

New York City War Call

Lost Boyz

[Mr. Cheeks]

What's ya niggas thinkin?
Mad that we increasin, while ya shrinkin?
Button up your lip, your ship is sinkin
You must be coked out, frontin like that ass is loc'd out
I'm gettin cheddar from this shit I'm spittin
And I'm gettin smoked out
Scate through the streets in whips crossin five digits
Takin shorts from no midgets
My style is top notch, y'all niggas can't fuck with the status
I'm climbin up the ladders, droppin shit the phattest
Yo, toss ya niggas like a salad
See ya style is softer than a love balad, don't let us get violent
Keep in silent when we run through, you know how niggas come through
Represent the slum too
Wearin black hoodies, keep a spare segreen inside of my Timbs
Jewelry shine like rims, hear ya niggas yellin
Make a little bread ya head is swellin from the bullshit you sellin
Who you tellin? Chorus 2X:
It's a New York City War Call for you all
Us cats gettin green, by all means love the war
A midnight special billy New York call
So when you squeeze it kid, of you bound to fall [Mr. Cheeks]
Cheese and henny got me lifty
I'm in the dark with shorty gettin tipsy
Shorty got my back, when niggas acting shifty
Spazzin when she's with me
Loves to hit them niggas tryin to get me
Shows and proves and she moves swiftly
Yo, take Atlantic City trips
While niggas backin no hood round they lips
My team is stackin chips
We push the hot whips, keep they kids fed
Tight a part mister rest ahead
That jealousy shit is dead, fuck it live it up
We comin through and takin shit if they don't give it up
These tattoos on my body, it's no gimmick
I'm takin shit to the essence, no limits
I'm headin forwar, push my pedal all away

Let's get this cash flowin, and start ballin we all a play
To the day I'm up and gone, I'm gonna get it on
Aiyo, let's all sing alongChorus 2X[Mr. Cheeks]
I love this New York City life, we give and take some
You got a chance to get this cheddar nigga, make some
The only muthafucka way to go, is gettin dough
You get yours, how you gettin yours? I get my spit and flow
These niggas know about my rap capabilities
I hold the streets down for my cats and the facilities
And drink my henny when the whites, and keep the L's lit
Love to talk shit, I'm on that Queens, New York shit
That's where I'm from yo, the slum sound nation
My hot skills, help me build my foundation
Livin life up on the edge, LB Fam I pledge
To my niggas Skate Scrape, Born King and Sledge
But anyway I'm in this game kid, with many play
Goin hard, knowin I can go like any day
Let the henny stay, many say, let it go
You feelin that you got game nigga, bet it yoChorus 2X

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