

## My Crew

Lost Boyz

My crew  
My crew  
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Yo, yo, now now, now now

When I wake up before I gather up my pens  
I shine up my fronts, I give a Dutch for all my mens  
Throw on some Marvin Gaye  
I smoke my weed and clean my kitchen dishes  
Tec to the sky see how mom's is always bitchin'

I'm done buffin', got my cheese my pen and paper  
It's time for me here to prepare my caper  
I written it down the line and now a ring is on my phone  
It's my nigga Spigg Nice, he tellin' me he in the zone

Yo, I got the liquor the grain fool let's make a tape  
I'm caught up in my own zone can't really escape  
I ran it down the line as Easy Mo, he played the song  
He checked my five, he said to me "Yo later on"

About an hour passes  
About my loosey deuce deuce and my tinted glasses  
I got the bike that I copped from my younger cousin  
'Cause that cat is up in class like a nickel and he wasn't

I'm concentratin' on these moves that I'ma soon be makin'  
And once I break then I'ma show my peeps that I'm not fakin'  
See my man Pop or Die from the block  
Niggas wearin' [Incomprehensible] reverse  
As we handle barred it to the block

See certain situations happen  
When you caught up in the 'hood in the game of rappin'  
You see scrappin' now leads to cappin'  
We used to have each other's back  
What the fuck happened? Stupid  
Yo fuck it

Anyway Mary Easter record store  
Walked to the back now let me get a four  
Exit from the spot everybody know what's hot  
You get yours on and soon as you see 'em  
The thieves turn the block

Jump on them right now when niggas chillin'  
If you ever sported it you know how I'm feelin'  
Cracked open my St. Ides took a squig  
As Mama Blackwell whispered

You got it this time  
He represents my Crew  
You represent my Crew  
We represent my Crew  
Represent your Crew

He represents my Crew  
You represent my Crew  
We represent my Crew  
Yo represent yours Crew

Which one of y'all think you ill enough to bust A Plus  
Get crushed by the stampede of the elephant tusks  
We LB families niggas don't understand us  
Lyrical scanner diagnosin' niggas with cancer

You got a problem, I got the answer  
Twin Glocks goin' bananas  
Buckin' innocent bystanders son  
The total sum is a mathematical function  
I used to get suspended for keepin' the class jumpin'

Had the blackboard with the chalk in my hand  
Mr. Cheeks snatched the thieves off the Canibus plan  
Watched the crowd get amped while they scream and chant  
It's ill hot, they can't keep still like a fire drill

We desire mils from 97 until  
Firin' high caliber steel on this battlefield, son

Long Isle's my Crew  
Campstead is my Crew  
Parkside is my Crew  
Lost Boyz is my Crew

Group Home is my Crew  
Everyone is my Crew  
Reebok's my Crew  
It's worldwide my Crew

Strictly out for the fortune and fame  
I entertain for my personal gain  
Rock the gold chains  
Big enough to cause neck pains

Canibus is my name  
I be the last one to set it  
You could find my name  
In the Lost Boyz album credits

If you open up and look at the cover  
You'll see Cop killin' Queens in this mothafucker  
And we all represent the Group Home click  
L O S T B O Y Z for the 96

And as the clock ticks record sales climb  
I remember when them niggas first got signed  
Fuckin' with Uptown bustin' they ass e'ryday  
From Lifestyles to Jeeps to Renee

Now they gettin' mad airplay all over New York  
Top ten on ya Soundscan report  
Yo, who woulda thought these four  
Nappy headed niggas woulda got a article in Billboard

For hard work produces results  
And I'ma keep rockin' till the day  
Somebody stops my pulse  
So yo tally up it's the Lost Boyz Crew

Mr. Cheeks, Taliek, Spigg Nice and Pretty Lou  
My Crew

Yeah  
East Coast my Crew  
West Coast my Crew  
The whole World my Crew  
Group Home my Crew

Lost Boyz my Crew  
Lost Boyz my Crew  
Lost Boyz my Crew  
L O S T B O Y Z my Crew

Yo for the 97, Africa, Jamaica  
Alaska, Africa  
I smoke trees with my  
Yo, 'cause I beez with my