

## Lost Boyz "Get Up"

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I see a whole team of chicks tryin' to sit wit us  
We're drinkin' dom, smokin' charm, they wanna get wit  
us  
I've got my, VIP section game like that  
Goin' bad for J Bad he just came in town

We lovin' Tai on the floor, smokin' Lai wit tips  
Ladies in the amazin', 'cuz we in the mix  
All the peeps from my hood wearin' timbs and jeans  
Lost boyz represent from South Jamaica queens

I'm wit my mens spendin' ends orderin' liquors and  
beers  
Ain't nuttin' new to this we've been doin' this for years  
I got my drink on kid, and my cash is right  
Shorty might think I'm not gettin' ass tonite?

And wit Malik and Melquan, my man Hassan  
Yo shorty what you wearin' is turnin' me on  
Takin' me, makin' me wanna bounce wit you  
It's alright, we got all night to smoke an ounce or two

Get up and clap yo hands  
Come on and clap yo hands  
Get up and clap yo hands  
Come on and clap yo hands

A few hours in the jam and a fighter  
Jeans saggin', Timberland tied up  
See my old crew from the mysteries  
Big Phil from Queensville still gettin' cheese

All my peeps from the van gettin' nice my man  
LB style run the while represent my fam  
Makin' moves makin' ho's puffin' Buddha sacks  
Representin' Lost Boyz stayin' true to that

I must bring it to the funk 'cuz the funk is it  
Seein' Shortie on the floor tryin' to show the skirt  
I wanna, run up on her and push up on her and  
Kick some Willie Bobo and let her know that I want her  
and

Hit the door, let the AC hit the streets  
Get the beats, gets in between the sheets  
Hit the door, for some fam  
Back in my AC, I'm makin' time

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It's mad cars up in front the piece shorties bouncin'  
Niggas on the corner, 40 ouncin' puffin' lai  
Kickin' it to shorties passin' by  
See some be actin' ill and some be actin' fly

But inside it's the LB slide  
Music pumpin' smokin' skunk gettin funkdaified  
While Ro, pretty Lou, J Bowl n' Bo  
We just a fiend in effect Nigga pop the mo

Backed up by Jeff Star ladies takin' flicks  
Spigg nice got the flyin' wit Jamaican chicks  
It ain't no real ill shit, when LB's in town  
Know how we get down

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