

## **Lost Boyz f/ Big Dex**

### **"Straight from Da Ghetto"**

Visit "[Straight from Da Ghetto](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[Mr. Cheeks] The rap skills they flow just like water  
from a faucet I been here from Queens, thought I lost it  
Well I've been waiting, hibernating It's mad peoples  
eyeing on the streets, so with the streets I'm debating,  
see The government is one some ill skit That's why my  
peoples sling rocks, they bust shots, either kill, kid So  
yo, we need to face the fact, black Once a fellow blows  
from the ghetto, see there's no turning back My mom  
dukes needs she need some loot, I can't seed it That's  
why I do my thing here, so I can be there I'm on this  
lane, and I'm talking from the slum Cuz the Cheeks is  
from the slum and from the slum is here I come Aiyo, I  
thought I'd give it to ya Peoples try to hold the fam back  
because they felt we couldn't do it Aiyo, I live out in the  
gutter Now you see how long it takes for Cheeks to  
make butter Coming straight from the ghetto [Chorus  
2x: Big Dex] Aiyo, I come from the ghetto, I live for the  
ghetto I even cry for the ghetto Aiyo, I might have a  
verse for the ghetto That means I might have to die for  
the ghetto [Mr. Cheeks] The rough times will remain in  
my brain I make it hard to maintain, tearing clowns out  
the frame I been away for mad peoples thought I fell  
But I just came back from my visit in hell I seen the  
demon and we chatted, about this and that And other  
foul things that never mattered He said it's time to get  
ya props But still watch ya back from jealous fellas and  
them crooked type cops So yo I did what he got it,  
police never reported The day they found my little man  
Shawn snorted Some kids slit his throat for a little coke  
But we caught the suspect, 911 is a joke But listen  
that's how it goes on the street, man You can't be beat,  
us real fellas gotta eat With selling drugs, busting  
shots, how local thugs Money we divided, now they  
works under works from the ghetto [Chorus 2x] [Mr.  
Cheeks] I represent for the borough of Queens Getting  
out of state money, hang on Uptown scenes I hit the  
Bronx just to boogie with my aunts Then I burst out to  
Brooklyn, haven't been there in months I see the crews,  
smoking blunts, drinking bew It'll be for my cousin Lou,  
I'm out about two Right now I push a napsack, with  
some Timbs But I'm soon to push a black Ac' with deep

dish rims Yo, Big Dex hits me off with the fat beats Rest  
in Peace to Tyrone from the back streets Our God,  
won't press in fiend time My nigga named Chris and  
big Craig why they die? Aiyo, I can't forget the shorty,  
her name was Ebony She got smoked in 40 and it  
made mad noise But listen that's how it goes When  
niggas fight to make room For elbows, when running  
the ghetto [Chorus 4x]

Visit [Lost Boyz f/ Big Dex](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.