

Take A Hike (One)

Lost Boyz

[Mr. Cheeks]

It's time to show minds once again
Bunch of friends, yo shit here will never end
So top tennin all niggas locked in pen
One, we come thru we shit we done shit
Know how we roll, quiet storm in a bitch
Keep the fire arms, like the charm in the hot whips
Bottom line, we got the shine, niggas try to take mine,
nigga take nine up in ya ass, killas get it on
My shit is like a piece of pussy and hit it long
Far from the none, the hot shit to bring the storm
Daddy, me and my team we perform like the caddy
Keep the chicks with the fat fatties, and we keep the L's burnin
Still showin skills and we keep the wheels turning
Yo, South Jamaica Queens veteran
LB IV Life, be my tack two better than

Chorus:

Fuck niggas who dislike me
Aiyo talkin that shit, about ya mouth don't excite me
All ya fake niggas need to take a hike, g
Disrespect me, we don't take lightly
All ya niggas who dislike me
Talkin trash out ya mouth don't excite me
All ya fake niggas need to take a hike, g
Disrespect me, we don't take lightly

[Mr. Cheeks]

Everything I write is hot
Once had beef with this nigga called Writer's Block
Niggas mad, 'cause I do what I gotta do
Don't turn ya back, 'cause on the real I made a lot of U
I hit these niggas with the hot shit, why not?
Supply my label with the hot shit, that I got
These peoples try to hold me back, they try to fuck with me
I just write another shit, can my love be
These clown niggas, wanna come around and give us pound
But once those niggas outta town, yo shit storm now
We hear that shit, yo it only makes us hotter
The bad motherfuckin niggas got up
Up in the whip, yo these niggas on the payroll
We gettin dough together, there's nothing ya can say hoe
Yo my shit is in the majors, keep ya Crystals, cells and pagers
While I take the shit to different stages

Chorus

[Mr. Cheeks]

In pool halls we roll dice and we get nice
I think about this bad bitch I only hit twice
My underworld, it still spins like the wheels in
No matter what, I'mma still show the skills in
You can't stop me, from gettin shit can't fuck around kid
Catch a beatin, like the chick caught cheatin in the break
All them fake whos that fake moves
Dump that ass, you can't beat me from Lake Views
Me and my planet bad team sound like Irene

They help me spit that hot shit get the nine mean
While ya niggas critizing, mad to see me and my team rising
Aiyo we still organizing, don't get shit twisted
Nigga came late kid, you missed it
Aiyo this style is unlisted
I couldn't stop if I wanted to, I'm blunted true
Give up the house, car, career, and run it too
Yeah you said give up the house, car, career and run it too