

Lets Ride

Lost Boyz

Word up...

Yeah

Yo we up in here

Kacey Chrysler motherfucking Freaky Kah

Ayo, we in the building...

I'm fresh to death

Money in the pocket

Name on the marquee

Tonight we gonna rock shit

Ain't nuttin new its the way we do

Shit the place get lit when them boyz come thru

When them boyz come thru shit gets lit

Pretty thick chick showing tit

You the runs when them boyz start running

You and ya crew come thru have some fun and lets ride...

I love nights like these

When you can catch rek and collect some cheese

Man, I do this thing wit ease

I been rocking out ever since I joined LB

Lincoln park uhuh, rockaway bully

Y span back street we rep da hood fully

Me, we move like a pound a day

When I'm not a round the way

Still I'm around the way

Big boyz sitting on them things looking hard

Posted wit a few rude boyz from da yard

I'm fresh wit my wild cat clothing

Dice game going down bills unfolding

I'm feeling fresh and I'm holdin

I'm throwing out numbers everytime I'm rollin

I take a pull of my back and take a sip of my yack

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Freaky

I got two bad bitches and they poppin and shit

I got a hood rat bitch she always poppin her shit

She don't know she get this dick I'ma drop her off quick

Brought a friend I'ma tryna pop it and switch ya dig

We can take it to the telly whoa

I'm off the henny tryna get off in her belly whoa whoa

I'm just tryna see if betty boop

She a freak I'm just tryna see what shelly do whoa

Cheeks had hit me up like yo boy you ready

Told him go I spark the gas like we hit getty, ah

Cause I un met wetty at the deli

And she down to suck me off just like her momma made spaghetti, ah

She heard brent don't at me unless you nasty
Cause I like mines a lil thick bone but she classy
You gotta be lil ratchet lil trashy
But I keep me a lil good bitch but she nasty, ah

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Yeah, you know my niggas ridin
See ya bitch then dm we gon slide in
Mr Cheeks, he the motherfucking pilot
K Chrys, Freaky Kah, yeah, we fly, so flying through the block
So you gonna hear a knock
You know my nigga got the glock
But we tryna have fun so I got my niggas running shit
And they be like you know who the fuck you fucking wit all my niggas fresh t
o deaf
Hit you wit left like wilder leave you deaf, what?
All my niggas fresh to deaf
Hit you wit left like wilder leave you deaf, what?

But we tryna place get lit (ay)
We tryna make em show a tit (ay)
Tell ya friends to come thru
And at the door tell em LB crew Chrys

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