The Yearn

Lost Boyz

Intro:[whistling]
Shorty!! shorty!!
Shorty c'mere baby girl! (I like what I see)
This go out to erybody man, a little station identification
And we call this one for all y'all, who be going to buy...Chorus:The cheebas, them liquors
The condoms, hit the ass
It's the cheebas, the liquors
The condoms, that assVerse one: mr. cheeksNow now now
Met this girl, just the other day
When I was up, on rockaway
She was in kennedy fried (word em up)
A little kill's breast, and I said, "excuse me miss...
Maybe we can go and jus chat." "about what? "
"about, about this about that."
I bet I put somethin in yo mind
To make you heel it up bring it back come rewind
Now i'm, just a rap artist
Not sayin that I'm the best not the smartest but
But I come up wit things ya never seen
Things you never heard of like money and the murder like
Next thing you know we in the rest
Drinkin liqour, puffin on the buddha sess
I threw on me a rough rider
I slid inside herChorus:Wit my cheebas, my liquors
My condoms, hit the ass
I had the cheebas, them liquors
The condoms, hit the ass
We had the cheebas, the liquors
The condoms, hit the ass
We had the cheeba, the liquor
The condom, the ass!!Verse two: freaky tahDon't be fuckin wit my shorty, sippin on her forty
Or puffin on her blunt, 'cause she's no fuckin stunt
True to the game, goes to school for her edu-ma-cation
While I bounce around the nation
From nation and back to new york
I twist the cap, pop the cork
And take a long walk to the court
Buddha, I spark chill wit my crew
Who it be mr. cheeks when I sip my nigga brew

And get in, you gets the fan understand
Bouncin, we gets to buzzin forty ouncin
Hit virginia, I get the shorty-shorty
Hippin on the forty on the corner wanna bone
In home or out on my own
I get whatever hit her, and then get rid of her
After I'm done with it, my man, he wanna get with it
Then he hit it from da back, now my crew wanna hit it
But me freaky tah, trip off and I creep
Niggaz they be buggin, but don't ever peep my style
My crew is buckwild
We been in this game for awhileChorus:Smokin cheebas, the liquors
The condoms, the assIt's the cheebas, them liquors
The condoms, the ass (repeat 3x)Verse three: mr. cheeksNow before you run up in that
Wear your mutha poke-pro-fa-lac
Stick, before you run up in skinz
Before you bone, run your mouth to yo mens
Make sure that you protect yourself
That shows that you respect yourself
Now don't violate your skin and your balls
You'll be making, the phone call
See dr. abraham or them condoms now
You know that you best to be aware
Don't go bustin up and nuttin in
Let a nigga from the lost boyz tell ya somethin
No man know he play he the fuckin game
But aids ain't got no fuckin name
All you chancy niggaz that's playin cute
Don't jump, without a parachuteVerse four: pete rockYeah here we go as I shoot from the top of the key
The lost boyz in the house with the capital p
Grab a chair relax and pass the alize
I'ma tell you a little somethin about this chick around my way
She was a dime with a brown skin complexion
She looked so good you'd think you wouldn't need protection
Girlfriend was top choice selection...
...around in every section
They got twisted, she said no condom so he risked it
Caught in the mix and now you sick kid
Word is bond, I thought by now you learned your lesson
Fucking around with no protection
So emphasize this, stressin the point, and analyze this
Don't get caught, with the virus
It's the chocolate boy wonder with the lb fam
Listen up, use your condom when your third leg stand[chorus fades]

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/