

I Need A Cuete

Lil Cuete

[Intro]

that's right

southside

gangsta gangsta

southside

gangsta gangsta

southside

gangsta[Hook 1]

In These times, of hate and pain

i need a cuete, to get me through the day

a .24, will do okay

24 ways to put you in your grave[Verse 1]

we strapped with mac daddy's, AK's, and hand guns

turn around look around, we gangstas having fun

stupid mother fuckers trying to play hit with a glock

el dyablo made me do it, slap you with my glock

throw your ass in the trunk, simon, we counting shots

smoke your homie down the block, bumping room let him rock

pick up another ho, let the trigger take it slow

ima take the I-5 southside to mexico

no witnesses to the crime, no evidence, we don't trip

cuz they never found the bodies that we stack in your woods

now we lookin for the bitches with the big o cheeks

she's talkin about "i love him", these hos want my riches

but you aint getting shit, you bitches better strip

my whole clicka's in the back, and everyone of us is strapped

we got extra beer, i'm hard as a pit

i got a dollar for that ass so you better shake them tits[Hook 2] [x2]

throw your barrio in the sky

wave it to the left, wave it to the right

i don't give a fuck

i got my two nines, they don't give a fuck

said "who's down to ride? who's down to bust?"[Hook 1][Verse 2]

now who the fuck wanna mess with this?

get blessed with this

nine mm mack 10 with a fully loaded clip

strolling down the street, on my two feet

looking for those putos who shot my homie strip

i know where you kick it at, i know where you live

what goes around, comes around, payback's a bitch
thats how we do it, fuck my enemies
fled the murder scene with my glock 17
a mi me vale madre, southside es mi vida
saco el pinche cuete que te mata como SIDA
me tocas de repente, se pasan de bolada
somos notorious, fumando marijuana
i don't know why you bitches trippin
i got my two nines handing out stitches
almost got sparked, as your imagination wishes
i don't know why, southside is the deepest[Hook 2] [x2][Hook 1][Verse 3]
twenty five aos for murdering mother fuckers
bangin in my cell, mexicans got the power
locked up in this house, killing one another
fuck it, might as well, i'm a southside rider
can't fuck with no ratas, punk ass chavala
"this is for the raza," you ain't got no palabra
this one goes out to all my homies doing lifetime
for walk-bys, homocides, and all the fuckin drive-bys
homie i'm a gangsta, killa from the southside
keep it on the down low, put that on the double nine
when you're left to play, the only way to die, high
won't even hesitate, don't even let shit slide
so when you come around, at the wrong place, at the wrong time
you get blasted, take your ass down, with the body in the casket
with no time to sign it, what, damn you got blasted
what the hell?[Hook 2] [x4]

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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