

# Da Game

## Lost Boyz

Yo I needs dough, you needs dough, we needs dough so yo  
I needs dough, you needs dough, we needs dough so yo  
I needs dough, you needs dough, we needs dough so yo  
I needs dough, you needs dough, we needs dough so yo Put on my thinkin' cap  
Don't know to rap about the niggas gettin' outta state trap  
Livin' dat, yo what's up black?  
Well its my third day home and not a cent to my name  
No jobs they claim I'm back in the drug game  
I need some money in a hurry  
I'm singin' my baby boy Troy he'll be two next February  
I'm in the crib with my man my nigga Van Dam  
An were thinkin' of an outta state plan peep it My man rolla doughs flyin' up on Friday  
He's buyin' a half an bouncin' back on the highway  
Now Friday comes moms is beefin' 'cause I'm cursin'  
She smells cheeb on me I'ma whole different person  
Well I guess I'm goin' ta cheat, she understood the chat  
Now call me when ya get there an' tell me where you at  
All right Ma, I checked out all my niggas then we jettied  
With fifty balls a piece brought a piece for unleaded  
Smokin' blunts forty ouncin', G and P bouncin'  
This is how we do, we is the Lost Boyz crew We in the game, the bitches, the money, the cars  
We in the game, the bitches, the money, the cars  
We in the game, the bitches, the money, the cars  
We in the game, the bitches, the money, the cars Dreams in the head we gonna blow  
46 balls a piece an each got an O  
In the trunk punk, we bouncin' to Jamaica Queens funk  
An' inside the blunt 121 skunk  
We're headed for the belly an' we're enterin' the mouth  
My niggas in the hat black an yo we headed south  
Now that don't look right but listen black we be aiight  
[Incomprehensible] Smokin' blunts by the boxes  
Ghetto champagne is chill  
Stop back the first bit boys for gas an a meal  
Now everybody's 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 shifts by the time I gets back  
We got the gas ate a meal on the road once again  
Taliq's on the blunt G an' P's on the henn We in the game, the bitches, the money, the cars

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We in the game, the bitches, the money, the cars Now we reached the destination 1 O' clock on the dot  
Went to check out the spot, it's right 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 ain't so present We in the game, the bitches, the money, the cars  
We in the game, the bitches, the money, the cars  
We in the game, the bitches, the money

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