

Not A Test

Lost Boyz

[Mr. Cheeks]

A yo I come from New York V.A.'s where they found me
This Mr. Cheeks I keep freaks around me
L.B. Fam surround me in case something pops off
Heat up in the winter in the summer take the tops off
I'm from up north a New York City nigga
About 6 feet I weigh a buck 50 nigga
Not a pretty nigga smooth criminal type
Freestyle or write I could do this all night
I'm still that nigga with them (Car)hartts and them Timbs on
Rims on the whip shorty come along
It ain't hard to tell a yo I'm back now
Look at the game yo E(Dub) lay the track down
Ok now how do that sound it sound official to me
Let them know we in the place to be
And I got this chick thinking the taste's with me
And she's leaving the place with me well let's go!

[Chorus: Mr. Cheeks]

Now what you hear is not a test
It's the dice game runner he's one of the best
Yo peep me at a game I came down with finesse
Yo that's my word you heard the rest well let's go get it (2x)

[Mr. Cheeks]

A yo my tux ain't rented it's been a minute I'm back in it
Pulled up in the STS this shit's tinted
Jumped out like the mack with the black apple jack on
My fault I ain't mean to make you wait that long
I've been there I done that I hits the scene
I hit the spot and rock I gets the green
Yo listen money this is all I do
Bag chicks stack chips road trips with the crew
We world wide man we got a lot of fam
From the Boo-Yaa Tribe to {?} man
That Queens nigga get his dough in every way
No bullshit he's in the lab like every day
I throw my L's up for those that rep the team
The middle finger goes up for those that left the scene
Well how you see it well there's more green to burn than earn
You know the saying man yo you live to learn

[Chorus]

[Mr. Cheeks]

I like to be up on the low spit my flow and get dough
Earn my keep in the game like I aim to get more
We did it in the past we still doing it now
It's the L.B.F. fuck who ruin it how
I'm far from a scrub chicks love the style
That's why they behave badly and act all wild
I love it when I bring a cutie back to the cut
I'm blowing smoke on her bootie she shaking her butt
I throw a little bit more joy juice in her cup
She lights another L up yo that's what's up
She's good to go so I throw on some songs
She peels of her jeans off and shows the thong

It's a day in the life of your nigga here
E Double yeah that's my nigga there
Ain't forcing nothing shorty rock giving it up
Yo Jamaica funk nigga I'm just living it up

[Chorus]