

## Frankie Cutlass

### "Focus"

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Featuring Lost Boyz M.O.P.]

What what nigga?

LB Fam Frankie Cutlass

Nine six Queens most wanted (word up)

Frankie Cutlass (Frankie Cutlass)

This is how we do (how we do)

Focus goin on everybody in my crew

From Spig Nice to Tah to my man Pretty Lou

Check it Queens escapes

Put the shit on DAT and a tape

One time check it out baby boy now (check it out now)

\*chorus\*

Focus your mind on this

Can we do our thing when we swing we don't miss

Connect, knock it out the park, what a hit

It gets deeper, I'm on some keeper, my brother shit  
[and that's real]

\*repeat except brackets\*

You got a team of real niggaz in the room smokin trees

Us niggaz stayin blunted the most wanted LB'z

My family connections blows through East Circuit

My team is whom I work with, we must stay alert kid  
Cause nowadays niggaz glorify how they be massin  
We in the Jeep passin cheeba peep em as they assin  
out in the game, what's the reason why you came?

To have these bitches be like askin you a season in  
your brain

Flashin jewels, talkin blastin if he pack the tools

I got a glock to cock back to knock em, flat out your  
shoes

Not no, Big Willie puffin Dutches not Phillie

We packin bubbly act up and we smack a nigga silly

The name is Mr. Cheeks I keep the dough get on the  
low stroll

Take you to the Essence get my swerve on like the pros  
do

Baggin bitches makin money bounce without my crews

In nine-six motherfuck power moves, ayyo

\*chorus\*

(Mashin Out!!)

No doubt, body wreck squad bringin it hard

and get charged, to rip shows in half, word to God

With clientele like a crack spot, me and my man dwell

?Fat blocks and rain sail from in jail to Ascott?

So yo, focus your mind on this

Nobody move and nobody get they wig twist

We real, still packin blue steel

Knockin brothers way up off of the top of the hill

Brownsville, M.O.P., Queens you know

Let them motherfuckers all BO BO BO BO BO!!

Yo I set shit, come correct with, fat raps that

rapidly fire like a infra tech spit

I'm trying to make it happen, no time for wishin

To tax at least a million is my lifetime mission so

IN GOD WE TRUST, Firing Squad we bust

Plus we must roll with the rough, Hometeam

Teflon, Billy, and Fame, mad Swingas to bring

That South 9 triple beam dream you been lookin for

Firing Squad blowin it up

And if you ain't TIGHT on the MIC

you ain't RIGHT shut the fuck up

Now, we represent in some of the illest situations

And some of the illest places, what happens up ?in  
demonstrations?

Stayin down, so you can't see who we are

Yo, everyday trigger nigga nucca fuck a rap star

Big up to all street borough

Brothers from Brooklyn to my rocket launcher packin  
Bronx niggaz

keep it thorough

In the ghetto, my Empire Strikes Back

How About Some Hardcore? Yeah we like it raw! Keep it  
like that

\*chorus

