

# From My Family To Yours (Dedication)

Lost Boyz

VERSE 1 - Mr. Cheeks

this be a message to the ghetto when will this shit stop  
we lost 2 ill niggaz B.I.G and 2pac  
this goes to all of us so peep the session from your nigga  
you can be loved by millions but one clown can pull the trigga  
see you aim to get bigger they break for your downfall  
your life is how you living kid just give it your all  
we strive to be the best that's what they taught us in the rhyme  
smoking weed and getting bent we've all been through hard times  
much respect to your hood love is love that's all good  
the plan's to make you niggaz understand, understood  
yo here's the deal for real you can't get killed from entertaining  
but that's all we know cause from the street we got the training  
CHORUS

this be a ghetto dedication from my family to yours  
how hard is this to explain when it rains kid it pours  
instead of bringing ?crime illz? and senseless wars  
you niggaz need to expand, buy land, open stores  
you talk of revolution but you're very much afraid  
take that chip off your shoulder let's all get paid  
direct it to the world because we all need peace  
we all livin in the belly of the beast

VERSE 2 - Mr. Cheeks

yo, now many lives are lost still to this day we ask the reason  
all the suffering we've been through niggaz still is into squeezing  
mom dukes on welfare ghetto love no more we share  
you rising to the top but then get hit from the rear  
one night up in the hood I found my own self thumpin  
cause niggaz out there they felt that I owed them something  
talk behind my back they don't attack that don't offend me  
a 13-year old could just up, and end me  
if he wanted to, blunted with the brew in his hand  
now does that make shorty rock the man?  
not only in your hood but in my hood we lost 2 good fellaz  
it's more than what they motherfuckers tell us  
now if a cop got shot someone's caught the same night  
that's the bullshit you motherfuckin right  
so take heed to what I say, LB Fam pray in they own way  
to the motherfuckin day

CHORUS

VERSE 3 - Queens Most Wanted

2 of the illest rap artists underground bodies slain  
they both did they thing went platinum in the game  
at home where I zone there's a TV I watch  
BET, MTV, video, music box  
it bugs me out for real I'm in the zone kid that's ill  
it only goes to show up in the rap game it's real  
it's just a little something on my mind how I feel  
now niggaz kick raps, and caps get peeled  
kid I thought we was rhymin man fuck that actin tough  
enough is enough let's dead that East and West stuff  
I'm callin niggaz bluff yo my rap game be tuff  
let's take it to the stage and let the lyric game buss  
I'm tryin to live a hundred plus in this crazy world  
to hold down my fam, Queens, and my baby girl  
look here we tryin to make it but they tryin to hold us back  
that's why I'm speakin my opinion on this track

the media they tryin to throw dirt in the game  
but me and my fam we found ways to explain  
throughout the pain I try to gain and keep the shit the same  
it's quite strange how these cats keep playin games  
CHORUS