

The Lost Boyz

"Jeeps, Lex Coups, Bimaz And Benz"

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Lyrics mr. cheeks
()freaky tah

Intro: mr.cheeks

Yeah
Lb fam finally up in this piece
Got my mans that put me on, you know what I'm sayin
Want a shout out to the uptown, know what sayin
Word up
Mca, this is how we do everyday
Me and freaky tah..hah
Pretty lou, my man, spigg nice
We be gettin' down representin
So this is how we go
Let me let you know, how
It be, in da, g-h-e, double t-o
Ryhme name ho
They be runnin' shit down the line
Hey, if you hear a mistake rewind

Verse one:

Whose the best whose the worst in this here rap game
For those who claim to be the best
I tear them out the frame
I'm representin' puttin' queens on the map (you wear)
Double springs, wit some baggy jeans when I rap
Come up with a style to make con-versital
Don't treat me like no lame I've been in this game for
awhile
I've seen alot ta come,(come)
I've seen alot a go(go), I've seen alot ta break
I've seen alot to blow, a yo
It's a trip to see a nigga slip
Geta grip nigga, nigga geta grip, geta
You don't even know the half of my crew
To be talking, but you're talking and you act like you
knew
Yo set it, you f**kin' crossed the line and hit the border
Lb fam start attacking some attacking outa order

Put on your leather gloves, and hats and get your
picture mats
And get the gats just in case you take it to the stacks

Chorus:

Shout out to the jeeps,
It's the lex coups, bimas and the benz(and the benz)
To all my ladies and my men(my men)
To all my peoples in the pen(in the pen)
Keep your head up
And to the hoods(the hood)
East coast, west coast and world wide(world wide)
Ain't nuttin' wrong with puffin' on lai(on lai)
And if you're with me let me hear you say "ri-ght"

Verse two:

Now a ... now... now a dayz
Niggaz frontin' like they ill(like they ill)
Now bustin' caps and got a muthaf**kin'
Things to do to show his skill
Recognize, nigga what you frontin' for
I know your style
You neva hit a blunt before
Oh, your just another in the race (man you betta stop)
Fakin' gats, takin' up space
To me your nuttin' but a needle in the hay stack
Listen kid I've been doing this since way back
In the day, ace duce tre, at the best
Up to zimbobwae, hey
Whose the best, I want the best to come test me
So I can release some stress from my chest g
Is you down to go pound for pound,
Toe to toe, blow for blow, round for round
I'm wonderin' 'cause I bring the thunder and the rain
Causin' confusion to your brain

Chorus

Verse three:

Keep the shit live for the year nine five
I got more niggaz in my tribe
Than theres beez in the bee hive
Lb fam everyday stay high
Mr. cheeks, everyday high
Consentrate to get my shit straight, make us wait
Before it's too f**kin' late
The lost boyz, yeah that's who I be'z wit,
That's who I runs wit

Who I smoke treez wit
Pack your bags, head outta town,
I'll be back around so be gone before sundown
From jamaica comes a nigga named cheeks,
With techniques of the streets
Over rough neck beats
This room is going bounce about the cheeks cant
remember
I'm the muthaf**ker choppin' crews like a chainsaw
Talk what you what ta
Do what you gotta
Well let me tell you something man you cant do me
nadda

Chorus

Outro

Now if you listen to my album, you see we only deal
Wit the real deal street lif

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