

Lil Rob, Leva, Leva, Leva, Leva Die

Leva, leva, leva, leva
Leva, leva, leva, leva

(Triple C)

You better run for cover muthafucker's and think of something fast
Before you end up just another bitch that couldn't last
Ain't no guage to be played unless you ready for some combat
It's 1998 and all these jealous got me strapped
Sleeping with my eyes open, quick to draw my gun
Got me hopin' and prayin', that I don't end up the next one
Don't make me unleash a couple of rounds, shoot some down
Didn't chu know this little motherfucker ain't afraid to unload
Dumpin' shell's all over the street, steady servin' heat
Turn on the only soldiers just standin' on my feet
I'm really tryna make this situation very clear
Ain't a man alive, on this earth, that I fear
Now we can handle this confertation, any way you want
Just as long you don't act like a bitch, or a cunt
I must admit that some try look at me no respect
For those who've lay it, so hold on tight, to your life
Cause we just might have to take it
Locked and loaded fully automatic, just in case
Finger on the trigger, spittin' hollow points all over the place
Ready to rumble, return the game, ammunition, prepare to retaliate any competition

Chorus:(Triple C, (Lil' Rob))

Leva, leva, leva, leva
(Leva take a bullet in the eye)
Leva, leva your gonna die
(From the 8-0-5 to the 6-1-9)
Leva, leva, leva, leva
(Go for your's, I'm gonna go for mine)
Leva, leva your gonna die
(Cappin' the fools who makin' waste of time)

(Triple C)

A rough motherfucker from '75
A down ass mexican, I'm still alive
Corazon in the heart is still muthafucka
Flowin' on the mic, and no big deal, because I'm down for mine
I'll rob a puto blind, take his life holmes, I don't waste time
We won't have the time to drop a dime on me the A-R-T the motherfuckin T
Another mission so I'm on the run, the one I got
But I had to take your life with a gun, killin' motherfuckers
Just same ol' thang, if I ain't gonna do it, he's gonna die anyway
From a gangbang, or a drug thang, swept of his feet, from a good slang
Who of my partna's gonna die next, either torcherd in hell
As if they havin' a rest

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(Lil' Rob)

Lil' Rob comin' back to huantcha, what you got uh
Say about what you did to me, you gotta be kiddin' me, bullshitin' me
I can give a fuck about your vida, your better believe
You'll meet, the nine millimeter, so be a, walkin' dead man

Until I arrive cap stinging your ass
Like you were playin' with a bee hive
Look behind you, what chu find, my...mind's on your murder
When your murder's on my mind, all the time I uh
Tried to think about somethin' else, but I see the, murderin' you
What kind of mother fuck her self, and I don't think it's time
For me to go cryin', when it's time for me go, I won't go quite
Sounding like the 4th of July, when I die
Or maybe a World War II, as I drop the fuckin' bombs on you
But what the fuck you gonna do? Lil' Rob be the fuckin' baddest
Mexicano with the baddest, leavin' you leva's in a casket

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