

# Plug Me In

## Lost Boyz

Sing of the week shit they beat us on the radio  
Live as stereo so once again here we go  
To all my real cats who love to hear the real rappin  
I still understand the reason that you feel that  
Yo, I'm a crook like Donald One  
Shit sat up like coins listen everyone joins in the session  
Know when I'm about to teach a lesson  
In love when micronesses starts remising  
Listen, raps of the hook as  
Elves run take it like a man kid it's our turn  
Shout out to all my peeps getting green like they suppose to  
Yo from the fam understand, yo we don'ts do  
Love the way of goin down baby  
No doubt these bitches weak arse on the style  
Until the day I'm up an gone I'm gonna get it on  
An' let me warn all your foes you gettin shitted on  
From day one we had hot mix  
Yo I thought you cats could chill shit I got this  
Inner smile, time to take respect first semester cats  
Keep it come through an' get some extra arse  
Plug me in I see you wanna be down but you don't hit the liss  
You could either give that or you can get with this  
Man I promise just to hit you with officialis  
An' all I ask is you don't get me nor my pistol clips  
So recognise the guns blast for the love of that  
Are yo good for me pull my blast I'm a see that arse  
Until then I'm a rhyme kid and still shine  
But when I spot him I'm a get him doubt him bottom line  
That future rap, yo I'm crap cause I play the streets  
An the way yo niggas live that's what I say the beast  
Keep the cheddar in my pockets ain't no bubbly  
An when it trouble me, honey make it a double G  
Helby fam represent New York City  
Hang on the siss, an we get criss pretty  
All my keys throw your L's up, you know it's on  
I'm a keep this here strong until the flow is gone  
Plug me in Let me get a mic a checker, one, two now  
I came through this show these niggas how we do now  
Cadillacs be seated an we gettin weeded

As long as I've been in this game I have been undefeated  
You can't fuck around my shit is at a puntin radies  
Top or not still hot ain't nuthin changed  
All these are G subs in uniform  
You violate the fanzine now you'll be gone  
Out the flame y'all you now how a nigga came  
An' by the time I'm at the door you know a nigga name  
Mr. Cheeks MC, did you get it yank it  
Wish an' rest I got some guess up in my naughty sweats  
Love the Benadet, elves we throw Sue Wynette  
We hate enough to get in they well, fill your stretch  
Get, an' meanwhile while you be talkin that same shit  
You whoop a nickel this game kid  
Plug me in

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