

Lucky Boys Confusion

"Lbc"

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So let's go back to the Caddy won't slow down, go
down

Hit the next street at the party gonna throw down

3 dollars to get inside

LBC flying high tonight

I need a pleasure release sort of like masturbation

Yeah, that LBC kick, my malignant fascination with
sensation

It grows, on the mic where I flow

Hide all your fans cause the shit's about to blow

I'm gonna stomp, stomp, stomp all the critics

Cause my lyrics are ideas not finetics

Reggae-punk-hop will never get tired

Bring in Adam the Townkrier- Fire!

Right up in ya, as we continue

To move the groove that in the end is gonna win ya

Out, I doubt, no competition

When I'm on the microphone you listen

You're missing the point, kid spark the joint

It's the way that you live, when you're a lucky boy

This recipe yeah you know me

This 5-piece band called LBC

Rest of the world passes by saying the world does not
revolve around you

But my world revolves around me; no it's not conceit

Just a realization that at first I put myself before you

So I can stand on my own two feet, right next to thee

Yeah, LB Confusion is on the mic

I'm givin props won't stop with the shit you like

So skip the trip, and spend the night

Cause I'm believing that the time is right

L to the B we don't quit

With the styles of the while in the scene of this outfit

The 5 of us with this reggae punk child

Break em on in Stubhystyle

It's that L dot B dot C dot scene

Lucky Boys Confusion no we're not from Long Beach

But from Chicago, we'll make your mind boggle

If you meet the fungi from Colorado

Always kicking down with our boys from the Swizzle

Everybody said our styles would fade and fizzle

My hair's still skunking don't be perpetrating me

I've rocking the mic since 1993

Oh, when I'm frustrated I've got anger in my head

I think of the relative ease of the life I've led

So many struggled and died so I may breathe air that's
free

I hope when they look upon me they deem me worthy

We're just children of this wasted generation

Trying to make the best of our situation
So we play our music all night long
Till everyone will know when they hear this song
And here we go
Yes it's that 5 tone Lucky Boy posse
Pass me the Red Stripe so I can get saucy
And watch all the girls jiggle-wiggle their hips
Point to us and they pucker their lips
This LBC let me tell you what's in store
We'll play all night if you scream encore
It's the way we jam
LBC (Labuck) hits the stage don't try to compete
Ryan sits down and lays down the beat
Adam steps up and he matches the groove
Joe kicks the lead and J starts to move
Bop chicks do their off beat phish dance
420 Geeks try to make room
Carlito's getting naked and we're dancing, we're
dancing
This is one from the Townkrier, come to get you higher
Happy to engage in the smoke like a fire
Boom! Come on and make room
Cause I'm hookin up the audible shroom, are you a
buyer
Shit, god damn, what's the plan, here's the plan
Get high, get by any way I can

I drop the flow you drop the flavor

Kick the bassline just ask the neighbor

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