

Lost Boyz "Is This Da Part"

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Intro:

[freaky tah]
Is this, is this, is this, is this, is this
Is this da part
Is this, is this,

Verse 1

[mr.cheeks]
Where you goin? I told you that I was rollin
But you can't wait
You wanna run around ho'in witcha friends
Hay that nigga cheeks ain't got no ends
But I can see clearly now
The darkside ends
I remember when we first met
Everything just chill >chill
A nigga from the southside
A shorty from the springfield high >from the
springfield
Shorty lookin fly right tah? >woo
I sez hello
But I gets no reply >no reply
Im leanin on the gate I sz hello
She ain't talkin
Oh, you a stink bitch well stink bitch you keep walkin
>walkin
Oh I ain't no bitch
Well now shorty you reply
But couldn't you reply when dem niggas said hi
And tell me...

Chorus

[freaky tah]
Is this da part is this
In my heart is this
Is what we feel is this

Verse 2

[mr.cheeks]

She said well listen
I don't know you from paint
Well if you no bitch
Then why reply if you aint
'cause see my bobo's mad strong
I never thought twice
That my wife would do wrong
I see her all the time
She's always home when I call her
I feel like a million bucks
Takin flicks at the mall
I had it goin on for a minute

'cause it only took a minute
For another to run in it
Had the..birds and the bees
Lemonade and iced tea
Man I went all out with ease
She was my main squeeze
Tell me....

Chorus

Verse 3

[mr.cheeks]

Now shorty rock, she had a nigga on lock
Used to bring her friends through
To meet my mans on the block
And everything seemed love love yo
Shorty was the one I was thinkin of so
Whenever I used to listen to rumors
I would hit em till my man pulled me near
Put a bug in my ear
Listen shorty over there
Wit the smile it be foul
Just in a little while
Seen her on the isle
Wit another kid, who just came home from a bid
We grabbed on that ass
All hugged up in front the crib.....
See what I'm sayin
Bitches dont' appreciate nuthin man
2 dollar bitches wit 3 dollar haircuts yo know...

Chorus

Outro: mr. cheeks
Have you ever me a girlie
That you really did want
Tip up the phillie

Light up the blunt
Time to get puffed, huffed out my man
I bust wit my niggas
Rest in peace to cash
And niggas who pass
I get blast
Up on the block, it's 1 o'clock
Runnin wit tah, pretty lou it's the crew
This is how it go
This is how we do
Bounce...

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