

We Got That Hot Shit

Lost Boyz

[Mr. Cheeks]

Let's see these niggas gummin
Since '86 we had the streets hummin
I bet these niggas never seen it coming
Every days a crisis
Seems like paying dues, is paying prices
It's time to show these niggas whose the nicest with
these rap devices
We keeps nothin but the chicks up in the cypher
For ya suckers catchin this is the cypa
Rumor sneakin, rise and shine
Plus niggas count cheddar
We see y'all niggas bouncin kid, but yet we bounce better
On the stool, we drink again, let's rollin up the bat
Freestyle a tracks, hit the party up and back
Money comes in stacks, I guess we movin on up now
So what's up now?
Ghetto superstars, rhymes of the foreign year
Should we be spittin and be hittin niggas par and there
Basically my spills is vicious
I push a '99 Savan, while you stand around and look suspicious

Chorus 2X:

We got that hot shit
Straight from/of the block shit
And when we rock kid
We blow your spot kid

[LG]

Yo I was born to be a trouble maker
That's what they said, I be in jail for gettin all this paper
Or probaly dead niggas a hate ya, even chips will snake ya
A little bread will make a motherfucka turn you in
Right to the feds
Try me and watch, get knocked, I'm lyin to cops
Advance, born to bridick kept supplyin the spots
All my niggas in the streets know
I'm not the one, I pack a gun and let the heat blow
It's deep though
I want my whole team to see dough
And even though we got to live with steel we heat po
We gotta get it, I do this for fun
I do this for my ones, I do this with guns
So be neutral and run
And in the process if I get knocked, fuck my pops
Give my mom and seed all I got
My loyalty is all I got from my family
To hold it down and represent, it's just the man in me
You feel me?

Chorus 3X