

Music Makes Me High

Lost Boyz

Verse 1

But I'm sayin kid
it's only right to represent where I'm from
East Coast bottom line, But I represent
wherever I go (what)
I'll be on the West Coast
we be gettin high with the fellas
who puff on the lie
for Lu-Lu, Sig, and Tai
everyday you know how we do (woo)
brothers tryin to wreck the crew
we be havin mad fun
Niggas known me from day one
lifestyles of the rich and shameless
Violat'in they were even nameless

Verse 2

Yo Raff, ring the alarm
I know Spig's got my back
Freaky Tai spark the charm
give a 1,2 for my man Pretty Lu
As i bless the rest of my New York City Boo
as we continue to bring you the flav
represent'in L.B.
from the cradle to the grave
now hows that, one time for your mind
but when I write down the line
I give sight to the blind, I'm
Comin thru with the click
Whattcha gonna do when shit gets thick
gonna start your runnin and hidin
is you gonna start your slippin and slidin
man I thought you had this game in a snag
How do it feel with real niggas in your ass
Listen Mr. Cheeks, Freaky Tai
Pretty Pretty Lu, Spiggy Spig Nice Say

Chorus-

1 for the money
2 for the Lie
3 for my peoples in the struggle gettin by
4 Lu, Spig Nice, and Freaky Tai
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1 for the money
2 for the Lie
3 for my peoples in the struggle gettin by
4 my Fam Lu, Spig Nice, and Freaky Tai
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Verse 3

Mr. Sex hit me off
with this drug called a track
Plug me in give me a sign to react on
whoever, comes in my path
make'em feel the wrath (Yeah, Yeah)
Are there, any Volunteers
down to lose their careers
Yo we feels no fears
Legal drug thugs comin thru
that's the deal

Beyond 95 L.B. Fam keep it real
 It's hard as cleats
 walkin on the fuckin strrets
 Po-nine walks beats
 and beats my wife Cheeks
 So I gots to tally up and get it on
 get it on, word is born,
 shit is on, shit is on
 I must represent for my fam
 real niggas get rich and Bitch niggas scam
 till the day that I die it's L.B.
 from the year 95 and true 'G's
 Chorus (2x)
 Verse 4
 To all of my, all my niggas doin Bids
 To all of my shorties on their own raisin Kids
 To all of my peoples who can't see
 that we made it
 niggas know the deal
 on the real this is rated
 Hit it to the left
 who's the first one to get it to your mind and
 state of shock when I hit it
 run up on niggas who be frontin and scamming
 Hey Yo that's word to mine
 Get that Guy's for my Fam
 Nobody wants in and nobody wants out
 Smokin Trees, gettin 'G's
 that's what we's all about
 try to put it on for the year 9 pound
 I represent my town
 show'em how I gets down
 L-O-S-T to the B-O-Y-Z
 Style flows on thru four families
 I'm gonna stay free till the day that I die
 Go with Pretty Lu, Spig Nice, and Freaky Tai (word up)
 Chorus(2x)
 Verse 5 (Over Female vocals)
 Hey Yo, gettin high
 New York is high
 East Coast you get high
 West Coast you get high
 now my man named Sex he be high
 Charles too he be high
 to my man Big Tiz he be high
 Niggas on the lockdown be high
 (Freaky Tai)
 With niggas like this
 Sweatin up in the studio
 So High, Mr. Mr. Cheeks is high
 Four is high
 L-O-S-T-B-O-Y-Z High
 Niggas best even try
 Gods Day, Die