

Lb Fam 4 Life

Lost Boyz

Chorus: R-MANN

And through the storm and the rain
We still together, a few things changed
Through the stress and the strife
It's LB Fam 4 Life

[Mr. Cheeks]

Since '86, man we had the streets hummin
Makin power moves and still slummin
For real, they better let us come in
LB NYG, in front of green
Niggas started jackin from the Knicks to the Lakers
Us young niggas on mountain bikes, bouncin wall downs
Burn the weed in the basement of your parents
Hookie parties was the best
They taught us niggas how to finesse the fat fatty and the chest
Now we into nickel bags, dreams about Cadillacs and Jags
We ask the S girls, the sags
Play cards for the mingles
Hit the avenue for the singles, by the new artist
Yo we never knew who God is
Yo we ran with the hardest
Tell your crew, there's no stoppin them
We risin from the bottom to the top again
The hot shit, we droppin em

Chorus

[J-Drama]

Let's take it back to '94, Lifestyles of the rich we were doin it
Made it to '97, on singles still persuadin
The flows got harder, hit you with "Love, Peace & Nappiness"
Now I can finally say my family is feeling the happiness
Even though we lost our brother through the storm and rain
Keepin it real to my hood, but now my hood is to blame
Still striving is the struggle, trying to hustle New York
I'm from Queens South Jamaica, any street that I walk
LB Fam, JnJ and Queens Most son
NY City slum, got me real close to my gun
Protectin my chest, reliev'in all the stress that's left
Told you in the chorus, it's LB Fam to the death
Why not, J-Drama, J-U-G-G now, Mike D now, year 2G you gonna see now
2 to 3 now, at the key now, placin D now
And at the top of the charts, is where we gonna be now

Chorus

[Jugga]

To all my go hearts, livin in mellow and live in the ghetto
From Lindon to Bellow, and rebuildin in Trestle
Hearin this fellow, affelious mellow to ignorant echo
With gun shots, plenty of fenny, each year spillin more henny and mary
Shout out 5 shuckin in the rock, back to one twenty
Yea the whole south city
I got the ghetto in me,
livin this movie script life style I aint winnin
Hear me, aint no way outta hood, but can't shoot like Penny

Block party, park jam and when the rain and lights go out
We got the generators
Go home on the three illa, mikey whippin 'cause he illa
Move the bike, kill ya butt, baisley palm is familiar
Now you don't wanna go to South zone after 11
You might see the mack and feel the 11
Now you wanna catch the soprano, now the foes the bitch

Chorus