

# Tight Situations

## Lost Boyz

[Verse 1]

I'm in this slight situation  
I'm at this chick's crib uptown  
niggas try to come through  
and lock you down  
it seems like a setup  
now niggas try to run me from the door  
half a second of gun play  
then I made my detour  
a shot through the glass  
at the balcony  
how could she  
set me up like that  
I call my balance and shot back  
I'm jettin down the fire escape  
outside it's rainin  
I'm takin five steps at a time  
and the meat is gainin on me  
my niggas try to warn me  
with my steppin  
it's good though  
cause on the low a nigga had his weapon  
I'm jettin down this dead end real  
I hit the street I got no jacket on my back  
but I got Timbs on my feet  
play my life with a fortune  
back against the wall  
I'm lookin for my enemies  
I'm searchin for them all  
no bullets bein fired  
so now a nigga's jettin to the corner  
that's where a nigga's settin  
I put away my burner  
now I'm searchin for the train  
the only motherfucker with no coat  
I'm in the rain  
as deep walkers walkin  
I gotta play it cool  
even though this thermal that I wore covered up my tool

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