

# Trucha

## Mr. Trippalot

Masked with nylon with a can of krylon while on  
point see you through the walls we write on  
ride strong with a crew who's considered sly cons  
high on this rush provided my wrong  
cops try to put a stop to my art and hip hop  
but they knock what we rock we got the streets locked  
juras don't mix with pinturas  
catch us slipin and try shoots us  
we're looters of virgin walls the no gutters

writers reign supreme on the street art scene  
my team goes by the OPM kings  
rings and tight cliques we mix to snipe hits  
and be the uppest that's the main thing  
catch graffitIwreck on my city set  
my committee gets respect well known with a gritty rep  
who step to the bomb yard with a fat tip  
tryin to get a name in this world and that's it  
[chorus]

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