

Lost Boyz

"Legal Drug Money"

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[Chorus 4x: Mr. Cheeks] Here comes the real rough rap
Shit is getting ill, cuz we the microphone wrath [Mr.
Cheeks] (Freaky Tah) Now for years, I've been trying to
show the skills (show ya skills, nigga!) So I can do my
thing with wifey and start knocking on some bills and
then My peoples in the headlight yo (blaow!) so
innocent Mr. Cheeks, yeah (a real nigga representing
now) I lived out in Queens, man, for years (hah!) I'm
seeing ya brothers killing brothers, man, that means
(more tears) Every day I'm trying and I'm seeing my
niggas dying And I'm asking mom dukes (why you
crying) I got a little man, my little man is getting older I
wipe my wifey's eyes, every time she cries, as I hold her
It's tough coming up as a young black man
Understand, see the world is ran by the Klan Just like
Tom and Jerry with cheese And they seem to lock us
down when they bring in the keys Well I guess that's
the way that is (what?) It's time for Mr. Cheeks and Lost
Boyz to get biz And get this Legal Drug Money [Chorus
4X] [Freaky Tah] I seen this nigga went crazy on the
train At first I thought he was nice but at the same time
I feel the pain Cuz another niggas dead on the street
over dope shit Like nigga where you run shit? It bothers
me on the norm, I stand tall With my back against the
wall, and my hand on my four-four (Mr. Cheeks: Aiyo,
what about the world, Tah?) The world seems to bug
me Don't know who wants to kill me Don't know who
wants to love me Man, listen, I be keeping peace in my
heart But if shit hit the fan, I rip shit apart I'm not with
the beef and emotion, I'd rather smoke yall And dump
a fat bong around the ocean I maintain keep my self up
to par Got no appetite for it, cuz every critic like a
falling star And on the real, kid, it ain't nothing funny
Freaky Tah, LB Fam, '94, Legal Drug Money [Chorus
4x] [Mr. Cheeks] You say it's 94, I warm it up and give it
to ya raw You say you wanna battle well prepare for the
war I shuffle up and break them down cuz we catch 'em
with the quickness My name is Mr. Cheeks and if your
cheeks is next to sickness In the dictionary, I will bury
any MC With violence, my crew or even try to go
against me For real, I'd rather push an Ac' with some

rims And bounce around Queens with some baggy
jeans and Timbs And chill, puff on a Phil' at will I got a
baby boy to skill, it's so much to keep it real Relax, I got
a style smoother than a Saxon I looked into the mirror,
say it clear than the Jackson Guy did, who shot the
sheriff? Nigga, I did Where you from, Mr. Cheeks?
Southside, kid Yo, on the real, man, it ain't nothing
funny '94, '95, '96, Legal Drug Money, chill [Chorus 4x]
[Freaky Tah] Give it up, come out ya fucking pockets
Put ya face to the ground, how do that sound? Go
pound for pound, letting off a shot I'm walking down
the block, then I say Yo, stop, then turn back to the
Buddha spot You, know, how I flow Freaky Tah got the
pizzy ass hoe..

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