

# Here Come The Horns

## Delinquent Habits

Here comes the horns...(Verse 1)Step back when I bring the swing

Like the american pastime

That allow deliver to stack up black night

Makin' all funky like a futa

Hang, four to you make more funky like a from free

Masta, blocked like a ketchup scream

Is so MB in sun llamas to you funk that grill

Is the same delificius at the radios' DJ

The fake at the album collection, lookin' lookin'

Rusia, puro delinvente session

>From sun up to sun down on a heart is my pleasure

Put on maleta, now I can see you

Thinkin' to yourself, dam I wish like to be you

Wishin' we could be fool as harvest bit club

You pal never trust to mark wako back yard party

That is on town, is on town...

That grows like the weels

Can't loco with sprees

Marco Polo, ha, you can't see me

Ha, you can't beat me

Fool, is so easy

Delinquent Habits' little sun for the north

So sit back and freest yourself...CHORUS:Here Comes The Horns... (x 3)(Verse 2)Faullin' yourselves to

bringin' mis rolas and we collect shit

You test a lot at your party, potion to blade this

It's all I got a bence so that the story estan it

Come in my side get the braise you need to stay braned

Yo, one of this story is part of something to happened

Some days of party enemy, don't feel the fool I cropped

So I just began to waisted because you ever tasted

Get up the gente hypnotic I got they last tasted

Some skin light man give me some psychedelic

Where all be drump and the shit, so pomp nigga smell it

They want fiesta, fiesta is what the habits give it

Rappin' and --- is solamente we want to ripp it

You hit this tasted will you do to keep you suffer now

Mio-mine, some very wine probe a good time

They will do we though

And all the shit we do

Los delinquentes hoo....(CHORUS)(Verse 3)El ritmo latino más fino es lo que traigo

Tu estilo, no puede conmigo, ta muy amargo

Yo puedo más facil contigo sin mis amigos

Te falta un poco sabor, yo te lo digo

Calmate cuate, yo tengo razón

Dime como quiere bronca con el más chingón

A mi me cae bien casi toda la gente

Si me cruzas boom te tumbo todos los dientes...

No se que menace is comin' is poppa si yo voy check it out

Fuckin' like a flame, my habits, watch out better bro

Comin' and they see me brazos de steel faction

I still clamin' kickin' lower eastside section

If moki want to blood, fool your better brotha

'cause it's checkin' a bro, prouidin' con nigga brotha

Delinquent Habits' zoom at the north

So sit back and freest yourself...(CHORUS)

Songwriters

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