

Jeeps, Lex Coups, Bimaz & Benz

Lost Boyz

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, you know man
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, rhyme name ho
They be runnin' down the line
Hey, if you hear a mistake rewind

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
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, I've seen alot a go
I've seen alot ta break, I've seen alot to blow, a yo

It's a trip to see a nigga slip
Get a grip nigga, nigga get a grip, get a
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 outta 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

Shout out to the Jeeps
It's the Lex Coups, Bimas and the Benz
To all my ladies and my men
To all my peoples in the pen, keep your head up
And to the hoods
East Coast, West Coast and World Wide
Ain't nuttin' wrong with puffin' on lai
And if you're with me let me hear you say "Right", right, right

Now a dayz, niggaz frontin' 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
Fakin' gats, takin' up space
To me your nuttin' but a needle in the hay stack
Listen kid, I've been doing this since from ways back

In the day, Ace Duce Tre
At the best, up to Zimbabwe 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' 'coz I bring the thunder and the rain

'Causin' confusion to your brain

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Keep the shit live for the year 95
I got more niggaz in my tribe than there's beez in the bee hive
LB Fam everyday stay high
Mr. Cheeks, everyday high
Concentrate to get my shit straight
Make us wait, before it's too fuckin' late
The Lost Boyz, yeah that's who I be's wit
That's who I runs wit, who I smoke trees 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 can't remember
I'm the muthafucker choppin' crews like a chainsaw
Talk what you wanna, do what you gotta
Well let me tell you something man you can't do me nadda

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Now if you listen to my album
You see we only deal wit the real deal street life

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