

Get Your Hustle On

Lost Boyz

[Incomprehensible]
Queens, New York City

Microphone check one, two, one, two
East coast, west coast, this is how we do
Get your hustle on, yeah matter of fact
It ain't where you from, it's where you at

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My name's Talik, I bust a new improved shoes
Livin' freshy '97, it's time to flip
Don't let me go, 'cuz I start to sweat
Then I smoke a eleven toke, why did it get?
Then I start lemon and top, more to get?
Got it, now I have it, time to wet
Up his crib, that's on the block
Niggas wild up in silence, they on the block

It's me Freaky Tah, I'm lookin' at you man
My man slide over there, yeah he pat you man
On you back and he be smilin'
Niggas, they be thinkin', they be wildin'
I roll with my nigga P, lover B
If you zonin' with him then you zonin' with me
If you peepin' at them, then you peepin' at me
I represent the L O S T to the B O Y Z, now now

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Niggas wanna zone out, let me zone in
I'm a set it off, from the begginin'
It's me Freaky Tah, and then I set it
Niggas they be buggin', doo doo brown they sweat it
I throw on my hoodies, my villain boots
Puttin' my team down with this rap scoop
Puttin' my fingers in the A and R's face

Get off my back, yo get in the race
Black matter fact, yo this is where it's at
This is where it be now, you know me now
It's the L O to the S T, B O Y Z make the deaf hear by see
Ooh, be in the front, back, niggas they be buggin' L B fam attack
Now listen to I said it, I said it's all good
I be buggin' up in ya neighborhood

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Niggas sayin', "Lost Boyz ain't nuthin' but fakes"
You got your team and they ain't nuthin' but snakes
Never got shot, never ever caught a case
You talk behind my back, but then you smile in my face
You a fly cat now, 'cuz you pushin' a beamer
Lipe pone eye, you ain't nuthin' but a schemer
What you workin' wit? Be the fuckin' fez X

Ty-Ty, sue this, two to your head
You know the time, you know the deal
Front me and let's pack the steel the steal
You scared as hell, all I want to do
You better get me because I'm out to get you
One on one, aye yo' that's how I do
I'm sneaky Freaky Tah, I'm from the Lost Boyz crew
Now one for the treble, two for the bass
Niggas smilin', wylin', get out my face

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Oh matter of fact
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