

Shed a Tear

Delinquent Habits

[Verse 1]

I see them punk putos they coolin' by the lockers
Sellin' crystal to their women fine freaks turned flaca
Your lady say she love you but you locked inside
I heard you slipped they caught you rollin' with some dope in your ride
Your lady said she'll wait love don't come cheap
She'd rather see in the pinta than six feet deep
But can't she see that in the pinta you're a soldier
They take ya break ya make ya and mold ya
Turn you into somethin' way loco hard
Surviving scraps and jacks earning your stripes on the yard
Every night thinking about the good ol days
Look at the picture of your ruca on the wall and pray say
Por favor perdon a pecado won't you come into and save me why sabes que I'm feelin' hollow
So look into your saviors eyes and see tears
Shed for you loco and all these years[Chorus]
I shed a tear for the vato locked down and then
I shed a tear for his girl waitin' to see him again
It's so hard mi vida but I still try

Workin' hard to make a difference before I die[Verse 2]

Freakas of the funk yo it's the funk freakas
The dog's out the yard and he's loud in your speakas
Stompin' with my compas or should I say my back up
Crusing in the Impala countin' feria that we stacked up
Delinquents pick the slack up I be the first to act up
Deal with all these puntos but first I fuck the track up
Do what I got to do in the quest for the paper
I don't give a fuck if it puts me in danger
Dealin' with the anger that everyone has
Sometimes it makes me feel like a psychopath
I put it on tape and you know I won't lie
I'll be down with the Habits even after I die[Chorus]
I shed a tear for you vatos won't you change your ways
I shed a tear for you vatos in these last days
It's so hard mi vida but I still try

Workin' hard to make a difference before I die[Verse 3]

There must be 50 ways to break it down ya'll
There must be 50 ways to let you know
But now they come like what's up muthafuckas it's best to move back

Click clack goes the cuete snap goes the neck
From your canton right up to my canton
It seems that everybody want to be el mas chingon
We move alone or in packas collect ferria in stockas
We got no love for them ratas chest flesh full of placas
And would you strike me down will I feel the wrath
To protect my own another's life is lost in the aftermath
No indecisions mind state makin' moves with precision
See the good turn bad and confirm that I'm livin'
Between Heaven and Hell this be the gloomy old West
Where many souls get lost and many more lie to rest[Chorus]
I shed a tear for the vatos in street that's dyin'
I shed a tear for the mamas that's at home cryin'
It's so hard mi vida but I still try
Workin' hard to make a difference before I die

Songwriters

REYES, SENEN / THOMAS, DAVID / MARTINEZ, ALEX / MARTIN, IVAN
Published by
Lyrics Â© Universal Music Publishing Group, BMG RIGHTS MANAGEMENT US, LLC

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>