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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