

## 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 rachet 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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