

# Shout Out To Lost Boyz

Canibus

Yeah, DJ Clue, Desert Storm, all up in ya area  
with the LB Fam, Love Peace and Nappiness  
A little sample, but first..  
My man Canibus, gon' rip shit down, ha ha

Yo, yo, YO  
Lost Boyz the Beasts from the East up in this piece  
with a new release on the streets every fifty-two weeks  
and I dare a nigga to challenge us; I turn the  
Love Peace and Nappiness into your blood on a napkin in the ambulance  
Fuckin with the nigga called Canibus, just the sound  
of my voice'll give you a positive urine analysis  
I'm a lyrical demon, stronger than crack fiends  
that smoke two P's with a C in between em  
LB Fam, makin the music niggaz dance to  
And we sip a very substantial amount of Jack Daniels  
L-O-est, B-O-Y-Z we lock shit  
We invested all of Legal Drug Money profit  
Showin love to each and every nigga that copped it  
In they Jeep, Lex Coupe, Beema or Benz knockin it  
Music Makin You High, givin you that urge  
to spend two-thirds of the money you earned on herb  
You're fuckin with the LB Fam, we do what we gotta do  
You never get the chance to shoot back at who shot at you  
Nigga, you'll be dead before you reach the hospital  
Lookin at you layin there with blood comin out your nostrils  
Queens most wanted, quick to clap a nigga  
Rap at killers who wear Carharts and Caterpillars  
Totin the four-pound, holdin the fort down  
before Heavy D bounced to Uptown became a ghost town  
Cheeks, Lou and Thai see eye to eye  
Spig sees eye to thigh, bein the shortest  
but he still gets busy on the one and two's regardless  
Heard about the Clue tape, so I had to get on it  
Lost Boyz and Desert Storm, Show Us the Money  
cause we STILL hungry, we STILL got the growl in the tummy  
We STILL grimy and grungy, dressin bummy  
Doin shows for foreign currencies in other countries  
Tryin to finance me a Hum-Vee with low mufflage  
Get a production deal, start our own record companies  
Sign our own acts, and rhyme about whatever we wanna rap  
Decorate our walls with plaques  
Summertime eighty-nine or better degree weather  
Nine-seven DJ Clue and LB Fam forever

WHAT?! DJ Clue, all up in ya area

Yo yo yo hold up I don't think niggaz know man  
I'm gonna rock some more, check it out, yo, yo  
Now just by watchin you, I can tell that I got you  
to face me, somethin you don't wanna do, my rhymes  
are too hostile, they'll beat you down in public like the cops do  
Sit on top of you, make a human pinata out of you  
Flow as potent as possible, creatin obstacles Three Feet  
High and Rising, like the chronicles of Posdonus  
The old school hip-hop, is where I get my style from  
Uptown Harlem, is where I get my lye from

My cousin with mad guns, is where I get the nines from  
Area 51 is where I be gettin rhymes from  
I'm not a human being  
I'm the human being ill with a I.Q. that's off the scale  
If words could kill, a verse of mine'll murder a mil'  
And MC'sll be gnashin they teeth, burnin in hell  
I'm learnin to be the head instead of the tail  
I ain't followin nobody else to increase my sales  
Metaphors are real, like they been forged in steel  
Stood before the judge told him I was forced to kill  
And how I went for mines to get Paid in Full  
Then I went for minds again and ripped em out of niggaz skulls  
The nigga on the block with the biggest balls, layin niggaz  
on the floor, robbin em too a Biggie Smalls song  
"Turn your head round," give me the cheddar  
I'd rather be a lion for a day than a lamb who lives forever  
"Turn your head round," give me the cheddar  
I'd rather be a lion for a day than a lamb who lives forever