

## **The Lost Boyz**

### **"Da Game"**

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YO I NEEDS DOUGH YOU NEEDS DOUGH WE NEEDS  
DOUGH SO YO (X4)

VERSE ONE (MR CHEEKS)

PUT ON MY THINKIN CAP  
DONT KNOW TO RAP ABOUT THE NIGGAS GETTIN  
OUTTA STATE TRAP  
LIVIN DAT YO WHUTS UP BLACK  
WELL ITS MY THIRD DAY HOME AND NOT A CENT TO MY  
NAME  
NO JOBS THEY CLAIM IM BACK IN THE DRUG GAME  
I NEED SOME MONEY IN A HURRY  
IM SINGIN MY BABY BOY TROY HE'LL BE TWO NEXT  
FEBRUARY  
IM IN THE CRIB WIT MY MAN  
MY NIGGA VAN DAM  
AN WERE THINKIN OF AN OUTTA STATE PLAN PEEP IT  
MY MAN ROLLA DOUGHS FLYIN UP ON FRIDAY  
HES BUY'N A HALF AN BOUNCIN BACK ON THE  
HIGHWAY  
NOW FRIDAY COMES MOMS IS BEEFIN CAUSE IM CURSIN  
SHE SMELLS CHEEB ON ME IMA WHOLE DIFFERENT  
PERSON  
WELL I GUESS IM GOIN TA CHEET  
SHE UNDERSTOOD THE CHAT  
NOW CALL ME WHEN YA GET THERE AN TELL ME  
WHERE YOU AT  
ALL RITE MA  
I CHECKED OUT ALL MY NIGGAS THEN WE JETTED  
WIT FIFTY BALLS A PEICE BROUGHT A PEICE FOR  
UNLEADED  
SMOKIN BLUNTS FORTY OUNCIN  
G AND P BOUNCIN  
THIS IS HOW WE DO  
WES THE LOST BOYZ CREW

CHORUS

WE IN THE GAME THE BITCHES THE MONEY THE CARS  
(X4)

VERSE TWO (MR CHEEKS)

DREAMS IN THE HEAD WE GONNA BLOW  
46 BALLS A PEICE AN EACH GOT AN O  
IN THE TRUNK PUNK  
WE BOUNCIN TO JAMAICA QUEENS FUNK  
AN INSIDE THE BLUNT 21 SKUNK  
WERE HEADED FOR THE BELLY AN WERE ENTERIN THE  
MOUTH  
NIGGAS IN THE HAT BLACK AN YO WE HEADED SOUTH  
NOW THAT DONT LOOK RITE  
BUT LISTEN BLACK WE BE AIIGHT  
SMOKIN BLUNTS BY THE BOXES  
GHETTO CHAMPAIGNE IS CHILL  
STOP BACK THE FIRST BIT BOYS FOR GAS AN A MEAL  
NOW EVERYBODIES LOOKIN AT THE NIGGAS FROM NEW  
YORK  
FIELD JACKETS ON AN THEY PEEP AS WE TALK  
I SAY TO PRETTY LOU WELL LOOK A ROLLA DOUGHS  
HAT  
I WANT ONE OF THEM SHITS BY THE TIME I GETS BACK  
WE GOT THE GAS ATE A MEAL ON THE ROAD ONCE  
AGAIN  
TALIQS ON THE BLUNT G AN P'S ON THE HENN

CHORUS

VERSE THREE (MR CHEEKS)

NOW WE REACHED THE DESTINATION 1 OCLOCK ON  
THE DOT  
WENT TO CHECK OUT THE SPOT  
ITS RITE NEXT TO A LOT  
WE JUMPED OUT THE CAR WE GOT THE WHOLE TOWN  
STARIN  
AT THE NEW YORK CITY PLATES AN THE TOUGH SHIT  
WE WEARIN  
I GUESS IT ALL SEEMS THAT WE CAME TO CAUSE  
RACKET  
MY NIGGAS IN THE ACK AN EACH GOT A FIELD JACKET  
A WEEK DOWN THE LINE WE GOT SHIT ON THE BALL  
EVERY SINGLE DAY WE GETTIN FRESH IN THE MALL  
TROOPIN  
PLUS WE GOT THE CAR WASH MOVIN  
WE GETTIN OUR CONNECTS FROM A CUBAN NAMED  
RUBIN  
HANGIN OUTTA STATE  
PO NINE IS A PEASANT  
LIVIN IN THE PARK BUT IN THE PARK IT AINT SO  
PRESENT

## CHORUS

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