

Lost Boyz "Risin to the Top"

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[Mr. Cheeks]

You know the lifestyle, plain and simple, out to get it
It's ghetto game us niggas play no doubt we stay
committed

And capable to bring the hot shit, no matter what
And where we aim, we do our thing to bring the fatter
cut

See my succession based on strugglin and hard times
And boulevard dimes been with boulevard crimes
It kept me on my feet, and 'cause these playa haters
hate us

Off and on and on the court, because we make threes
and twos

You bound to dues, once she fuck around with raw shit
No bullshittin still hittin you with more shit

My yellowness don't mean a nigga when I broadcast

Yo you don't want my skills to get in your ass

I've seen alot come and go but I'mma stay here

I get my heat up in the street 'cause they don't play fair

I'm tryin to keep it level headed but it's really hard

When niggas tryin to take what I be gettin, feel me
god?

Chorus 2X

LB Fam bring the shit that's hot

Besides that we risin to the top

There's no way to stoppin us

[Mr. Cheeks]

Time to make cakes, no time for the bullshit

Watch how a nigga pull shit

From underneath the spleef, black bandana, Yankee
fitted

For those that wanna nigga, come and get it

A rap skills official, bring my ghetto mix to any session

Straight finessin tracks, no question

Gotta feel good, risin to the top, started from the
bottom

Like revenge, gettin niggas when you spot em

Got my shit ready, niggas gettin gased like Getty

It's time to send a message hold em steady

Chicks and niggas get the meanin
My chain and my ring gleamin
Only hot rocks a nigga steamin
Yo it's LB to the death throw em up
Pass the weed, more liquor in my cup
Bottom line, we gonna shine, 'cause the year '99
You goes for yours, I go for mine

Chorus 2X

[Mr. Hezekiah]

I wanna know, do you understand, about the LB Fam
About the LB Fam
We about to put our foot up in
To put our foot up in your ass!!

[Mr. Cheeks]

Henncy, done moneys on the table
Should make you kill a man, I'm willin and I'm able
I stay with hot whips, hot jewels and hot chicks
Which nigga said he need a ring, a cousin got nicks
But on the low we got the twenty sacks and hydro
Increase my pay from the way that I flow
Aiyo my chicks and my niggas know how I go
Late night creepin plus we keepin eyes low
Aiyo again, it's in between the lap, I kick the rap
On the highway, bouncin if it's Friday
My g sleen back, represent the backstreets
Besides that, we got the tight rap and phat beats
Aiyo my man Sexxx, plug me in it's on again
Head south, reach Cali right it's on again
It's LB Fam, understand, right or wrong my friend?
We gotta keep it strong, don't know when it's all or end
It's all or end yo

Chorus 2X

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