

## The Lost Boyz

### "Keep It Real"

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[Mr.CHEEKS]

Yo believe I paid the dues man I started in the game  
With mans on linden and devane we drinking ghetto  
champagne  
Slinging rocks and packing glocks on the blocks  
It's early in the morning I'm selling tumbs from my  
reeboks  
Tres nicks and dimes I write rhymes  
But the ghetto times they got the cheeks doing crimes  
The street life yeah that's the only life I know  
Where niggas sling rocks bust shots and push yeahyo  
Sit on crates keep their backs against gates  
Every man is insane he's got a brain like norman bates  
Timberland boots ski hats we pack gats  
Carry across town because we tapping niggas hoodrats  
But they don't want the fam  
See a south side jamaica queen fellas get down man  
Listen so what your crew is x-rated  
Peoples if you violate you getting violated

(Chorus)

Come on and keep it real; this is saying  
that the lost boy and group home fam want it all what  
would you do  
And if you feel that you'se a real soldier from the street  
throw your hand in the air we salute you  
Bounce it up town bounce it down south  
Bounce bounce it up town bounce it down south

I had a messed up childhood the head is mad nappy  
I need money in a snap gee kid I'm trying to blow like  
papi  
Fat cat the street life is where it's at  
Peeling caps so yo we got to stay strapped  
Terrified cause the crew from the south side is bustin  
No question  
I keep my hear in braids taliq got dreads  
Hangin out in the reds wearing levis and pro-keds  
Pouring beer on the curb for the dead  
I had to bring drama to some powder head  
(Freaky TAH) hey yo cut the music down

Yo half the world thought the album failed in this 94  
and its on..

I'm smoking weed in 96' with my peeps  
Jetting from the police cause police they'se a bunch of  
creeps  
I'm testing off the new burners in the park  
We sleep during the day and creep when it's dark  
I once had to cry when I seen Tyrone die  
This black on black crime I cram to understand why  
Baby girls having kids in their teens  
Young fellows baggy jeans slinging crack to the crack  
fiends  
That's the type of lifestyle that I lead  
With my fams on the corner drinking beers and  
smoking weed  
Yo believe I been through all the struggles and the pain  
I'm ripping out my hairs and I can't get to my brain  
I want the gold teeth and chains  
I hustle with timberland boots and rainsuits when it  
rains.  
Fools make your moves pay dues  
Give up your cheese you loose my baby boy need  
shoes  
Stepping to the CHEEKS you made an error  
You been to the ?house of pain? now welcome to my  
yard of terror  
What you think I'm some sucka  
Word to him I stomp you out with my tim chukkas  
Who who you stepping to the lost boy crew  
Boy get stomped that ass is through

(Chorus)

See we live the street life  
Smoking blunts with the wife stay on point like a ....  
Every day on rockaway is getting hotta  
I can't do what a wanna I do what I gotta  
Survive I might not be around in 95  
See I was taught young to be strong and just strive  
So nowadays we packing guns  
We racking grimy hills for funds and I stash all my sons  
mons  
A little man to look after  
Taking rap as a joke but I see no laughter  
To man Charles Suitte and big tig in Atlanta and Va.....

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