

# The Yearn

Lost Boyz

Shorty!! Shorty!!  
Shorty c'mere baby girl! (I like what I see)  
This go out to erylbody man, a little station identification  
And we call this one for all y'all, who be going to buy...

The cheebas, them liquors  
The condoms, hit the ass  
It's the cheebas, the liquors  
The condoms, that ass

Now now now  
Met this girl, just the other day  
When I was up, on Rockaway  
She was in Kennedy Fried (word em up)  
A little kill's breast, and I said, "Excuse me Miss...  
maybe we can go and jus chat." "About what?"  
"About, about this about that."  
I bet I put somethin in yo mind  
To make you heel it up bring it back come rewind  
Now I'm, just a rap artist  
Not sayin that I'm the best not the smartest but  
But I come up wit things ya never seen  
Things you never heard of like money and the murder like  
Next thing you know we in the rest  
Drinkin liquor, puffin on the buddha sess  
I threw on me a Rough Rider  
I slid inside her

Wit my cheebas, my liquors  
My condoms, hit the ass  
I had the cheebas, them liquors  
The condoms, hit the ass  
We had the cheebas, the liquors  
The condoms, hit the ass  
We had the cheeba, the liquor  
The condom, the ass!!

Don't be fuckin wit my shorty, sippin on her forty  
Or puffin on her blunt, cuz she's no fuckin stunt  
True to the game, goes to school for her edu-ma-cation  
While I bounce around the nation  
From nation and back to New York  
I twist the cap, pop the cork  
and take a long walk to the court  
Buddha, I spark chill wit my crew  
Who it be Mr. Cheeks when I sip my nigga brew  
And get in, you gets the fan understand  
Bouncin, we gets to buzzin forty ounce  
Hit Virginia, I get the shorty-shorty  
Hippin on the forty on the corner wanna bone  
In home or out on my own  
I get whatever hit her, and then get rid of her  
After I'm done with it, my man, he wanna get with it  
Then he hit it from da back, now my crew wanna hit it  
But me Freaky Tah, trip off and I creep  
Niggaz they be buggin, but don't ever peep my style  
My crew is buckwild

We been in this game for awhile

Smokin cheebas, the liquors  
The condoms, the ass

It's the cheebas, them liquors  
The condoms, the ass  
It's the cheebas, them liquors  
The condoms, the ass  
It's the cheebas, them liquors  
The condoms, the ass

Now before you run up in that  
wear your mutha poke-pro-fa-lac  
stick, before you run up in skinz  
Before you bone, run your mouth to yo mens  
Make sure that you protect yourself  
That shows that you respect yourself  
Now don't violate your skin and your balls  
You'll be making, the phone call  
See Dr. Abraham or them condoms now  
You know that you best to be aware  
Don't go bustin up and nuttin in  
Let a nigga from the Lost Boyz tell ya somethin  
No man know he play he the fuckin game  
But AIDS ain't got no fuckin name  
All you chancy niggaz that's playin cute  
Don't jump, without a parachute

Yeah here we go as I shoot from the top of the key  
The Lost Boyz in the house with the Capital P  
Grab a chair relax and pass the Alize  
I'ma tell you a little somethin about this chick around my way  
She was a dime with a brown skin complexion  
She looked so good you'd think you wouldn't need protection  
Girlfriend was top choice selection...  
...around in every section  
They got twisted, she said no condom so he risked it  
Caught in the mix and now you sick kid  
Word is bond, I thought by now you learned your lesson  
Fucking around with no protection  
So emphasize this, stressin the point, and analyze this  
Don't get caught, with the virus  
It's the Chocolate Boy Wonder with the LB Fam  
Listen up, use your condom when your third leg stand

It's the cheebas, them liquors  
The condoms, the ass  
It's the cheebas, them liquors  
The condoms, the ass