

JF % CP

"Let's Roll Dice"

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[Freaky Tah]

Mira come estas

How you do? You know my crew

LB Fam, wild out

You know me my man no doubt

We gets down LB Fam status

Niggas they be buggin, who the worst who the baddest

At this, you know I come to wreck

My man S.E.X., what?

[Mr. Cheeks]

Shorty got a nigga back up against the wall

Short and sweet y'all, about 5 feet tall

Her and her friends burnin they weed, smellin good
indeed

Yo you aint what I want, you somethin that I need

No frontin, I love the way you flick the hips

And you makin matters worst the way you lick your lips

Makin shit hard for me, while I'm in front of you

Try to keep it cool, but yet this what I wanna do

Take you by the hand bounce you up outta here

But yet I got a show to do, and that won't be fair

You know my peoples came to see me, they spend
money

They won't understand I bounce with the ben honey

I tell you what you play the stage when I get on

So when I get off, you and me can get our shit on

And tell your friends to get along, so we can play the
part

Before we hit the stage, we got some more to say to
y'all

Chorus 2X:

All we know is drink, weed and screwin O's

Gettin dough, spittin flows and yo doin shows

Keepin Crys, some pass me that Henny

No ice where the ballers at, let's roll dice

[Mr. Cheeks]

V.I.P. chillin pal, knowin this year we about to make a
killin now

People on the dance floor, lights swing around
You know the LB style, the what, these niggas bring to town
Comfortable shit that you can rock to
I got a extra sack of dough up in my sock true
This is how we rock, bubble like a speed knot
>From the O-Zone, on and every weed spot
Bunch of clown niggas that you see creepin through
Thinkin that they peepin us, aiyo we peepin you
Mad at us, we got the chicks poppin Mo wit us
You can stare but don't discuss, aiyo these hoes with us
Bottom line, yo these sessy strictly LB
Yo these cats drop the hot LP's, kid you smell trees?
Listen, veterans up in the game, you know the name
You know the reason why we came, for real

Chorus 2X

[Freaky Tah]

Booty want the mother, yeah I see you peepin me
From a distance, ya was lookin like you wanna creep with me
LB Fam, word up check it, hit the booty butt naked
Niggas yo you better respect it
Lost Boyz, like a rizza shit, hold the weight
My whole fam, came to set ya all straight
Jump in the car, peel out, shorty better chill out
Now now, how you do my fam? my crew?

[Mr. Cheeks]

We rule the state up in the scene
Drop the hot shit, that's mean
Only out for one thing, and that's green
And see my team shining, push the hot whips and keep cash
You got stash, yo nigga keep back
Niggas try to get us, can't wait to find out the source that hit us
It's time to see whose really wit us
6 Minutes till I'm on, I'm up and gone
Shorty dig my ghetto way, she is, she play along
Lock that us up like a pit, when it's time to lock
I kick it wit ya niggas later, it's time to rock

[Freaky Tah]

Run now, how we do now
Stay tight now, ok alright alright

Chorus 3X

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