

# We Got That Hot Shit

Lost Boyz

[Mr. Cheeks]

Let's see these niggas gummin  
Since '86 we had the streets hummin  
I bet these niggas never seen it coming  
Every days a crisis  
Seems like paying dues, is paying prices  
It's time to show these niggas whose the nicest with  
these rap devices  
We keeps nothin but the chicks up in the cypher  
For ya suckers catchin this is the cypa  
Rumor sneakin, rise and shine  
Plus niggas count cheddar  
We see y'all niggas bouncin kid, but yet we bounce better  
On the stool, we drink again, let's rollin up the bat  
Freestyle a tracks, hit the party up and back  
Money comes in stacks, I guess we movin on up now  
So what's up now?  
Ghetto superstars, rhymes of the foreign year  
Should we be spittin and be hittin niggas par and there  
Basically my spills is vicious  
I push a '99 Savan, while you stand around and look suspicious

Chorus 2X:

We got that hot shit  
Straight from/of the block shit  
And when we rock kid  
We blow your spot kid

[LG]

Yo I was born to be a trouble maker  
That's what they said, I be in jail for gettin all this paper  
Or probaly dead niggas a hate ya, even chips will snake ya  
A little bread will make a motherfucka turn you in  
Right to the feds  
Try me and watch, get knocked, I'm lyin to cops  
Advance, born to bridick kept supplyin the spots  
All my niggas in the streets know  
I'm not the one, I pack a gun and let the heat blow  
It's deep though  
I want my whole team to see dough  
And even though we got to live with steel we heat po  
We gotta get it, I do this for fun  
I do this for my ones, I do this with guns  
So be neutral and run  
And in the process if I get knocked, fuck my pops  
Give my mom and seed all I got  
My loyalty is all I got from my family  
To hold it down and represent, it's just the man in me  
You feel me?

Chorus 3X