Creepin'

Brownside

Kicking it, strap on my side and I'm so high
Thinking bout them putos that tried to do the drive-by
Creeping in the alley, ese this ain't the valley
Cholos are deep in a fucking brown Caddie
Drop to the floor, a fucking four door
(There's some putos we jump)
Ese they're coming for more petho
Watch real close as I level
His head to the seat, my quette he hands me
Six feet deep is where this culo stays
Although in a coma for a couple of days, anyways
That's what I see on 21 Street, where we meet in the big SC
South Central is loco represento
The crazy ass Eastside is in your fucking mental
Lento, but harder than a motherfucker
Catch me on a bad day knockin out a clucker

[Chorus x2]
Creepin through my neighborhood
Quette on my side, always up to no good
On the Eastside, where the balas fly
Only true gangsters ese, I don't lie

Now all you cholos know we gotta handle our streets
Always keeping trucha 'cause the black and whites creep
All gotta pay dues, think it's time to take a cruise
Bensando in my hand, fuck them fools
They throw a rat on the fucking murder rap
Now it's time for us to go on back
Simon, we're the ones you putos can not stand
I'm coming to get you with a quette in my hand
Damn there he goes, stop, I go, I caught his ass quick
Nada me duro puro, blu blu to his stomach I stuck
Two balas at first then one on top for luck
Fuck I gotta go, this puto needs no more
To make our escape we just drove away slow
We gotta handle ours, leaving scars
Q-Vo to the homies behind bars

[Chorus x2]

As I light and hit the sherm stick
I sit back and think of doing crazy shit
So we roll, and it's late at night
Got my little homey Sharp, and Wicked by my side
Rolling in the G-ride heading out the East Side
Ahora en la noche some bendejo dies
Simon, it's all a gang trip
If you're in it and you know it say "you better not slip"
Crazy cholos don't give a fuck
Simon, fuck the juras my dick they can suck
Straight gang-banging till the day I die
Senor Wes I'm innocent, I don't lie
Big pantalones, creased out, t-shirts
Hitting it with the homies always putting in work
Sur, X-Tres is where the fuck I roam
Los Angeles (East Side) is where I call my home

[Chorus x2]

Enemigas try and fade, when we show up they run away
I guess they seen us coming with our guns ready to spray
You look like a bitch when you run from us
I know you know we got guns that bust
Plus you know I'll peel your fucking cap
Didn't catch you yesterday but I'ma get you off the map
So strap, 'cause they only way you're lasting if you're fucking blasting
Never recognize me 'cause I'm always masking on a mission
All the santos missing, then they shoot this fool and then start dissing
Display my motherfucking gangster's way
Spit on his ass, tu pinche madre
Just like that, making putos disappear
why que, at least I'm still here
No fear, those majotes and my Mexican Pride
Jump in the lowride and cruisin through my East Side

[Chorus x2]

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