

**LBC**

**Lucky Boys Confusion**

So let's go back to the Caddy won't slow down, go down  
Hit the next street at the party gonna throw down  
3 dollars to get inside  
LBC flying high tonight  
I need a pleasure release sort of like masturbation  
Yeah, that LBC kick, my malignant fascination with sensation  
It grows, on the mic where I flow  
Hide all your fans cause the shit's about to blow  
I'm gonna stomp, stomp, stomp all the critics  
Cause my lyrics are ideas not finetics  
Reggae-punk-hop will never get tired  
Bring in Adam the Townkrier- Fire!  
Right up in ya, as we continue  
To move the groove that in the end is gonna win ya  
Out, I doubt, no competition  
When I'm on the microphone you listen  
You're missing the point, kid spark the joint  
It's the way that you live, when you're a lucky boy  
This recipe yeah you know me  
This 5-piece band called LBC  
Rest of the world passes by saying the world does not revolve around you  
But my world revolves around me; no it's not conceit  
Just a realization that at first I put myself before you  
So I can stand on my own two feet, right next to thee  
Yeah, LB Confusion is on the mic  
I'm givin props won't stop with the shit you like  
So skip the trip, and spend the night  
Cause I'm believing that the time is right  
L to the B we don't quit  
With the styles of the while in the scene of this outfit  
The 5 of us with this reggae punk child  
Break em on in Stubhystyle  
It's that L dot B dot C dot scene  
Lucky Boys Confusion no we're not from Long Beach  
But from Chicago, we'll make your mind boggle  
If you meet the fungi from Colorado  
Always kicking down with our boys from the Swizzle  
Everybody said our styles would fade and fizzle  
My hair's still skunking don't be perpetrating me  
I've rocking the mic since 1993  
Oh, when I'm frustrated I've got anger in my head  
I think of the relative ease of the life I've led  
So many struggled and died so I may breathe air that's free  
I hope when they look upon me they deem me worthy  
We're just children of this wasted generation  
Trying to make the best of our situation  
So we play our music all night long  
Till everyone will know when they hear this song  
And here we go  
Yes it's that 5 tone Lucky Boy posse  
Pass me the Red Stripe so I can get saucy  
And watch all the girls jiggle-wiggle their hips  
Point to us and they pucker their lips  
This LBC let me tell you what's in store  
We'll play all night if you scream encore  
It's the way we jam  
LBC (Labuck) hits the stage don't try to compete

Ryan sits down and lays down the beat  
Adam steps up and he matches the groove  
Joe kicks the lead and J starts to move  
Bop chicks do their off beat phish dance  
420 Geeks try to make room  
Carlito's getting naked and we're dancing, we're dancing  
This is one from the Townkrier, come to get you higher  
Happy to engage in the smoke like a fire  
Boom! Come on and make room  
Cause I'm hookin up the audible shroom, are you a buyer  
Shit, god damn, what's the plan, here's the plan  
Get high, get by any way I can  
I drop the flow you drop the flavor  
Kick the bassline just ask the neighbor