

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 illls? 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