Step Off

Molotov

Now here's a little story that I like to contar
Pendejo que conozco who like to drogar
Started way back in the Mexico City
The year was '97, Molotov was the acclaimingWhen a lot of brown nosing was goin' around
The cuahte was crazy, Valedores were down
He be there to the parties with the flashy clothes
He'd get a little drunken and powder up his noseHe'd be backstage at all the shows
He stopped to [Foreign content] to show off to all the hoes
Drugs will make you think wrong when you're on
You better step off before you get stepped on, boyYou better step off before you get stepped on
Runnin' up on you, runnin' up on you
You better step off before you get stepped on
Runnin' up on you, runnin' up on youNow what now what now what's the word en la calle
Dicen que ese hijo de su madre
Es no stepping people like it's going out of style
Shooting and smoking and slurting and in denialYou're asking me man, are you mad at me?
I tell you it's the droga man it has to be
You're all fucked up and it's sad to see
Te hablas solito you've lost your sanityYour drug of the month is your own pendejez
Te rompen la madre estes donde estes
Handle your shit and don't egg on me
You better step off before you get stepped onYou better step off before you get stepped on
Runnin' up on you, runnin' up on you
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Runnin' up on youYou better step off before you get stepped on
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Runnin' up on you, runnin' up on you
You better step off before you get stepped on
Runnin' up on you

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