

# Get Your Hustle On

## Lost Boyz

[Incomprehensible]

Queens, New York City Microphone check one, two, one, two  
East coast, west coast, this is how we do  
Get your hustle on, yeah matter of fact  
It ain't where you from, it's where you at Microphone check one, two, one, two  
East coast, west coast, this is how we do  
Get your hustle on, yeah matter of fact  
It ain't where you from, it's where you at My name's Talik, I bust a new improved shoes  
Livin' freshy '97, it's time to flip  
Don't let me go, 'cuz I start to sweat  
Then I smoke a eleven toke, why did it get?  
Then I start lemon and top, more to get?  
Got it, now I have it, time to wet  
Up his crib, that's on the block  
Niggas wild up in silence, they on the block It's me Freaky Tah, I'm lookin' at you man  
My man slide over there, yeah he pat you man  
On you back and he be smilin'  
Niggas, they be thinkin', they be wildin'  
I roll with my nigga P, lover B  
If you zonin' with him then you zonin' with me  
If you peepin' at them, then you peepin' at me  
I represent the L O S T to the B O Y Z, now now Microphone check one, two, one, two  
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Get your hustle on, yeah matter of fact  
It ain't where you from, it's where you at Niggas wanna zone out, let me zone in  
I'm a set it off, from the begginin'  
It's me Freaky Tah, and then I set it  
Niggas they be buggin', doo doo brown they sweat it  
I throw on my hoodies, my villain boots  
Puttin' my team down with this rap scoop  
Puttin' my fingers in the A and R's face Get off my back, yo get in the race  
Black matter fact, yo this is where it's at  
This is where it be now, you know me now  
It's the L O to the S T, B O Y Z make the deaf hear by see  
Ooh, be in the front, back, niggas they be buggin' L B fam attack  
Now listen to I said it, I said it's all good

I be buggin' up in ya neighborhood  
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Microphone check one, two, one, two  
East coast, west coast, this is how we do  
Get your hustle on, yeah matter of fact  
It ain't where you from, it's where you at  
Niggas sayin', "Lost Boyz ain't nuthin' but fakes"  
You got your team and they ain't nuthin' but snakes  
Never got shot, never ever caught a case  
You talk behind my back, but then you smile in my face  
You a fly cat now, 'cuz you pushin' a beamer  
Lipe pone eye, you ain't nuthin' but a schemer  
What you workin' wit? Be the fuckin' fez X  
Ty-Ty, sue this, two to your head  
You know the time, you know the deal  
Front me and let's pack the steel the steal  
You scared as hell, all I want to do  
You better get me because I'm out to get you  
One on one, aye yo' that's how I do  
I'm sneaky Freaky Tah, I'm from the Lost Boyz crew  
Now one for the treble, two for the bass  
Niggas smilin', wylin', get out my face  
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Microphone check one, two, one, two  
East coast, west coast, this is how we do  
Get your hustle on, yeah matter of fact  
It ain't where you from, it's where you at  
Check, one, two  
East coast, west coast, how we do?  
Get your hustle on, matter of fact  
It ain't where you from, it's where you at  
Microphone check one, two, one, two  
East coast, west coast, this is how we do  
Oh matter of fact  
It ain't where you from, it's where you at

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