

# Da Game

## Lost Boyz

yo i needs dough you needs dough we needs dough so yo (x4)verse one (mr cheeks)put on my  
thinkin cap

dont know to rap about the niggas gettin outta state trap  
livin dat yo whuts up black

well its my third day home and not a cent to my name  
no jobs they claim im back in the drug game

i need some money in a hurry  
im singin my baby boy troy he'll be two next february  
im in the crib wit my man

my nigga van dam  
an were thinkin of an outta state plan peep it  
my man rolla doughs flyin up on friday  
hes buy'n a half an bouncin back on the highway  
now friday comes moms is beefin cause im cursin  
she smells cheeb on me ima whole different person  
well i guess im goin ta cheet  
she understood the chat

now call me when ya get there an tell me where you at  
all rite ma

i checked out all my niggas then we jetted  
wit fifty balls a peice brought a peice for unleaded  
smokin blunts forty ounce

g and p bouncin  
this is how we do  
wes the lost boyz crew

choruswe in the game the bitches the money the cars (x4)verse two (mr cheeks)dreams in the  
head we gonna blow

46 balls a peice an each got an o  
in the trunk punk

we bouncin to jamaica queens funk  
an inside the blunt 21 skunk  
were headed for the belly an were enterin the mouth  
niggas in the hat black an yo we headed south

now that dont look rite  
but listen black we be aiight  
smokin blunts by the boxes  
ghetto champagne is chill

stop back the first bit boys for gas an a meal  
now everybodys lookin at the niggas from new york  
field jackets on an they peep as we talk

i say to pretty lou well look a rolla doughs hat  
i want one of them shits by the time i gets back

we got the gas ate a meal on the road once again  
taliqs on the blunt g an p's on the henn  
chorusverse three (mr cheeks)now we reached the destination 1 oclock on the dot  
went to check out the spot  
its rite next to a lot  
we jumped out the car we got the whole town starin  
at the new york city plates an the tough shit we wearin  
i guess it all seems that we came to cause racket  
my niggas in the ack an each got a field jacket  
a week down the line we got shit on the ball  
every single day we gettin fresh in the mall  
troopin  
plus we got the car wash movin  
we gettin our connects from a cuban named rubin  
hangin outta state  
po nine is a peasant  
livin in the park but in the park it aint so presentchorus  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>