Ordinary Guy

Lost Boyz

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

[Lost Boyz ad lib for the first 20 seconds][Mr. Cheeks]
I think it was the month of June, when I bumped, heads with this chick
Me and my click, we was on the Van Wyck
A whip rolls up on the strip, full of freaks
The music lowers down and this passenger speaks
It's a, flame of mine from back in the day
John Adams High down on Rockaway
Like to blow around the smoke in the air from the trees
from the way it's lookin, word they still gettin G's
Scoped out the whip, I'm checkin out each honey
They must be gettin money, I didn't see code 20(?)
The L's was burnin, Alize is what they drinkin
If she said she's on the way and yo it really had me thinkin
of back in the day when we both used to swerve
At parties we would bounce, smoke a whole ounce of herb
Word my man I never hit it raw
On the strength to-fuckin-day we still get it on, listen[Chorus: Mr. Cheeks]I'm, just your, ordinary guy
Love bitches and money and love bein high
Run with Pretty Lou, Spig Nice and Freaky Tah
How that sound? Ahhhhh-ahhhhhh
Here's a little somethin from Linden and the (?)
We used to get down and hustle my man
But nothing comes easy in this world full of shit
Nigga take this job and shove it out quick what[Mr. Cheeks]
One day I'm workin up on the block
Slingin my motherfuckin rock
Now police they tried to run up on us
My niggaz tried to warn us (where at) on all the corners
And now I'm I'm I'm I'm jettin
You see I'm almost, I'm almost, Moet-ed
Hopped over the gate, landed in my man's backyard
I knocked on the door, yo whassup bruh?

Yo let a nigga like, me in
Police they tryin to pull a nigga in
They lookin for the kid that's sellin that crack note
Lookin for the suspect in the black coat
Yo, I'm not, I'm I'm not the baddest
but these motherfuckers know my status
Now peep it I be comin with the motherfuckin
thunder and the rain, I will remain, cause[Chorus][Freaky Tah]
This job, shove it out quick
Nuttin come easy in this world full of shit
Used to put me down, to hustle with my man
Little somethin, from livin in the 'Ville
Huh, huh, huh, hustle my man
Huh, huh..[Mr. Cheeks]
Now, now, now, now this one day I'm workin at JFK
It's the 4th of July, nigga HEY!
Something's wrong man, I don't like this day
it's going too long man, I'm gettin strong man
from pickin up these motherfuckin banners
See I want that shit to make my eyes sad
So I jumped off early, got on the back of the 10
I'm all in and in the van with my man
Now I'm up on the block, puffin lye
And I'm with Lou, Spig, and Tah
Now peoples lookin at us, lookin at us
Police they wanna come through and rush
But we ain't got no crack, we got weed
That's all we need, yes indeed
And I'll, always
smoke weed in the hallways, cause[Chorus][Mr. Cheeks]
Take this job and shove it out quick
Nothin comes easy in this world full of shit
I used to get down and hustle my man
Here's a little somethin from Linden and the (?)
Now here's a little somethin from Linden and the (?)
We used to get down and hustle my man
Now nothin comes easy in this world full of shit
Nigga take this job and shove it out quick
Take this job and shove it out quick
Nothin comes easy in this world full of shit
I used to get down and hustle my man
Well here's a little somethin from Linden and the (?)
Here's a little somethin from Linden and the (?)
I used to get down, and hustle my man
Now nothin comes easy in this world full of shit

Nigga take this job and shove it out quick
What?[ad libbing to the fade]

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