

Step Off

Molotov

Now here's a little cuento hat I'd like to contar
Un pendejo que conozco who liked to drogar
Started way back in the Mexico city
The year was '97 Molotov was the epitimy A lot of brown-no sing was going around
The cuate was crazy valedores were down
He'd be at all the parties with the flashy clothes
He'd get a little drunk and powder up his nose
He'd be back stage at all the shows
He'd start to mouth off to show off to all the hoes
Drugs'll make you think you're right when you're wrong
You better step off before you get stepped on You better step off before you get stepped on
Runnin' up on ya
You better step off before you get stepped on
Runnin' up on ya Now what now what, now what's the world en la calle
Todos me dicen que ese hijo de su madre is
To steppin' people like it's going out of style
Shooting and snorting and smoking and in denial
You asking me "man are you mad at me?"
I tell you "es la droga man, it has to be"
Your'all fucked up, and it's sad to see
Te hablas solito you've lost your sanity
Your drug of the month is your own pendejez
Te rompen la madre estes donde estes
Handle your shit don't egg me on
You better step off before you get stepped on

Songwriters

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