

Lost Boyz

"Spit Flow"

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[Mr. Cheeks]

Word!

Pretty Lou

Mr.Cheeks

Spigg Nice

Big Things

L.B.!

[Chorus: Mr. Cheeks]

We get dough

Stay getting money from the way we spit flow

Ain't nothing new man we did this from the get go

Them L.B. joints from the past still the shit yo!

[Mr. Cheeks]

What's the verdict cousin people asking

When y'all coming with the flavor that be lasting

And if the y needed it believe they need it now

Love us ghetto classy niggaz and our weeded style

Do your thing don't let them steal another word from
y'all

Since the passing of (Freaky) Tah we haven't heard
from y'all

We've been in the lab making sure it goes

Real proper while we're working on these store- in
shows

Ain't nothing changed it's still the same shit

I kept the South Jamaica flavor that I came with

Entered the game with my timbs and (Car)harrts on

I signed a record deal I sung the boulevard song

I'm still writing, I know we're trendsetters

But it still feels like these motherfuckers is still biting

It's not exciting this the way we go

Keep it ghetto nigga that's just the way we flow

[Chorus: 2x]

[Spigg Nice]

What's up my name is Spigg I live the ghetto life

Got me in the club spitting with my ghetto wife

How you want to do it slow or fast flow

Bet won't think that my semi-auto mac blow
Yo bring me back home the tracks and the cash flow
Told them cats got something for that ass yo
We always knew we had it you fuckers be's not
It's a habit got feathers like a peacock
Y'all think y'all phat y'all not you know the story and the
bass line
Don't let me take mine flirting with the waist line
And if it takes nine damn it I'm gonna take mine
You know the game ain't the same until you face crime
Yeah you heard we in the lab again while most of y'all
babbling
Talk about you're traveling you need a good paddling
Quit the chattering pointing fingers at him and
Back streets! L.B. Fam in the house and yeah we back
again!

[Chorus: 2x]

[Mr. Cheeks]

Making hot shit we prepare it all
Corny fuckers talking yeah we hear it all
It's L.B. nigga and yo we back at it
Now if these tracks was a drug well I'm a crack addict
Man I gots to have it, it makes me feel better
We big boys sitting been getting real cheddar
Recognize the real when it comes through
We get our scoop from the streets we from the slums
too
To all my ghetto rich niggaz if you play here
Keep your guns up on the side they don't play fair
I read my daily scripture it makes my soul richer
It's L.B. to the death so then I'll roll with you

[Chorus: 5x]

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