

The Lost Boyz

"Renee"

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Verse One:

Here's a tune about this honey named Renee
That I met one day
On my way back from John Jay
I'm peepin' shorty as she's walking to the train
I tap her on her shoulders
Excuse me Miss, but can I get your name
She said my name is Renee
I said I got a whole lot to say
So may I walk you to your subway
She said if you want
So yo, we started talking
I brought two franks and two drinks
And we began walking
I had to see where that head was at
Because the gear was mad phat
So we must chat about this and that
She told me what she was in school for
She wants to be a lawyer
In other words shorty studies law
I'm telling shorty I'm a writer
And as she's looking for the token
She drops a pack of the EZ-widers
Covers her mouth with her name ring
I said, yo don't sweat the technique shorty rocks
I do the same thing
But yet I use Philly Blunts
She said I never dealt with Philly Blunts
Because I heard that's for silly stunts
I said, nah they burn slower
Right now I really don't know ya
But maybe later on I can get to show ya

Chorus:

A ghetto love is the law that we live by
Day by day I wonder why my shorty had to die
I reminice over my ghetto princess everyday
Give it up for my shorty, shorty(x2)

Verse Two:

So now we sittin' on the train
Besides the fingernails
Now shorty got the hairdo of pain
Now I understand she got flava
A tough leather jacket, with some jeans and a chain that
her moms gave her
Got off the train about 6:34
She wasn't sure she had grub for the dog so we hit the
store
Went to the crib
And turned the lights on
A mad magazine stand
From Essence to Right On
A leather couch
Stereo system with crazy cd's
Understand cause she got G'z
She said cheeks do what you want
She said I'm gonna feed the dog
I said alright well I'm gonna roll this blunt
She came back with stretch pants and a ponytail, a t-
shirt
A yo, Fam I got a tender-roni girl
We're sitting on the couch chattin
We're smoking blunts off the balcony
We're steering at Manhattan now
She started feeling on my chest
I started feeling on the breasts
And there's no need for me to stress the rest
A yo, I got myself a winner
We sparked a blunt before we ate
And a blunt after we ate dinner
She had a tattoo she only wanted Bo to see
But first dim the lights and turn up the Jodeci
I'm like whatever shorty rock
We can swing it like that
Cause on the real this is where it's at.

Chorus (2X)

Verse Three:

I woke up the next day on the waterbed
A letter's on the pillow eh
And this what the letter said
It said cheeks, I'll be home around two
You was deep in your sleep
So I didn't want to bother you
I left my number for shorty to call me later
Got dressed

Smoked a blunt
And then I bounced towards the elevator
I got a beep around three
I'm asking shorty what's up with you
She's asking what's up with me
And now we been together for weeks
Candlelight dinner with my shorty
Crack a 40 with my naughty freaks
Hey man, I never been in love
But everytime I'm burstin' in and outta state
It's shorty that I'm thinking of
I'm hanging out with my crew
I get a beep from Renee
Because Renee uses code too
But yet I'm chattin' with her mom dukes
She said Renee has been shot
So cheeks, meet me up at St. Lukes
I jumps on the Van Wyck
I gotta make it there quick
A yo , this shit is gettin' mad thick
Not even thinking about the po nine
I'm doing a buck, who gives a fuck
I'm smokin' boom and the whole nine
I gotta see what's going on
But by the time I reach the hospital
They tell me Mr. Cheeks
Renee is gone
I'm pouring beer out for my shorty who ain't here
I'm from the ghetto
So listen
This is how I shed my tears

Chorus (2X)

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