

Risin' To The Top (No Stoppin' Us)

Lost Boyz

[Mr. Cheeks]

You know the lifestyle, plain and simple, out to get it
It's ghetto game us niggas play no doubt we stay committed
And capable to bring the hot shit, no matter what
And where we aim, we do our thing to bring the fatter cut
See my succession based on strugglin and hard times
And boulevard dimes been with boulevard crimes
It kept me on my feet, and 'cause these playa haters hate us
Off and on and on the court, because we make threes and twos
You bound to dues, once she fuck around with raw shit
No bullshittin still hittin you with more shit
My yellowness don't mean a nigga when I broadcast
Yo you don't want my skills to get in your ass
I've seen alot come and go but I'mma stay here
I get my heat up in the street 'cause they don't play fair
I'm tryin to keep it level headed but it's really hard
When niggas tryin to take what I be gettin, feel me god?

Chorus 2X

LB Fam bring the shit that's hot
Besides that we risin to the top
There's no way to stoppin us

[Mr. Cheeks]

Time to make cakes, no time for the bullshit
Watch how a nigga pull shit
From underneath the spleef, black bandana, Yankee fitted
For those that wanna nigga, come and get it
A rap skills official, bring my ghetto mix to any session
Straight finessin tracks, no question
Gotta feel good, risin to the top, started from the bottom
Like revenge, gettin niggas when you spot em
Got my shit ready, niggas gettin gased like Getty
It's time to send a message hold em steady
Chicks and niggas get the meanin
My chain and my ring gleamin
Only hot rocks a nigga steamin
Yo it's LB to the death throw em up
Pass the weed, more liquor in my cup
Bottom line, we gonna shine, 'cause the year '99
You goes for yours, I go for mine

Chorus 2X

[Mr. Hezekiah]

I wanna know, do you understand, about the LB Fam
About the LB Fam
We about to put our foot up in
To put our foot up in your ass!!

[Mr. Cheeks]

Henncy, done moneys on the table
Should make you kill a man, I'm willin and I'm able
I stay with hot whips, hot jewels and hot chicks
Which nigga said he need a ring, a cousin got nicks
But on the low we got the twenty sacks and hydro

Increase my pay from the way that I flow
Aiyo my chicks and my niggas know how I go
Late night creepin plus we keepin eyes low
Aiyo again, it's in between the lap, I kick the rap
On the highway, bouncin if it's Friday
My g sleen back, represent the backstreets
Besides that, we got the tight rap and phat beats
Aiyo my man Sexxx, plug me in it's on again
Head south, reach Cali right it's on again
It's LB Fam, understand, right or wrong my friend?
We gotta keep it strong, don't know when it's all or end
It's all or end yo

Chorus 2X