[Mr. Cheeks] I see a whole team of chicks tryin to sit wit us drinkin Dom, smokin charm, wanna get wit us Got my, V.I.P. section game locked down goin bad for J-Bad he just came in town we lovin Tai on the floor, smokin lai wit tips Ladies in the amazin, cuz we in the mix all the peeps from my hood, wearin timbs and jeans Lost Boyz represent from South Jamaica Queens I'm wit my mens spendin ends orderin liquors and beers aint nuttin new to this we've been doin this for years I got my drink on kid, and my cash is right shorty aight think Im not gettin ass tonite? and wit Malik and Melquan, my man Hassan yo shorty what you wearin is turnin me on takin me, makin me wanna bounce wit you It's alright, we got all night to smoke an ounce or two [Chorus] Get Up and clap yo hands come on and clap yo hands [Mr. Cheeks] A few hours in the jam and a fighter jeans saggin, timberland tied up see my old crew from the mystery big Phil from Queensville still gettin cheese all my peeps from the van gettin nice my man L.B. style run the while represent my fam makin moves makin ho's puffin buddha sacks reresentin Lost Boyz stayibn true to dat I must bring it to the funk cuz the funk is it seein shortie on the floor tryin to show the skirt I wanna, run up on her and... push up on her and.. kick some Willie Bobo and let her know that I want her and hit the door, let the Ac hit the streets(streets) get our beats(beats), gets in between the sheets hit the door, for the fam back in my Ac, Im outta town Its mad cars up in front the piece shorties bouncin (bounce bounce) niggas on the corner, 40 ouncin puffin lai, kickin it to shorties passin by see some be actin ill and some be actin fly But inside it's the L.B. slide music pumpin smokin skunk gettin funkdafied while Ro, Pretty Lou, J-Bowl n Bo we just a fiend in effect nigga pop the Mo backed up by Jeff Star

ladies takin flicks
Spigg Nice got the flyin wit Jamaican chicks
it aint no real ill shit, when L.B.'s in town
(Get up, Get Up, Get Up)
you know how we get down