

Let's Roll Dice

Lost Boyz

[Freaky Tah]

Mira come estas
How you do? You know my crew
LB Fam, wild out
You know me my man no doubt
We gets down LB Fam status
Niggas they be buggin, who the worst who the baddest
At this, you know I come to wreck
My man S.E.X., what?

[Mr. Cheeks]

Shorty got a nigga back up against the wall
Short and sweet y'all, about 5 feet tall
Her and her friends burnin they weed, smellin good indeed
Yo you aint what I want, you somethin that I need
No frontin, I love the way you flick the hips
And you makin matters worst the way you lick your lips
Makin shit hard for me, while I'm in front of you
Try to keep it cool, but yet this what I wanna do
Take you by the hand bounce you up outta here
But yet I got a show to do, and that won't be fair
You know my peoples came to see me, they spend money
They won't understand I bounce with the ben honey
I tell you what you play the stage when I get on
So when I get off, you and me can get our shit on
And tell your friends to get along, so we can play the part
Before we hit the stage, we got some more to say to y'all

Chorus 2X:

All we know is drink, weed and screwin O's
Gettin dough, spittin flows and yo doin shows
Keepin Crys, some pass me that Henny
No ice where the ballers at, let's roll dice

[Mr. Cheeks]

V.I.P. chillin pal, knowin this year we about to make a killin now
People on the dance floor, lights swing around
You know the LB style, the what, these niggas bring to town
Comfortable shit that you can rock to
I got a extra sack of dough up in my sock true
This is how we rock, bubble like a speed knot
>From the O-Zone, on and every weed spot
Bunch of clown niggas that you see creepin through
Thinkin that they peepin us, aiyo we peepin you
Mad at us, we got the chicks poppin Mo wit us
You can stare but don't discuss, aiyo these hoes with us
Bottom line, yo these sessy strictly LB
Yo these cats drop the hot LP's, kid you smell trees?
Listen, veterans up in the game, you know the name
You know the reason why we came, for real

Chorus 2X

[Freaky Tah]

Booty want the mother, yeah I see you peepin me
From a distance, ya was lookin like you wanna creep with me
LB Fam, word up check it, hit the booty butt naked

Niggas yo you better respect it
Lost Boyz, like a rizza shit, hold the weight
My whole fam, came to set ya all straight
Jump in the car, peel out, shorty better chill out
Now now, how you do my fam? my crew?

[Mr. Cheeks]

We rule the state up in the scene
Drop the hot shit, that's mean
Only out for one thing, and that's green
And see my team shining, push the hot whips and keep cash
You got stash, yo nigga keep back
Niggas try to get us, can't wait to find out the source that hit us
It's time to see whose really wit us
6 Minutes till I'm on, I'm up and gone
Shorty dig my ghetto way, she is, she play along
Lock that us up like a pit, when it's time to lock
I kick it wit ya niggas later, it's time to rock

[Freaky Tah]

Run now, how we do now
Stay tight now, ok alright alright

Chorus 3X