

## Lost Boyz "The Yearn"

Visit "[The Yearn](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Intro:

[whistling]

Shorty!! shorty!!

Shorty c'mere baby girl! (I like what I see)

This go out to erybody man, a little station

identification

And we call this one for all y'all, who be going to buy...

Chorus:

The cheebas, them liquors

The condoms, hit the ass

It's the cheebas, the liquors

The condoms, that ass

Verse one: mr. cheeks

Now now now

Met this girl, just the other day

When I was up, on rockaway

She was in kennedy fried (word em up)

A little kill's breast, and I said, "excuse me miss...

Maybe we can go and jus chat." "about what? "

"about, about this about that."

I bet I put somethin in yo mind

To make you heel it up bring it back come rewind

Now i'm, just a rap artist

Not sayin that I'm the best not the smartest but

But I come up wit things ya never seen

Things you never heard of like money and the murder  
like

Next thing you know we in the rest

Drinkin liquour, puffin on the buddha sess

I threw on me a rough rider

I slid inside her

Chorus:

Wit my cheebas, my liquors

My condoms, hit the ass

I had the cheebas, them liquors

The condoms, hit the ass  
We had the cheebas, the liquors  
The condoms, hit the ass  
We had the cheeba, the liquor  
The condom, the ass!!

Verse two: freaky tah

Don't be fuckin wit my shorty, sippin on her forty  
Or puffin on her blunt, 'cause she's no fuckin stunt  
True to the game, goes to school for her edu-ma-cation  
While I bounce around the nation  
From nation and back to new york  
I twist the cap, pop the cork  
And take a long walk to the court  
Buddha, I spark chill wit my crew  
Who it be mr. cheeks when I sip my nigga brew  
And get in, you gets the fan understand  
Bouncin, we gets to buzzin forty ouncin  
Hit virginia, I get the shorty-shorty

Hippin on the forty on the corner wanna bone  
In home or out on my own  
I get whatever hit her, and then get rid of her  
After I'm done with it, my man, he wanna get with it  
Then he hit it from da back, now my crew wanna hit it  
But me freaky tah, trip off and I creep  
Niggaz they be buggin, but don't ever peep my style  
My crew is buckwild  
We been in this game for awhile

Chorus:

Smokin cheebas, the liquors  
The condoms, the ass

It's the cheebas, them liquors  
The condoms, the ass (repeat 3x)

Verse three: mr. cheeks

Now before you run up in that  
Wear your mutha poke-pro-fa-lac  
Stick, before you run up in skinz  
Before you bone, run your mouth to yo mens  
Make sure that you protect yourself  
That shows that you respect yourself  
Now don't violate your skin and your balls  
You'll be making, the phone call  
See dr. abraham or them condoms now  
You know that you best to be aware

Don't go bustin up and nuttin in  
Let a nigga from the lost boyz tell ya somethin  
No man know he play he the fuckin game  
But aids ain't got no fuckin name  
All you chancy niggaz that's playin cute  
Don't jump, without a parachute

Verse four: pete rock

Yeah here we go as I shoot from the top of the key  
The lost boyz in the house with the capital p  
Grab a chair relax and pass the alize  
I'ma tell you a little somethin about this chick around  
my way  
She was a dime with a brown skin complexion  
She looked so good you'd think you wouldn't need  
protection  
Girlfriend was top choice selection...  
...around in every section  
They got twisted, she said no condom so he risked it  
Caught in the mix and now you sick kid  
Word is bond, I thought by now you learned your lesson  
Fucking around with no protection  
So emphasize this, stressin the point, and analyze this  
Don't get caught, with the virus  
It's the chocolate boy wonder with the lb fam  
Listen up, use your condom when your third leg stand

[chorus fades]

Visit [Lost Boyz](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](#), to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.