

## Lost Boyz "Jeeps, Lex Coupes, Bimaz & Benz"

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Lyrics Mr. Cheeks  
()Freaky Tah

Intro: Mr.Cheeks

Yeah  
LB fam finally up in this piece  
Got my mans that put me on you know what I'm sayin  
want a shout out to the Uptown know what sayin  
Word up  
MCA this is how we do everyday  
Me and Freaky Tah..hah  
pretty Lou my man Spigg Nice  
we be gettin' down representin  
so this is how we go  
let me let you know how  
it be in da G H-E, double T-O  
ryhme name ho  
They be runnin' shit down the line  
hey, if you hear a mistake rewind

Verse One:

Whose the best whose the worst in this here rap game  
for those who claim to be the best  
I tear them out the frame  
I'm representin' puttin' Queens on the map (you wear)  
double springs, wit some baggy jeans when I rap  
Come up with a style to make con-versital  
don't treat me like no lame I've been in this game for  
awhile  
I've seen a lot ta come,(come)  
I've seen a lot a go(go), I've seen a lot ta break  
I've seen a lot to blow, a yo  
It's a trip to see a nigga slip  
Geta grip nigga, nigga geta grip, geta  
You don't even know the half of my crew  
to be talking, but you're talking and you act like you  
knew  
Yo set it, you fuckin' crossed the line and hit the border  
LB fam start attacking some attacking outa order  
Put on your leather gloves, and hats and get your

picture mats  
and get the gats just in case you take it to the stacks

Chorus:

Shout out to the Jeeps,  
It's the Lex Coups, Bimas and the Benz(and the Benz)  
to all my ladies and my men(my men)  
to all my peoples in the pen(in the pen)  
keep your head up  
and to the hoods(the hood)  
East Coast, West Coast and World Wide(world wide)  
Ain't nuttin' wrong with puffin' on lai(on lai)  
and if you're with me let me hear you say "Ri-ght"

Verse Two:

Now a ... Now... Now a dayz  
niggaz frontin' like they ill(like they ill)  
now bustin' caps and got a muthafuckin'  
things to do to show his skill  
Recognize, nigga what you frontin' for  
I know your style  
you neva hit a blunt before  
Oh, your just another in the race (man you betta stop)  
fakin' gats, takin' up space  
to me your nuttin' but a needle in the hay stack  
listen kid I've been doing this since way back  
in the day, Ace Duce Tre, at the best  
up to Zimbobwae, hey  
whose the best, I want the best to come test me  
so I can release some stress from my chest G  
Is you down to go pound for pound,  
toe to toe, blow for blow, round for round  
I'm wonderin' cuz I bring the thunder and the rain  
causin' confusion to your brain

Chorus

Verse Three:

Keep the shit live for the year Nine Five  
I got more niggaz in my tribe  
than there's beez in the bee hive  
LB Fam everyday stay high  
Mr. Cheeks, everyday high  
concentrate to get my shit straight, make us wait  
Before it's too fuckin' late  
The Lost Boyz, yeah that's who I be'z wit,  
that's who I runs wit  
who I smoke Treez wit

Pack your bags, head outta town,  
I'll be back around so be gone before sundown  
From Jamaica comes a nigga named Cheeks,  
with techniques of the streets  
over rough neck beats  
This room is going bounce about the Cheeks can't  
remember  
I'm the muthafucker choppin' crews like a chainsaw  
Talk what you what ta  
do what you gotta  
well let me tell you something man you can't do me  
nadda

Chorus

Outro

Now if you listen to my album, you see we only deal  
wit the real deal street lif

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