

Lost Boyz "Renee"

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Here's a tune about this honey named Renee
That I met one day on my way back from John Jay
I'm peepin' shorty as she's walkin' to the train
I tap her on her shoulders, "Excuse me miss, but can I
get your name?"

She said "My name is Renee"
I said "I got a whole lot to say, so may I walk you to your
subway"
She said "If you want", so yo' we started talkin'
I brought two franks and two drinks and we began
walkin'

I had to see where that head was at 'cause the gear
was mad phat
So we must chat about this and that
She told me what she was in school for
She wants to be a lawyer in other words shorty studies
law

I'm tellin' shorty I'm a writer and as she's lookin' for the
token
She drops a packet of the EZ widers
Covers her mouth with her name ring
I said, yo don't sweat the technique shorty rocks I do
the same thing

But yet I use Philly Blunts, she said "I never dealt with
Philly Blunts
Because I heard that's for silly stunts"
I said, "Nah, they burn slower, right now I really don't
know ya
But maybe later on I can get to show ya"

A ghetto love is the law that we live by
Day by day I wonder why my shorty had to die
I reminisce over my ghetto princess everyday
Give it up for my shorty, shorty

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So now we sittin' on the train
Besides the fingernails now shorty got the hairdo of
pain
Now understand she got flava
A tough leather jacket, with some jeans
And a chain that her moms gave her

Got off the train about 6:34 she wasn't sure
She had grub for the dog so we hit the store
Went to the crib and turned the lights on
A mad magazine stand from Essence to Right On

A leather couch, stereo system with crazy CD's
Understand 'cause she got G'z
She said "Cheeks do what you want", she said "I'm
gonna feed the dog"
I said "Alright, well I'm gonna roll this blunt"

She came back with stretch pants and a ponytail
A t-shirt, a yo, Fam I got a tender-roni girl
We're sittin' on the couch chattin'
We're smokin' blunts off the balcony, we're stearin' at
Manhattan now

She started feelin' on my chest, I started feelin' on the
breasts
And there's no need for me to stress the rest
A yo, I got myself a winner
We sparked a blunt before we ate, and a blunt after we
ate dinner

She had a tattoo she only wanted Bo to see
But first dim the lights and turn up the Jodeci
I'm like whatever shorty rock we can swing it like that
'Cause on the real this is where it's at

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I woke up the next day on the waterbed
A letter's on the pillow and this what the letter said
It said "Cheeks, I'll be home around two

You was deep in your sleep so I didn't want to bother you"

I left my number for shorty to call me later,
Got dressed, smoked the blunt and then I bounced
towards the elevator
I got a beep around three
I'm askin' shorty, "What's up with you?"
She's askin', what's up with me

And now we been together for weeks
Candlelight dinner with my shorty, crack a 40 with my
naughty freaks
Hey man, I never been in love
But everytime I'm burstin' in and outta state it's shorty
that I'm thinkin' of

I'm hangin' out with my crew I get a beep from Renee
Because Renee uses code too
But yet I'm chattin' with her mom dukes
She said Renee has been shot so Cheeks, meet me up
at St. Lukes

I jumps on the Van Wyck, I gotta make it there quick
A yo, this shit is gettin' mad thick
Not even thinkin' of the po nine I'm doin' a buck, who
gives a fuck
I'm smokin' boom and the whole nine

I gotta see what's goin' on and by the time I reach the
hospital
They tell me "Mr. Cheeks, Renee is gone"
I'm pourin' beer out for my shorty who ain't here
I'm from the ghetto so listen this is how I shed my tears

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