

Spit Flow

Lost Boyz

Word!
Pretty Lou
Mr.Cheeks
Spigg Nice
Big Things
L.B.!

We get dough
Stay getting money from the way we spit flow
Ain't nothing new man we did this from the get go
Them L.B. joints from the past still the shit yo!

What's the verdict cousin people asking
When y'all coming with the flavor that be lasting
And if the y needed it believe they need it now
Love us ghetto classy niggaz and our weeded style
Do your thing don't let them steal another word from y'all
Since the passing of (Freaky) Tah we haven't heard from y'all
We've been in the lab making sure it goes
Real proper while we're working on these store- in shows
Ain't nothing changed it's still the same shit
I kept the South Jamaica flavor that I came with
Entered the game with my timbs and (Car)harrts on
I signed a record deal I sung the boulevard song
I'm still writing, I know we're trendsetters
But it still feels like these motherfuckers is still biting
It's not exciting this the way we go
Keep it ghetto nigga that's just the way we flow

What's up my name is Spigg I live the ghetto life
Got me in the club spitting with my ghetto wife
How you want to do it slow or fast flow
Bet won't think that my semi-auto mac blow
Yo bring me back home the tracks and the cash flow
Told them cats got something for that ass yo
We always knew we had it you fuckers be's not
It's a habit got feathers like a peacock
Y'all think y'all phat y'all not you know the story and the bass line
Don't let me take mine flirting with the waist line
And if it takes nine damn it I'm gonna take mine
You know the game ain't the same until you face crime
Yeah you heard we in the lab again while most of y'all babbling
Talk about you're traveling you need a good paddling
Quit the chattering pointing fingers at him and
Back streets! L.B. Fam in the house and yeah we back again!

Making hot shit we prepare it all
Corny fuckers talking yeah we hear it all
It's L.B. nigga and yo we back at it
Now if these tracks was a drug well I'm a crack addict
Man I gots to have it, it makes me feel better
We big boys sitting been getting real cheddar
Recognize the real when it comes through
We get our scoop from the streets we from the slums too
To all my ghetto rich niggaz if you play here
Keep your guns up on the side they don't play fair
I read my daily scripture it makes my soul richer

It's L.B. to the death so then I'll roll with you

[Chorus: x5]