

# Take A Hike (One)

Lost Boyz

[Mr. Cheeks]

It's time to show minds once again  
Bunch of friends, yo shit here will never end  
So top tennin all niggas locked in pen  
One, we come thru we shit we done shit  
Know how we roll, quiet storm in a bitch  
Keep the fire arms, like the charm in the hot whips  
Bottom line, we got the shine, niggas try to take mine,  
nigga take nine up in ya ass, killas get it on  
My shit is like a piece of pussy and hit it long  
Far from the none, the hot shit to bring the storm  
Daddy, me and my team we perform like the caddy  
Keep the chicks with the fat fatties, and we keep the L's burnin  
Still showin skills and we keep the wheels turning  
Yo, South Jamaica Queens veteran  
LB IV Life, be my tack two better than

Chorus:

Fuck niggas who dislike me  
Aiyo talkin that shit, about ya mouth don't excite me  
All ya fake niggas need to take a hike, g  
Disrespect me, we don't take lightly  
All ya niggas who dislike me  
Talkin trash out ya mouth don't excite me  
All ya fake niggas need to take a hike, g  
Disrespect me, we don't take lightly

[Mr. Cheeks]

Everything I write is hot  
Once had beef with this nigga called Writer's Block  
Niggas mad, 'cause I do what I gotta do  
Don't turn ya back, 'cause on the real I made a lot of U  
I hit these niggas with the hot shit, why not?  
Supply my label with the hot shit, that I got  
These peoples try to hold me back, they try to fuck with me  
I just write another shit, can my love be  
These clown niggas, wanna come around and give us pound  
But once those niggas outta town, yo shit storm now  
We hear that shit, yo it only makes us hotter  
The bad motherfuckin niggas got up  
Up in the whip, yo these niggas on the payroll  
We gettin dough together, there's nothing ya can say hoe  
Yo my shit is in the majors, keep ya Crystals, cells and pagers  
While I take the shit to different stages

Chorus

[Mr. Cheeks]

In pool halls we roll dice and we get nice  
I think about this bad bitch I only hit twice  
My underworld, it still spins like the wheels in  
No matter what, I'mma still show the skills in  
You can't stop me, from gettin shit can't fuck around kid  
Catch a beatin, like the chick caught cheatin in the break  
All them fake whos that fake moves  
Dump that ass, you can't beat me from Lake Views  
Me and my planet bad team sound like Irene

They help me spit that hot shit get the nine mean  
While ya niggas critizing, mad to see me and my team rising  
Aiyo we still organizing, don't get shit twisted  
Nigga came late kid, you missed it  
Aiyo this style is unlisted  
I couldn't stop if I wanted to, I'm blunted true  
Give up the house, car, career, and run it too  
Yeah you said give up the house, car, career and run it too