

Da Game

Lost Boyz

Yo I needs dough, you needs dough, we needs dough so yo
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Put on my thinkin' cap
Don't know to rap about the niggas gettin' outta state trap
Livin' dat, yo what's up black?
Well its my third day home and not a cent to my name
No jobs they claim I'm back in the drug game
I need some money in a hurry
I'm singin' my baby boy Troy he'll be two next February
I'm in the crib with my man my nigga Van Dam
An were thinkin' of an outta state plan peep it

My man rolla doughs flyin' up on Friday
He's buyin' a half an bouncin' back on the highway
Now Friday comes moms is beefin' 'cause I'm cursin'
She smells cheeb on me I'ma whole different person
Well I guess I'm goin' ta cheat, she understood the chat
Now call me when ya get there an' tell me where you at
All right Ma, I checked out all my niggas then we jetted
With fifty balls a piece brought a piece for unleaded
Smokin' blunts forty ouncin', G and P bouncin'
This is how we do, we is the Lost Boyz crew

We in the game, the bitches, the money, the cars
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Dreams in the head we gonna blow
46 balls a piece an each got an O
In the trunk punk, we bouncin' to Jamaica Queens funk
An' inside the blunt 121 skunk
We're headed for the belly an' we're enterin' the mouth
My niggas in the hat black an' yo we headed south
Now that don't look right but listen black we be aiight
[Incomprehensible]

Smokin' blunts by the boxes
Ghetto champagne is chill
Stop back the first bit boys for gas an a meal
Now everybody's lookin' at the niggas from New York
Field jackets on an they peep as we talk
I say to pretty Lou well look a rolla doughs hat
I want one of them shits by the time I gets back
We got the gas ate a meal on the road once again
Taliq's on the blunt G an' P's on the henn

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Now we reached the destination 1 O' clock on the dot
Went to check out the spot, it's right next to a lot

We jumped out the car we got the whole town starin'
At the New York City plates an the tough shit we wearin'
I guess it all seems that we came to cause racket
My niggas in the ack an each got a field jacket

A week down the line we got shit on the ball
Every single day we gettin' fresh in the mall
Troopin' plus we got the car wash movin'
We gettin' our connects from a Cuban named Rubin
Hangin' outta state, po nine is a peasant
Livin' in the park but in the park it ain't so present

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