

My Crew

Lost Boyz

My crew (4X)[Cheeks]

Yo yo now now now now When I wake up before I gather up my pens

I shine up my fronts I give a Dutch for all my mens
throw on some Marvin Gaye

I smoke my weed and clean my kitchen dishes
Tec to the sky see how mom's is always bitchin'
I'm done buffin' got my cheese my pen & paper
it's time for me here to prepare my caper

I written it down the line & now a ring is on my phone

it's my nigga Spigg Nice he tellin' me he in the zone

Yo I got the liquor the grain fool let's make a tape

I'm caught up in my own zone can't really escape

I ran it down the line as Easy Mo played the song

He checked my five he said to me yo later on

about an hour passes

about my loosey deuce deuce & my tinted glasses

I got the bike that I copped from my younger cousin

cause that cat is up in class like a nickel & he wasn't

I'm concentratin' on these moves that I'ma soon be makin'

and once I break then I'ma show my peeps that I'm not fakin'

See my man Pop or Die from the block

niggas wearin'? reverse as we handle barred it to the block

See certain situations happen

when you caught up in the 'hood in the game of rappin'

You see scrappin' now leads to cappin'

we used to have each other's back

what the fuck happened? Stupid

Yo fuck it

Anyway Mary? Easter? record store

walked to the back now let me get a four

Exit from the spot everybody know what's hot

you get yours on & soon as you see 'em

the thieves turn the block

Jump on them right now when niggas chillin'

if you ever sported it you know how I'm feelin'

Cracked open my St. Ides took a squig

as Mama Blackwell whispered

You got it this time

He represents my Crew

You represent my Crew

We represent my Crew

Represent your Crew

He represents my Crew
You represent my Crew
We represent my Crew
Yo represent yours Crew[A+]
Which one of y'all think you ill enough to bust A+
get crushed by the stampede of the elephant tusks
We LB families niggas don't understand us
lyrical scanner diagnosin' niggas with cancer
you got a problem I got the answer
Twin Glocks goin' bananas
buckin' innocent bystanders son
the total sum is a mathematical function
I used to get suspended for keepin' the class jumpin'
Had the blackboard with the chalk in my hand
Mr. Cheeks snatched the thieves off the Canibus plan
watched the crowd get amped
while they scream & chant
it's ill hot they can't keep still like a fire drill
We desire mils from 97 until
firin' high caliber steel on this battlefield
Son,
Long Isle's my Crew
Campstead is my Crew
Parkside is my Crew
Lost Boyz is my Crew
Group Home is my Crew
Everyone is my Crew
Reebok's my Crew
It's worldwide my Crew[Canibus]
Strictly out for the fortune & fame
I entertain for my personal gain
rock the gold chains
big enough to cause neck pains
Canibus is my name
I be the last one to set it
You could find my name
in the Lost Boyz album credits
if you open up & look at the cover
you'll see Cop killin' Queens in this mothafucker
and we all represent the Group Home click
L-O-S-T B-O-Y-Z for the 96
and as the clock ticks record sales climb
I remember when them niggas first got signed
fuckin' with Uptown bustin' they ass e'ryday
from "Lifestyles" to "Jeeps" to "Renee"
Now they gettin' mad airplay all over New York
top ten on ya Soundscan report
Yo who woulda thought these four
nappy headed niggas woulda got a article in Billboard

For hard work produces results
and I'ma keep rockin' 'til the day
somebody stops my pulse
so yo tally up it's the Lost Boyz Crew
Mr. Cheeks, Taliak, Spigg Nice, & Pretty Lou
My Crew Yeah,
East Coast myyy Crew
West Coast myyy Crew
The whole World myyy Crew
Group Home myyy Crew
Lost Boyz myyyy Crew
Lost Boyz myyyy Crew
Lost Boyz myyyy Crew
L-O-S-T B-O-Y-Z myyy Crew
ahhhh (my crew) Yo for the 97 AFRICA, JAMAICA, ALASKA, AFRICA
I smoke trees with my...
Yo 'cause I beez with my...

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