

# 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 liquour, 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 awhile  
 Chorus: Smokin cheebas, the liquors  
 The condoms, the ass  
 Verse three: mr. cheeks  
 Now 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 parachute  
 Verse four: pete rock  
 Yeah 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]

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