

## Lost Boyz "Risin' To The Top (No Stoppin' Us)"

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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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