

Leva, Leva, Leva, Leva Die

Lil Rob

Leva, leva, leva, leva

Leva, leva, leva, leva

[Triple C] You better run for cover muthafucker's and think of something fast

Before you end up just another bitch that couldn't last

Ain't no guage to be played unless you ready for some combat

It's 1998 and all these jealous got me strapped

Sleeping with my eyes open, quick to draw my gun

Got me hopin' and prayin', that I don't end up the next one

Don't make me unleash a couple of rounds, shoot some down

Didn't chu know this little motherfucker ain't afraid to unload

Dumpin' shell's all over the street, steady servin' heat

Turn on the only soldiers just standin' on my feet

I'm really tryna make this situation very clear

Ain't a man alive, on this earth, that I fear

Now we can handle this confertation, any way you want

Just as long you don't act like a bitch, or a cunt

I must admit that some try look at me no respect

For those who've lay it, so hold on tight, to your life

Cause we just might have to take it

Locked and loaded fully automatic, just in case

Finger on the trigger, spittin' hollow points all over the place

Ready to rumble, ?? ammunition, prepare to retaliate any competition

Chorus:[Triple C, (Lil' Rob)]

Leva, leva, leva, leva

(Leva take a bullet in the eye)

Leva, leva your gonna die

(From the 8-0-5 to the 6-1-9)

Leva, leva, leva, leva

(Go for your's, I'm gonna go for mine)

Leva, leva your gonna die

(Cappin' the fools who makin' waste of time)

[Triple C] A rough motherfucker from '75

A down ass mexican, I'm still alive

Corazon in the heart is still muthafucka

Flowin' on the mic, and no big deal, because I'm down for mine

I'll rob a puto blind, take his life holmes, I don't waste time

We won't have the time to drop a dime on me the A-R-T the motherfuckin T

Another mission so I'm on the run, the one I got

But I had to take your life with a gun, killin' motherfuckers

Just same ol' thang, if I ain't gonna do it, he's gonna die anyway
From a gangbang, or a drug thang, swept of his feet, from a good slang
Who of my partna's gonna die next, either torcherd in hell
As if they havin' a rest

Chorus:[Triple C, (Lil' Rob)]

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(Leva take a bullet in the eye)

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(Go for your's, I'm gonna go for mine)

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(Cappin' the fools who makin' waste of time)

[Lil' Rob] Lil' Rob comin' back to huantcha, what you got uh
Say about what you did to me, you gotta be kiddin' me, bullshitin' me

I can give a fuck about your vida, your better believe
You'll meet, the nine millimeter, so be a, walkin' dead man

Until I arrive cap stinging your ass

Like you were playin' with a bee hive

Look behind you, what chu find, my...mind's on your murder

When your murder's on my mind, all the time I uh

Tried to think about somethin' else, but I see the, murderin' you

What kind of mother fuck her self, and I don't think it's time

For me to go cryin', when it's time for me go, I won't go quite

Sounding like the 4th of July, when I die

Or maybe a World War II, as I drop the fuckin' bombs on you

But what the fuck you gonna do? Lil' Rob be the fuckin' baddest

Mexicano with the baddest, leavin' you leva's in a casket

Chorus:[Triple C, (Lil' Rob)]

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