

# Renee

## Lost Boyz

Here's a tune about this honey named Renee  
That I met one day  
On my way back from John Jay  
I'm peepin' shorty as she's walking to the train  
I tap her on her shoulders  
Excuse me Miss, but can I get your name  
She said my name is Renee  
I said I got a whole lot to say  
So may I walk you to your subway  
She said if you want  
So yo, we started talking  
I brought two franks and two drinks  
And we began walking  
I had to see where that head was at  
Because the gear was mad phat  
So we must chat about this and that  
She told me what she was in school for  
She wants to be a lawyer  
In other words shorty studies law  
I'm telling shorty I'm a writer  
And as she's looking for the token  
She drops a pack of the EZ-widers  
Covers her mouth with her name ring  
I said, yo don't sweat the technique shorty rocks  
I do the same thing  
But yet I use Philly Blunts  
She said I never dealt with Philly Blunts  
Because I heard that's for silly stunts  
I said, nah they burn slower  
Right now I really don't know ya  
But maybe later on I can get to show ya  
A ghetto love is the law that we live by  
Day by day I wonder why my shorty had to die  
I reminice over my ghetto princess everyday  
Give it up for my shorty, shorty  
Two: So now we sittin' on the train  
Besides the fingernails  
Now shorty got the hairdo of pain  
Now I understand she got flava  
A tough leather jacket, with some jeans and a chain that her moms gave her  
Got off the train about 6: 34  
She wasn't sure she had grub for the dog so we hit the store  
Went to the crib  
And turned the lights on  
A mad magazine stand

From Essence to Right On  
A leather couch  
Stero system with crazy cd's  
Understand cause she got G'z  
She said cheeks do what you want  
She said I'm gonna feed the dog  
I said alright well I'm gonna roll this blunt  
She came back with stretch pants and a ponytail, a t-shirt  
A yo, Fam I got a tender-roni girl  
We're sitting on the couch chattin  
We're smoking blunts off the balcony  
We're stearing at Manhattan now  
She started feeling on my chest  
I started feeling on the breasts  
And there's no need for me to stress the rest  
A yo, I got myself a winner  
We sparked a blunt before we ate  
And a blunt after we ate dinner  
She had a tattoo she only wanted Bo to see But first dim the lights and turn up the Jodeci I'm like  
whatever shorty rock  
We can swing it like that  
Cause on the real this is where it's at. I woke up the next day on the waterbed  
A letter's on the pillow eh  
And this what the letter said  
It said cheeks, I'll be home around two  
You was deep in your sleep  
So I didn't want to bother you  
I left my number for shorty to call me later  
Got dressed  
Smoked a blunt  
And then I bounced towards the elevator  
I got a beep around three  
I'm asking shorty what's up with you  
She's asking what's up with me  
And now we been together for weeks  
Candlelight dinner with my shorty  
Crack a 40 with my naughty freaks  
Hey man, I never been in love  
But everytime I'm burstin' in and outta state  
It's shorty that I'm thinking of  
I'm hanging out with my crew  
I get a beep from Renee  
Because Renee uses code too  
But yet I'm chattin' with her mom dukes  
She said Renee has been shot  
So cheeks, meet me up at St. Lukes  
I jumps on the Van Wyck  
I gotta make it there quick  
A yo, this shit is gettin' mad thick

Not even thinking about the po nine  
I'm doing a buck, who gives a fuck  
I'm smokin' boom and the whole nine I gotta see what's going on  
But by the time I reach the hospital  
They tell me Mr. Cheeks  
Renee is gone  
I'm pouring beer out for my shorty who ain't here  
I'm from the ghetto  
So listen  
This is how I shed my tears

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>