

Shout Out To Lost Boyz

Canibus

Yeah, DJ Clue, Desert Storm, all up in ya area
with the LB Fam, Love Peace and Nappiness
A little sample, but first..
My man Canibus, gon' rip shit down, ha ha

Yo, yo, YO
Lost Boyz the Beasts from the East up in this piece
with a new release on the streets every fifty-two weeks
and I dare a nigga to challenge us; I turn the
Love Peace and Nappiness into your blood on a napkin in the ambulance
Fuckin with the nigga called Canibus, just the sound
of my voice'll give you a positive urine analysis
I'm a lyrical demon, stronger than crack fiends
that smoke two P's with a C in between em
LB Fam, makin the music niggaz dance to
And we sip a very substantial amount of Jack Daniels
L-O-est, B-O-Y-Z we lock shit
We invested all of Legal Drug Money profit
Showin love to each and every nigga that copped it
In they Jeep, Lex Coupe, Beema or Benz knockin it
Music Makin You High, givin you that urge
to spend two-thirds of the money you earned on herb
You're fuckin with the LB Fam, we do what we gotta do
You never get the chance to shoot back at who shot at you
Nigga, you'll be dead before you reach the hospital
Lookin at you layin there with blood comin out your nostrils
Queens most wanted, quick to clap a nigga
Rap at killers who wear Carharts and Caterpillers
Totin the four-pound, holdin the fort down
before Heavy D bounced to Uptown became a ghost town
Cheeks, Lou and Thai see eye to eye
Spig sees eye to thigh, bein the shortest
but he still gets busy on the one and two's regardless
Heard about the Clue tape, so I had to get on it
Lost Boyz and Desert Storm, Show Us the Money
cause we STILL hungry, we STILL got the growl in the tummy
We STILL grimy and grungy, dressin bummy
Doin shows for foreign currencies in other countries
Tryin to finance me a Hum-Vee with low muffleage
Get a production deal, start our own record companies
Sign our own acts, and rhyme about whatever we wanna rap
Decorate our walls with plaques
Summertime eighty-nine or better degree weather
Nine-seven DJ Clue and LB Fam forever

WHAT?! DJ Clue, all up in ya area

Yo yo yo hold up I don't think niggaz know man
I'm gonna rock some more, check it out, yo, yo
Now just by watchin you, I can tell that I got you
to face me, somethin you don't wanna do, my rhymes
are too hostile, they'll beat you down in public like the cops do
Sit on top of you, make a human pinata out of you
Flow as potent as possible, creatin obstacles Three Feet
High and Rising, like the chronicles of Posdonus
The old school hip-hop, is where I get my style from
Uptown Harlem, is where I get my lye from

My cousin with mad guns, is where I get the nines from
Area 51 is where I be gettin rhymes from
I'm not a human being
I'm the human being ill with a I.Q. that's off the scale
If words could kill, a verse of mine'll murder a mil'
And MC'sll be gnashin they teeth, burnin in hell
I'm learnin to be the head instead of the tail
I ain't followin nobody else to increase my sales
Metaphors are real, like they been forged in steel
Stood before the judge told him I was forced to kill
And how I went for mines to get Paid in Full
Then I went for minds again and ripped em out of niggaz skulls
The nigga on the block with the biggest balls, layin niggaz
on the floor, robbin em too a Biggie Smalls song
"Turn your head round," give me the cheddar
I'd rather be a lion for a day than a lamb who lives forever
"Turn your head round," give me the cheddar
I'd rather be a lion for a day than a lamb who lives forever