

Plug Me In

Lost Boyz

Sing of the week shit they beat us on the radio
Live as stereo so once again here we go
To all my real cats who love to hear the real rappin
I still understand the reason that you feel that
Yo, I'm a crook like Donald One
Shit sat up like coins listen everyone joins in the session
Know when I'm about to teach a lesson
In love when microneses starts remising
Listen, raps of the hook as
Elves run take it like a man kid it's our turn
Shout out to all my peeps getting green like they suppose to
Yo from the fam understand, yo we don'ts do
Love the way of goin down baby
No doubt these bitches weak arse on the style
Until the day I'm up an gone I'm gonna get it on
An' let me warn all your foes you gettin shitted on
From day one we had hot mix
Yo I thought you cats could chill shit I got this
Inner smile, time to take respect first semester cats
Keep it come through an' get some extra arse
Plug me in

I see you wanna be down but you don't hit the liss
You could either give that or you can get with this
Man I promise just to hit you with officialis
An' all I ask is you don't get me nor my pistol clips
So recognise the guns blast for the love of that
Are yo good for me pull my blast I'm a see that arse
Until then I'm a rhyme kid and still shine
But when I spot him I'm a get him doubt him bottom line
That future rap, yo I'm crap cause I play the streets
An the way yo niggas live that's what I say the beast
Keep the cheddar in my pockets ain't no bubbly
An when it trouble me, honey make it a double G
Helby fam represent New York City
Hang on the siss, an we get criss pretty
All my keys throw your L's up, you know it's on
I'm a keep this here strong until the flow is gone
Plug me in

Let me get a mic a checker, one, two now
I came through this show these niggas how we do now
Cadillacs be seated an we gettin weeded
As long as I've been in this game I have been undefeated
You can't fuck around my shit is at a puntin radies
Top or not still hot ain't nuthin changed
All these are G subs in uniform
You violate the fanzine now you'll be gone
Out the flame y'all you now how a nigga came
An' by the time I'm at the door you know a nigga name
Mr. Cheeks MC, did you get it yank it
Wish an' rest I got some guess up in my naughty sweats
Love the Benadet, elves we throw Sue Wynette
We hate enough to get in they well, fill your stretch
Get, an' meanwhile while you be talkin that same shit
You whoop a nickel this game kid
Plug me in