Hope I Don't Violate

Baby Bash

[Don Cisco]Yeah
Uh, you know, we always hope we do the right thang
Tryin' to do my thang
[Chorus: Don Cisco]With my momma up in heaven
Hope I don't violate
Father and the reverend
I hope I don't violate
Nino, where my nina
Hope I don't violate
Primo, where my primas
Hope I don't violate
The bomb mamacitas
Hope I don't violate
All my homeys smokin' reifer
Hope I don't violate
All my nephews and my nieces
Hope I don't violate
We gon' leave it up to Jesus
I hope I don't violate
[Verse 1: Don Cisco]Man, I'm fresh out of jail, hope I don't violate
But I'm back smokin', so you know my style's great
I'm wet (Wet)
So I'm drippin' like a faucet
Leaky through the track with stunt-tastics, I don't floss it (Wow)
Proceed with caution, slow your role
But I can't see that option, it's all I know
Say I'm, Pollo Loco, but I'm crazy for the chicken
Tryin' to get my hands on you, and the beef get to kickin' (Ha)
Yeah, I'm tryin' to stay out, the mix though
Cause every once in a while, they get to get low
Kick those, hun, tryin' to get dough
Whoever dead, is gettin' laid out, fa' sho
The final callin', here we go, yes y'all'in
I'm tryin' to stay high while them niggas steady ballin'
Two times for my G's that never come back
Hopin' I can see you one time, when I touch back
[Repeat Chorus][Verse 2: Jay Tee]Now if they ask about me, tell them, "Real cochino"
I'm from the L.V.C., real Latino

I'm in the hood (Hood)
Just tryin' to feed my family
But I ain't doin' good (Uh)
I hope you understand me
I'm in it, real thick (Thick)
What should I do, fool
Big Ronnie sick (Sick)
I'm hopin' he gon' pull through
I'm 'bout to take a ride (Ride)
And jump real deep in the game
Since my grandma died, I swear we just ain't been the same
I bought a one-way ticket, with alcohol flowin'
Not even knowin' where I'm goin'
Just out here tryin' to make it (Make it)
Do every thing but fake it (Fake it)
Stress on my mind (Mind)
It's so hard to take it
I'm back on the grind (Grind)
Just look for the guero [whistling]
You think I'll ever find (Find)
A way up out the ghetto
I take another sip (Sip)
As both eyes dialate
I hear my kids cry (Cries)
Hope I don't violate
[Repeat Chorus][Verse 3: Baby Bash]Now I'm losing all my patience, punk violations got me geeking
Everytime I'm on feet, seem like, the po's creepin'
Ain't sleepin', Playamade Mexican eatin'
Should I put on my math and start the trick-o-treatin'
Hell naw
My primo told me, "Shut that down"
They got a pound of the grape, get off, by the ounce
On the G.O., my P.O. is a dickhead twerp
Yeah, he a jerk and love to cock block work
And my next door neighbor, yeah, he got that way
In the trunk of his Cadillac, 24 K's
And I'm tryin' to get that gwhop like twenty-four days
Need a solid gold bitch like 24K
And I ain't got a job, can I catch me a break
Ain't got no shrimp, and ain't got to steak
From the AM to the PM, rockin' the colloseum
Then smokin' with B-Legit, in the what, Head Museum
[Repeat Chorus]

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