

Mexican Gangster

Lil Rob

ESE, cholo
Orale holmes, this is Lil' Rob
Comin' after you from San Diego, Southern Califas
Mexican gangster yeah that's the name of the jam
And it's to all those locos that like to gang bang
Because I do it when I have to when it's every fuckin' week
And always kickin' it with my homies
But could swear they're always tweaking
But the only drug I use is marijuana
People tell me not to smoke it
But I'll smoke it if I wanna
'Cause right now living in the fast lane
So tell me what's wrong with smoking a little bit of Mary Jane
And when I fight I fight mano a mano
Por que si mon I'm a down ass Chicano
I'll say it again I'm down for mine ese
Or laugh at you if you need a shank over a cuete
And then I'll call you a Chavala
As I rock over the jam in my '62 Impala
And if you shoot you better kill
'Cause if you don't and you won't
But then I will, you won't rest in peace you'll rest in pain
Why, because my mind clicks
To be insane in the brain
Simon I'm fuckin' bad to the bone
And all I could say is don't fuck around holmes
'Cause I'm a
Mexican Gangster
(Si mon)
Mexican Gangster
(16 with a bullet)
Mexican Gangster
(Born with the ways)
Mexican Gangster born with the badness
Mexican Gangster
(Si mon)
Mexican Gangster
(16 with a bullet)
Mexican Gangster

(Born with the ways)
Mexican Gangster born with the badness
Kickin' that Crisco, smokin' and tokin' we heard a blast
You should've seen how fast we jumped off of our ass
We ran outside just to check out what it was
It's a Mexicano thing, I ain't no Crip or Blood
Dark in the garden so I couldn't see
Though I looked to the light and I saw my Primo
Laying there moaning, that's all I hear
But right now Lil' Rob ain't got time to shed a tear
We picked him up, we took him home and called the ambulance
Those vatos fucked up good
'Cause now they're gambling with their lives
And it's about time they lose
Never fuck with the vato in the Sure no blues
To the Mexicana Madre, let's pull a drive-by
So when we lose one, that's when they seem to lose about five
But we're not satisfied holmes until they all die
So orale let's jump in my low ride
Toma las laves I threw 'em in the ignition
Orale now we're on another fuckin' mission
Turn on the radio on came the Rolls
Homeboys in the back loading up the pistols
Orale they're loaded, it's time to do it
I just got my drivers license 'cause I'm 16 with a bullet
Not alone, my home boy's in his Bomb
And to you puto's you won't last long
See I'm with my homies and all of them are packin'
You vatos fucked up now the shells will be stackin'
16 With a bullet pero bad to the bone
Don't fuck around holmes 'cause I'm a
Mexican Gangster
(Simon)

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(16 with a bullet)
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Now as we're driving away I hear a youngster say
"Yo Lil' Rob let me blow that motherfucker away"
I said, "Charles, jump out the ride"
He opened up the door and then he jumped outside
He said "Orale", then "Arrato"
I said, "Hey we'll be back little vato"

So off we go to the other barrio
Not cruising too fast we're always cruising slow
We saw somebody started running 'cause they took a glance
They didn't have time to shit their pants
Take a look over there, damn some fine hyenas
Too bad they're playing dice throwing their signs at us
But it's alright, we're looking for the fool who shot my Primo
Cruisin' slow and guess who we see so
We crept up in the Bomba and took a look
So Lil' Rob said, "Que onda"
I said fuck it jumped out the bucked he had a bat
So he swung and so I duck and I saw his face
So I stuck it with a right left, right left
I made him suffer holmes
And then I put the nine milli to his backbone
I said, "Hey motherfucker don't breathe
'Cause right now Lil' Rob really wants to see you bleed"
I flipped him over put the gun between his eyes
I said, "You fucked up once and I hope
That's what you realize, now how the fuck does it feel
You played at your own risk and now you found out I'm for real"
Boom boom back in the raffla I'm reminiscing
With a tear in my eye 'cause it's my raza that I'm killing
Looking at him dead in the face I shot him twice
Now fuck that shit for sure will get 7-25 to life
But fuck that shit it's time to go home
No longer cruising slow I'm rushing to my canton
I'm thinking what my Primo wanted me to do
You think he'd want me to serve life for a punk or two
Or even cry over him for a couple of days
Damn raza we've got to change those evil ways
Though soy chignon carbon
Like Al Capone always holding my own
Walking alone in the S-D anger zone
Si mon bad to the bone
Not the one to talk shit over the telephone
And Sand Diego is the place where all my home boy's roam
And all I could say is don't fuck around holmes, 'cause I'm a
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