

Lost Boyz "Niggaz Don't Want It"

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[mr. cheeks]

Back up off of dat speed
Yo, back up off of dat speed
Queens most wanted
Yo, back the fuck up

Chorus x3: niggaz don't want it over here, niggaz
gettin blunted over here

[mr. cheeks]

Spiggy nice, field jackets and I keep my jeans saggin
You use the ? ? ? , see it's ? ? ? sense the dragon
It's lost boyz crew in 96, sometimes queen's mother
fuckas
Bring the ruckus, clear the floor
I try to maintain, but niggaz they be fuckin wit my brain
Kid I've in this game ever since 13
It's your worst nightmare cause I'm far from a dream
Some niggaz wanna scream, I keep it quiet when I
scheme
They called us on the humble, me and freekie tah got
stuck
Now it's time for me and freekie tah to blow the fuck up
For real I'd rather puff a l in my act
Or creap thru the streets with my seats layed back
Or now I'm the versatile tile
They keep it to my now, my made style is runnin wild
I run with crews of individuals that break backs
Cause know a-days niggaz fake jacks
Fuck all your crews and your individuals
Who refuse to use mics as tools, kid ya lose that
To violate the lost boyz that's a warnin', keep it real in
96 shit is on it

Chorus x4

[freekie tah]

You done made the wrong move
That'll get in ya
Ima bust it in with this ill type of beat
Cause you know freekie tah got this ill technique
Style, I'm buckwild

I gotta flip some shit, the flip, the flip
The flippin the script
But let me bounce now, back in the game
Freekie tah leakin no shame to my name
Niggaz know my style, niggaz lookin now
Niggaz don't wanna hurt me that's word to my pow
They don't know what, what the fucks goin' on
What the fuck get outta here
Let me go and do this by myself
Got my 4-4 from my fuckin shelf
I stay with my gun, I roll with my gun
I never lose my gun, but yo I'm on the run now

Chorus x3

Interlude: [mr. cheeks]
We do this everyday, yo bring the drama
Uknowwhatimsayin

[mr. cheeks]
The year is 84, it's time for me to enter with the ill shit
Freekie tah got my back, watch him kill shit
Lost boyz representi south side, jamaica, queens one
time for your mind
I wear my jeans cuse kid I got the horror, and if I die
tonight bury me in
My jeans tomorrow
Nigga, you wanna battle me but first face reality
Cause when I'm done with you I'm doin' jacks fatality
On you and your bullshit crew, kid I thought ya knew how
us lb's do
We comin thru, a 1000 ghetto men
We creap, so don't sleep
I'm stayin out of sight, only at night is when I creap
I ? ? ? to wonda put em on him, I tried to warn him in my
session
I put this to his brain, I'm crazy insane at this
confession
It's me the mr. cheeks I bring it to your brain-a, I'm
crazy insane-a

Chorus x4

[freekie tah]
And I got warrants, I fuck all the cops
They get the middle finga
Hold on, whatcha say, hold on
Muthafuck y'all
Muthafuck y'all
Muthafuck y'all
Muthafuck y'all

Fuck y'all punanas goin after mine
Freekie leakin it's a nothin on my line
To the tick tock, I'm not gonna stop
Bustin yo shot, words on the block
Niggaz iz lookin at me, knowin me
Represent the l-o-s-t-b-o-y-z
Ah, ah ah ah ah let bust a head inside my muathfuckin
steel
Ima pull a head and I'm a shoot em niggaz dead
Niggaz don't know I bust up the hemp stead

Chorus x3

[mr. cheeks & freekie tah]
Eh, yo the buddah cess is in your area
Lost boy crew iz scarier
Fuck the police, they ain't area
Ya step to my crew and I jam in ya

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