Lost Boyz
"Lifestyles Of The Rich And Shameless"

Everybody's buckin', don't give it a damn, everybody's
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Straight from cop killer, Queens a juvenile named Jack
At the age of 17, yo this kid Jack started slingin' crack
He's on the road to riches, baggin' bitches
He's in clubs takin' pitchers, drink your finger always
into sess

His lifestyles buck wild, honey child
Got a shorty named Val, she stays on the Isle
He started slingin' at the age of 17
His heart's made of steel, kid his minds full of green

He got his first ounce, made a grand 400
3 bills to get fresh, he other bills to get blunted
And wit the letter G, he bought the letter O
Next thing you know man he's rakin' in the dough

He put his people down 'cuz say that's only right
For dem to get keys dem and dem is mad tight
Set-up organation organize on the block
Nobody's slingin' on the block eeh yo, we got this block
on lock

And it's the lifestyles of the rich and shameless
Some die wit the name, some die nameless
It's all the same game, it's all the same pain
It's all the same pain, it's all the same game

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The verse 2's about this girl named Yvette
She lived out in Queens, pushed the red Corvette
She's pumpin' weight in and outta state
Outta state license plate

See her lifestyle is straight weight
She's into lickin' shots
Stickin' blocks gotta shorty on the team
Shortie's into pickin' locks

Makin' G's takin' trips cross seas
Just enough to be flashin', cash they be stashin'
She's wit the cats, they love packin' gats
Bulletproof vest, bulletproof baseball hats

Her and the queens stay right, gettin' high too
Lex, coups and jeeps, got beeps can and lai brew
It's all the same shame, just a different name
Shorty's sniffin' cane, just to maintain'

To a nice shorty, rock O-D'd
(Shorty, what, who, O-D's)
Bring me the chorus
(Shoulda chilled)
Pass me the weed sista
(I would pass the weed)

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I used to hustle up on Linden in the van
Me and my man did that thing hand in hand
20 bills up, huh, plus a buck 20 sac but verse it
Time to rap but the fiends kept commin' back

I'm tryin' to put my lifestyle in order
The games mad deep, I keep my feet above the water
Caught a bid got a wife and kid
The name just burned in the flame, so out the game I
slid

So now I'm into makin' hits wit my men
I hustle wit my style, cook up works wit my pen
Mr. Cheeks represent in the gutter
Freaky Tah, gettin' lai that C's my brudda

In the game and hit you in the brain
And if I was cocaine believe it I'm your main
Tally up it's the Lost Boyz crew an

Freaky Tah, Spigg Nice and Pretty Lou

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