
I'm gettin' high drinkin' whiskey with the thugs now  
I'm on the van with my man sellin' drugs now, I'm in my  
zone

You see there's 8 million stories in the spot I'm from

LB fam never stop 'til the job gets done  
Word to moms pay attention to the slang we say  
Hot ass grams but it still be them games we play

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In junior high me and Lou we dressin' neater  
I'm on the special with Taliek Master Skeeter  
At hooky parties gettin' tipsy with the bangdods  
O E Newports, chicken wings and French fries

Knuckleheads s'in out on the school trips  
Not into liquor at the time but took a few sips  
I'm gettin' life on young plan of makin' G's  
Gettin' dough from shovelin' snow and rakin' leaves

Politicin' on the van with the old cats  
Pushin' plush Cadillacs holdin' cold gats  
I wanna be like you one night I said to Mike G  
His reply get yo' money don't be like me

I mean it looks hella good but this life is a shame  
I hustle to survive in the game  
(I know)  
Nothin' else but hustlin' and scramblin'  
Jailtime, bustin' and gamblin'

My main chick is on 'caine now  
I mean she ain't actin' the same now  
I seen mad, mad niggas in the game style  
But the key to survival is to maintain pal  
Yo when I get enough cheese I'm gone  
Until then life goes on and on and on and on and on

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Yo, eighteen years of age gettin' green on the scene  
In front of coliseum vibin' with the team  
Organized the lab different chicks, same cab  
Skills in the dice nice with the jab

I'm gettin' money baggin' honeys in the acres  
Officials out to make a queen's money makers  
Ride around in stolen Jeeps  
Now as I creep through the streets I lost mad peeps

Now as the years ran on I noticed mad bang  
Never go against the grain  
Now durin' that time we's makin' no cash  
Sayin' that this shit can't last

Came up with this plot to get mad cheese  
Right or wrong we's official LB'z  
Lost a lot of fam on the road to success  
Rest in peace God bless

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Mr. Sex Queen's most wanted Luv Bug Starski  
A ha a ha, LB fam group home be the click

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