

# 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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