

## **Lost Boyz "New York City War Call"**

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[Mr. Cheeks]

What's ya niggas thinkin?  
Mad that we increasin, while ya shrinkin?  
Button up your lip, your ship is sinkin  
You must be coked out, frontin like that ass is loc'd out  
I'm gettin cheddar from this shit I'm spittin  
And I'm gettin smoked out  
Scate through the streets in whips crossin five digits  
Takin shorts from no midgets  
My style is top notch, y'all niggas can't fuck with the  
status  
I'm climbin up the ladders, droppin shit the phattest  
Yo, toss ya niggas like a salad  
See ya style is softer than a love balad, don't let us get  
violent  
Keep in silent when we run through, you know how  
niggas come through  
Represent the slum too  
Wearin black hoodies, keep a spare segreen inside of  
my Timbs  
Jewelry shine like rims, hear ya niggas yellin  
Make a little bread ya head is swellin from the bullshit  
you sellin  
Who you tellin?

Chorus 2X:

It's a New York City War Call for you all  
Us cats gettin green, by all means love the war  
A midnight special billy New York call  
So when you squeeze it kid, of you bound to fall

[Mr. Cheeks]

Cheese and henny got me lifty  
I'm in the dark with shorty gettin tipsy  
Shorty got my back, when niggas acting shifty  
Spazzin when she's with me  
Loves to hit them niggas tryin to get me  
Shows and proves and she moves swiftly  
Yo, take Atlantic City trips  
While niggas backin no hood round they lips  
My team is stackin chips  
We push the hot whips, keep they kids fed

Tight a part mister rest ahead  
That jealously shit is dead, fuck it live it up  
We comin through and takin shit if they don't give it up  
These tattoos on my body, it's no gimmick  
I'm takin shit to the essence, no limits  
I'm headin forwar, push my pedal all away  
Let's get this cash flowin, and start ballin we all a play  
To the day I'm up and gone, I'm gonna get it on  
Aiyo, let's all sing along

Chorus 2X

[Mr. Cheeks]

I love this New York City life, we give and take some  
You got a chance to get this cheddar nigga, make  
some  
The only muthafucka way to go, is gettin dough  
You get yours, how you gettin yours? I get my spit and  
flow  
These niggas know about my rap capabilities  
I hold the streets down for my cats and the facilities  
And drink my henny when the whites, and keep the L's  
lit  
Love to talk shit, I'm on that Queens, New York shit  
That's where I'm from yo, the slum sound nation  
My hot skills, help me build my foundation  
Livin life up on the edge, LB Fam I pledge  
To my niggas Skate Scrape, Born King and Sledge  
But anyway I'm in this game kid, with many play  
Goin hard, knowin I can go like any day  
Let the henny stay, many say, let it go  
You feelin that you got game nigga, bet it yo

Chorus 2X

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