

Lil' Rob, Sureno Blues

Ponle

I jump in my 1963 Chevrolet

Watch it lay, orale

On the floor, en el suelo

Lifts me off the ground just like a le, que no

Simon, packs much power just like mi cuete

Trece cuarenta y siete

You're all up in my mix ese, ya vete

Before you get sliced and diced with the machete

No te mesa, no se que no te importa nota pinche leva

Meet me wherever whenever's clever

Ponle homey, turn up the system

I got the Sureno blues rhythm

Ain't nothing quite like it, I like it

Something to bump to, get drunk to

I'm down for smoking and drinking and deep thinking

Deep conversations gets me in like invitations

Imitations everywhere like a Dayton without a stamp

But my shit's so tight when it comes out the speakers it gives you ear cramps

Perhaps you've met me, perhaps you've never had the pleasure

It never rains in sunny Southern California homeboy

Never ever cross the wrong homeboy's path and expect to get the last laugh

Nuh-huh, not here

You talk shit about me, but you refuse to look at yourself in the mirror

Peek a boo, disappear, don't nobody want you here

Suprised? I'm revived

Resurrected from this overdose of thoughts

Making my ears ring like gunshots

Fuck love it's all about the feria

That's what makes this world go round

You try not to believe that

But that's the only feedback, I get from living life my way

Not a surfer, but I used to ride the crime waves

Used to live life sideways, wicked slick and sly ways

Driving thirty down the highways

And I still can't wait for Fridays

Hey homeboy

What's up

Haven't you heard the news?

What's that?

Lil' Rob got a brand new sound ese, called the Sureno blues baby

And this is how it gets down on the brownside of town

Southern Califas style homeboy, check it out

Simon

Now when I slip I dip and hit my switch three pumps to the front

And hop the '63 down the calle

Drop it to the floor and watch it spark the fuck up

Ponle

Drop the top, watch the cops

Time to go, keep it slow

Cuz everybody knows it's not hard to spot a pelon

Cruising an old Chevy convertible

It's incredible, serious, serio, all in your stereo

Keep it original, imagine the video

Goddamn that'd be bomb

Everybody begging me to make my song three hours long

Bubble up like a bong, it shouldn't belong

While the rest of you vatos keep talking shit about each other

Going back and forth like ping pong, now that's wrong

Say you're gonna do it, then do it

Say you're gonna pull it, then pull it

Got a point to prove ese, then prove it
What you waiting for homeboy, you ain't shit and I fucking knew it

Walk down to the old liquor store
To grab me a bottle of that old funky wine
I'm gonna drink it all by myself
Ain't nobody's business but mine
Whew

Catch me drinking funky wine down by the riverside
South, watch your fucking mouth or you'll be floating up the river
Pescados having you for dinner
Claiming that you're badder cuz you're bigger
Homeboy how the fuck you figure?
I'm chopped down trees and brought bigger enemies to their knees
So please, please, please
Get gone with the breeze or gone with the wind, whichever one comes in
You remind me of the Wizard of Oz and that vato made of tin
No heart, don't start something you can't finish
Cuz when it comes down to it I'm gonna mean business
And I'm in it to win it and you best believe I'll kill it
And I'll witness your quickness to your own fucking finish ese
Ponle

Haha, Sureno blues
That's right, simon ese
That's how we put it down homeboy
Get down homey, get down
Show em what Sureno blues is all about ese, que no
Ponle
That's right
Simon
That's my Sureno blues
Get down ese, get down
Get down homey
Yeah, that's right
Whew

That's my Sureno blues
That's my Sureno blues
That's my Sureno blues
That's my Sureno blues
That's my Sureno blues
That's my Sureno blues
That's my Sureno blues
That's my Sureno blues

That's right, oh yeah
This is my, Sureno blues