

Games (Feat. Luv Bug Starski)

Lost Boyz

Awww yeah, party people you lookin' good out there
Now we got flavor on top of flavor. I'm talkin' about we got the
Old school flavor & the New school flavor Somethin' new from the
LB Fam I'm the local & I want you you & you to get ready & party.
Cheeks drop it on 'em...Yo the situations I'm in it seem my life's out of order
escape place my tape in the recorder
I sit back spark & listen' start my reminiscin'
realize that there's mad Fam' missin'
I'm holdin' back the tears
no doubt we lost many peers
Mom Dukes held it down many years
Now many chumps came & left
when my Pop Dukes split
no doubt I had it bad as a kid
but held it down no to the school
meetin' slugger now everything's cool
155 niggas kept it live no doubt
Mr. Tel is comin' down to roll out
We S'in (Smokin') out all the time in the yard all nine
talkin' 'bout that car's mine
Young niggas growin' up in the city
enjoyed the streets 'cause at home things was shitty
My mom's boyfriend tryin' to break her down & hurt her
not yet drinkin' but still thinkin' murder
Pro Players & weeds under Christmas trees
Gramma said there'll be days like these
Now when my Granpops passed away
what can I say?
A nigga flips still to this day
I'm gettin' high drinkin' whiskey with the thugs now
I'm on the Van with my man sellin' drugs now
I'm in my zone You see there's 8 million stories in the spot I'm from
LB Fam never stop 'til the job gets done
Word to moms pay attention to the slang we say
Hot ass grams but it still be them Games we play
You see there's 8 million stories in the spot I'm from
LB Fam never stop 'til the job gets done
Word to moms pay attention to the slang we say
Hot ass grams but it still be them Games we play In Junior High me & Lou we dressin' neater

I'm on the special with Taliek master skeeter
At hooky parties gettin' tipsy with the bangdods
O E Newports chicken wings & french fries
Knuckleheads S'in out on the school trips
not into liquor at the time but took a few sips
I'm gettin' life on young plan of makin' G's
gettin' dough from shovelin' snow & rakin' leaves
Politician' on the Van with the old cats
pushin' plush Cadillacs holdin' cold gats
I wanna be like you one night I said to Mike G.
His reply get yo' money don't be like me
I mean it looks hella good but this life is a shame
I hustle to survive in the game
(I know) nothin' else but hustlin' & scramblin'
jailtime, bustin' & gamblin'
My main chick is on 'caine now
I mean she ain't actin' the same now
I seen mad niggas in the game style
but the key to survival is maintain pal
Yo when I get enough cheese I'm gone
until then life goes on &on &on &on You see there's 8 million stories in the spot I'm from
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Hot ass grams but it still be them Games we play
You see there's 8 million stories in the spot I'm from
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Word to moms pay attention to the slang we say
Hot ass grams but it still be them Games we play Yo, eighteen years of age gettin' green on the scene
in front of Coliseum vibin' with the team
Organized the lab different chicks same cab
skills in the dice nice with the jab
I'm gettin' money baggin' honeys in the acres
officials out to make a Queen's money makers
ride around in stolen jeeps
Now as I creep through the streets I lost mad peeps
Now as the years ran on I noticed mad bang
never go against the grain
Now durin' that time we's makin' no cash
sayin' that this shit can't last
Came up with this plot to get mad cheese
right or wrong we's official LB'z
Lost a lot of Fam' on the road to success
Rest In Peace God Bless You see there's 8 million stories in the spot I'm from
LB Fam never stop 'til the job gets done
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Hot ass grams but it still be them Games we play
You see there's 8 million stories in the spot I'm from
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Word to moms pay attention to the slang we say
Hot ass grams but it still be them Games we playknowwhatImean
Mr. Sexxx Queen's Most Wanted Luv Bug Starski
a ha a ha. LB Fam Group Home be the click
knowwhatImean

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