

## Lost Boyz "Love, Peace & Nappiness"

Visit "[Love, Peace & Nappiness](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(Intro)

Ah man, I don't even know how to start this out  
Shalstay Radio Station that play our thing from State to  
State  
Coast to Coast, do your thing baby  
This is to you  
Now the world has been waitin for, (Lost Boyz) Love,  
Peace & Nappiness  
LB fam baby, see eye to eye  
Brooklyn's alive New York C style  
NYC, break it down

(Mr. Cheeks)

This one here I don't know where to begin  
Dedicated to the ladies and ghetto men  
I know we all gots to be side ten of men  
Well in the game of life, it's very hard to win  
We've been through a lot, I said a lot we've been  
through  
A through versatile style, I'll begin to  
Fingers on my peeps cause I feel that's only right  
We supposed to beat life, so we don't fight  
Jealous motherfuckers always wanna take off  
Should be getting fixed but the cops breakin laws  
Shy-sty bitch niggaz hits just to score  
I'm not down for that, see I'm down to break doors  
(honey I'm  
It's for real, express how you feel  
Niggaz know thrills, you need to chill (one time)  
And let us cast niggaz skills represent  
Niggaz scheme on my team, cause we be big  
Yo, you can try to bring prime mills to the real  
Lost Boyz losin pride in the program  
Sutures in my coat, sat down and wrote  
Think for my critics and gats to quote like  
Shortie, I'm right in front of you like  
Shortie, what you want to do like  
Goin places where gats never went  
Sex, Lex, markets and ex-cement  
Call me still

(Chorus w/ variations: Mr. Cheeks)

Love, Peace & Nappiness, Love, Peace & Nappiness  
Love, Peace & Nappiness, Love, Peace & Nappiness  
Love, Peace & Nappiness, Love, Peace & Nappiness  
Love, Peace & Nappiness, Love, Peace & Nappiness

(Mr. Cheeks)

See me double on ground, bouncin whips  
Far from thugs, far from blood and grips  
Listen, it's the LB to the death  
If you ain't down to breath, take a step to the left  
My teams makes G's comes correct  
Skills we possess, with numbs of Meth  
Many faces we've seen, places we've gone  
Still New York my home  
Me and my peeps love to bring our swing  
Me and my peeps love to do our thing  
Like I said before, the team versatile  
Yeah I said, may curse for a while  
But we in to this Love, Peace & Napp shit  
True entertainers, true to this rad shit (repeats 8 times)  
Call us still

(Chorus w/ variations: Mr. Cheeks)

Love, Peace & Nappiness, Love, Peace & Nappiness  
Love, Peace & Nappiness, Love, Peace & Nappiness  
Love, Peace & Nappiness, Love, Peace & Nappiness  
Love, Peace & Nappiness, Love, Peace & Nappiness  
Love, Peace & Nappiness, Love, Peace & Nappiness  
Love, Peace & Nappiness, Love, Peace & Nappiness  
Love, Peace & Nappiness, Love, Peace & Nappiness  
Love, Peace & Nappiness, Love, Peace & Nappiness  
Love, Peace & Nappiness, Love, Peace & Nappiness

(Outro)

(\*Jamaican singing till end\*)

Visit [Lost Boyz](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.