Mi Vida Loca

Kid Frost

Hey vato, that shit was pretty dope, A! But uh, kick another rola for
The
Homeboys, A! Kid
Alright look man. I'm gonna kick the first verse, but for the
Rest
Of this shit man you're gonna have to wait for hour three loco. Mi
Vida
Loca! Frost
Listen, Listen, Rich GarciaMi Vida Loca, my crazy life
And as I describe how crazy my life is
Or should I say my life before
I opened the doors
To the world of show biz
I was a troubled kid
I never gave a second thought to the things I did
Quick to get up off on them fools who run up
Down for any situation that would come up
Zero tolerance which means I put up with nada
I'm rolling on the boulevard with the raza
If you were cool, I was cool, cool
Trip, I gotta act the fool
School you quicker than your school teacher
No split decision I straight cold beat ya
With bare hands I grab you around your throat and choke ya
Don't mess with my crazy life, mi vida loca
My crazy life
At the age of twelve I started packing a knife
Back then, gangbanging was all but fun
At the age of fourteen I started packing a gun
It was a .32 Berretta
And there was no way in hell that I would ever let a
Dumb punk sissy start talking smack
Or work with a smirk and peel this cap
Quicker than your ass could peel an orange
Give me a reason any reason little boy it's on
It's like that I'm not afraid to provoke ya
My crazy life, mi vida loca
(Listen) mi vida loca (listen, listen)Chicano groove, latin thang
Make you move, make you sing, la vida

So let's keep it cool, don't you know
Ghetto band, chicano soul, la vida
Listen
Listen
Listen
Listen

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