

# 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, relievin 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