

Legendary

Lost Boyz

You are now tuned in to WLOSTBOYZ Radio
99.9 on your dial
Queens style
Sit back and relax
To the sounds of
(Cooler Ruler Divine)

Lifestyles of the rich
Get your hustle on young boy
'Till you get it
Ain't shit change
But the way that we living
We legendary niggas
Doing legendary shit
It's lifestyles of the rich

Smoke fills the room
Drinks and chicks
It's my life
We always stay up in this mix
We show love but believe
We could hate too
Wanna add on to drama
We'll eliminate you
Fresh when I skate thru
Suits on, mobbin'
Sippin' liquor 'cause I can
I stays on my job and
Muthafucka I'm C.E.O.
Get high but be low
Wit' T Bird and B.O.
Madbeatz and Leto
Ruler put the track on
Add our sixteens
Well, Queens get the money
Guess what... we from Queens
Do it 'cause I love it
Ain't nothing like it
It's funny how I told 'em
We gon' do it, no psychic
Rose from the bottom
Now we puffin' up top

Lost Booooyyyzzz

Let that heat pop
This is for the streets well
Give it to the streets then
Remind 'em
We eatin', we beastin'
And we got our shit together so
There's no need to tell you
What you already know
It's been a long time comin'
Yea, we still 100 miles and runnin'

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Feelin' like we back
Tah where you at?
Cheeks gon' pass the blunt
I'm gon' light the match
Driving down the 878
Listening to Stack
Smokin' on a mild or that grape
Thinking bout Pat
Mind on a mission
Mission to get this money
Money come before bitches
And bitches they come with money
Nigga they start to switchin'
And bitches be actin' funny
But kamikaze's the posse
We blowin' up without warning
(Boom!)
Aisle 1, nigga, check my mornings
It's good steak, egg and cheese
When I'm yawning
A few snakes in the grass
Trim the lawn then
These niggas talkin' beef
But me? I tenderloin it
'Cause my peeps in the street
They handle nonsense
But me I'm low-key in the V
With a dime chick
The LB Family's
Who I'm involved with
Queens nigga
We mobbin'

(Loooost Boooyz)
Tally up it's the Lost Boyz crew and
(Loooost Boooyz)
Comin' thru brand new and
(Hold up, cut that shit off)
Aye
(Cut that shit off)
Aye
(Cut that shit off)
Aye
Ayyyye

I got a shout out
All yall cats that
Think yall gettin' money
That ain't got no credit cards
Or no ID's and no drivers license
But pushing the fattest cars
Yo get your life together first man
Word up, y'all, yo all y'all
Frontin' ass cats
LB Fam gettin' they life together

Know what I'm sayin'?
Slowly but surely
We gon get all our life together
And we gon' own something
And we gon say yo its ours
Instead of owning something
That ain't got nothin'
To do with nothin'
You ain't got nothin' to be
Doin' wit nothin' so stop frontin'
Word up

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It's all the same game
It's all the same game
Yeah, ok
Some die with a name
Some die nameless
Close friends'll line ya
Become strangers
How do you maintain
If the cars got high maintenance?
Niggas ain't balling
They cars still got payments
I hate to really say it but
That's how y'all portray it
Ballin indirect
The watch face is blatant
Gold the prezzy is double plated
Ten million sold just to say
We all made it (Yeah!)
That's if yall niggas out there
Stop the hating
Money to be made
And I'm proud my niggas made it
Teamwork
My nigga I gotta thank him 'cause
We been thru that pain
So it's only right tonight
That we pop champagne (Get right!)
A mentor of mine
Lost change in the game (Yea)
He said "watch your mistakes"
So I don't do the same
Bully...