

# La Cantina

Lil Rob

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

What's up ese  
Nah, last night was the bomb homey  
We got tore up ay  
But I woke up with this big hangover  
Lemme tell you, a little story about the cantina I usually wait til Sunday to have my menudo  
But it's Saturday and I woke up all crudo  
I think I had one too many shots of tequila  
Mira, I heard I made a toast to mi vida  
Left a big tip, mariachis took my grip  
And the sad thing about it is I don't remember shit  
Wait a minute, bartender can you pass me a lemon  
And a nice cold Tacate, thank you, simon  
Anyways, yesterday was the bomb all night long  
Getting drunk off my ass, bottoms up on the glass  
Presidente and Coke, 1800's no joke  
Had me feeling like I never felt before so pour some more  
Til I hit the floor or stumble out the door  
And if that happens, it's time to hit the liquor store  
Drinkin Tacates, or Cerveza Martina  
Taking shots of tequila while I'm la cantina [Chorus]  
You can catch me in la cantina getting drunk  
La cantina, 'cause that's where we party up  
La cantina's mi vida, you know it's true  
La cantina, cantina you know that I love you I said I wouldn't drink no more, but this can't be true  
'cause it's not even noon and I already had two  
Times three, that's me taking all that I can take  
Want me to promise that I won't drink, but that's a promise I can't make  
So suffering, hungover from the night before  
But the only way to fix it is to drink some more  
So did I? But of course what you think?  
I'm sitting at the bar from the beers that I won't drink  
You gotta be kidding me, the buzz is hitting me

Got me feeling light-headed  
I'm headed to the park with the homey Spark  
But they had some besto there tambien  
A couple twelve-packs that they jacked  
I'm feelin like I can't win  
Everywhere I go there's alcohol til I fall  
It's 7 o'clock, but will I make it to last call  
You vatos gonna be here for a while?  
If so I'll see ya  
But if not you know where I'll be homey, at the cantina[Chorus]Back in the cantina, sippin my cerveza  
It's gonna be the same way as last night holmes, I bet ya  
Primos and friends from one night to the other end  
The wicked wicked wino, is getting drunk again  
Stumbling, I'm wasted and it shows  
And wouldn't be suprised if later on I'm throwing blows  
'cause that's the way it goes, and everybody knows  
But I'll just relax and go with the flow  
Bartender I'm ready for another shot and won't stop until I drop  
Or til somebody calls the cops  
My primo picks me up off the floor  
And said "Homey you're tore up  
We're cutting you off, you're not drinking anymore"  
Drag me out, up the hill to mi caton  
The bar's a few minutes away but it took me a hour to get home  
I've learned my leason, rule number one of la cantina  
Don't mix cerveza with tequila[Chorus]You know every weekend I say I'm never gonna drink again  
But I'm always going back to the cantina with mi familia  
That's right, and if there's one thing I've learned  
It's don't mix cerveza with tequila  
I'm warning you

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