

**JF % CP****"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 fuckin' 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 muthafuckin'  
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' cuz 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 fuckin' 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 muthafucker 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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