

## Jeeps, Lex Coups, Bimaz & Benz

Lost Boyz

Yeah, LB fam finally up in this piece  
Got my mans that put me on, you know what I'm sayin'  
Want a shout out to the Uptown, you know man  
Word up

MCA, this is how we do everyday  
Me and Freaky Tah hah  
Pretty Lou, my man, Spigg Nice  
We be gettin' down representin'  
So this is how we go, let me let you know, how  
It be, in da, G H E, double T O, rhyme name ho  
They be runnin' down the line  
Hey, if you hear a mistake rewind

Whose the best? Whose the worst in this here rap game?  
For those who claim to be the best, I tear them out the frame  
I'm representin' puttin' Queens on the map  
Double springs, wit some baggy jeans when I rap  
Come up with a style to make con-versital  
Don't treat me like no lame, I've been in this game for awhile  
I've seen alot ta come, I've seen alot a go  
I've seen alot ta break, I've seen alot to blow, a yo

It's a trip to see a nigga slip  
Get a grip nigga, nigga get a grip, get a  
You don't even know the half of my crew  
To be talking, but you're talking and you act like you knew  
Yo set it, you fuckin' crossed the line and hit the border  
LB fam start attacking some attacking outta order  
Put on your leather gloves, and hats and get your picture mats  
And get the gats just in case you take it to the stacks

Shout out to the Jeeps  
It's the Lex Coups, Bimas and the Benz  
To all my ladies and my men  
To all my peoples in the pen, keep your head up  
And to the hoods  
East Coast, West Coast and World Wide  
Ain't nuttin' wrong with puffin' on lai  
And if you're with me let me hear you say "Right", right, right

Now a dayz, niggaz frontin' like they ill  
Now bustin' caps and got a muthafuckin' things to do to show his skill  
Recognize, nigga what you frontin' for  
I know your style, you neva hit a blunt before  
Oh, your just another in the race  
Fakin' gats, takin' up space  
To me your nuttin' but a needle in the hay stack  
Listen kid, I've been doing this since from ways back

In the day, Ace Duce Tre  
At the best, up to Zimbabwe hey  
Whose the best? I want the best to come test me  
So I can release some stress from my chest G  
Is you down to go pound for pound  
Toe to toe, blow for blow, round for round  
I'm wonderin' 'coz I bring the thunder and the rain

'Causin' confusion to your brain

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Keep the shit live for the year 95  
I got more niggaz in my tribe than there's beez in the bee hive  
LB Fam everyday stay high  
Mr. Cheeks, everyday high  
Concentrate to get my shit straight  
Make us wait, before it's too fuckin' late  
The Lost Boyz, yeah that's who I be's wit  
That's who I runs wit, who I smoke trees wit

Pack your bags, head outta town  
I'll be back around so be gone before sundown  
From Jamaica comes a nigga named Cheeks  
With techniques of the streets over rough neck beats  
This room is going bounce about the Cheeks can't remember  
I'm the muthafucker choppin' crews like a chainsaw  
Talk what you wanna, do what you gotta  
Well let me tell you something man you can't do me nadda

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Now if you listen to my album  
You see we only deal wit the real deal street life

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