

## Lost Boyz "Lb Fam 4 Life"

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So mine motherfuckin' man's baby  
Yo where my team at?  
All my niggas that smoke that weed at  
Yeah, yeah

And through the storm and the rain  
We still together, a few things changed  
Through the stress and the strife  
It's LB Fam for life

Since '86, man we had the streets hummin'  
Makin power moves and still slummin'  
For real, they better let us come in  
LB NYG in front of green  
Niggas started jackin' from the Knicks to the Lakers  
Us young niggas on mountain bikes, bouncin' wall  
downs  
Burn the weed in the basement of your parents  
Hookie parties was the best

They taught us niggas how to finesse the fat fatty and  
the chest  
Now we into nickel bags, dreams about Cadillacs and  
Jags  
We ask the S girls, the sags, play cards for the mingles  
Hit the avenue for the singles, by the new artist  
Yo we never knew who God is, yo we ran with the  
hardest  
Tell your crew, there's no stoppin them  
We risin from the bottom to the top again  
The hot shit, we droppin 'em

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Let's take it back to '94, lifestyles of the rich we were  
doin' it  
Made it to '97 on singles still persuadin'  
The flows got harder, hit you with "Love, Peace an'  
Happiness"

Now I can finally say my family is feeling the happiness  
Even though we lost our brother through the storm and  
rain

Keepin' it real to my hood, but now my hood is to blame  
Still striving is the struggle, trying to hustle New York  
I'm from Queens, South Jamaica, any street that I walk

LB Fam, JnJ and Queens Most son  
NY City slum, got me real close to my gun  
Protectin' my chest, relievin' all the stress that's left  
Told you in the chorus, it's LB Fam to the death  
Why not, J-Drama, J-U-G-G now, Mike D now  
Year two G you gonna see now  
Two to three now, at the key now, placin' D now  
And at the top of the charts, is where we gonna be now

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To all my go hearts, livin in mellow and live in the  
ghetto  
From Lindon to Bellow, and rebuildin' in Trestle  
Hearin this fellow, affelious mellow to ignorant echo  
with gun shots  
Plenty of fenny, each year spillin' more henny and mary  
Shout out five shuckin' in the rock, back to one twenty  
Yea the whole south city, I got the ghetto in me  
Livin' this movie script life style I aint winnin', hear me  
Aint no way outta hood, but can't shoot like Penny

Block party, park jam and when the rain and lights go  
out  
We got the generators  
Go home on the three illa, Mikey whippin' 'cuz he illa  
Move the bike, kill ya butt, baisley palm is familiar  
Now you don't wanna go to South zone after eleven  
You might see the mack and feel the eleven  
Now you wanna catch the Soprano  
Now the foes the bitch

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