

# Kid Frost, Mi Vida Loca

Hey vato, that shit was pretty dope, A! But uh, kick another rola for the homeboys, A! - Kid

\*tsk\* alright look man. I'm gonna kick the first verse, but for the rest of this shit man you're gonna have to wait for hour three loco. Mi Vida

Loca! - Frost

Listen, Listen - Rich Garcia

(verse 1 - Frost)

Mi Vida Loca, my crazy life  
and as I describe how crazy my life is  
or should I say my life before

I opened the doors  
to the world of show biz

I was a troubled kid  
I never gave a second thought to the things I did  
quick to get up off on them fools who run up  
down for any situation that would come up  
zero tolerance which means I put up with nada

I'm rolling on the boulevard with the raza

If you were cool, I was cool, cool

trip, I gotta act the fool

school you quicker than your school teacher

no split decision I straight cold beat ya

with bare hands I grab you around your throat and choke ya

don't mess with my crazy life, mi vida loca

my crazy life

at the age of twelve I started packing a knife

back then, gangbangin' was all but fun

at the age of fourteen I started packing a gun

it was a .32 Berretta

and there was no way in hell that I would ever let a

dumb punk sissy start talking smack

or work with a smirk and peel this cap

quicker than your ass could peel an orange

give me a reason any reason little boy it's on

it's like that I'm not afraid to provoke ya

my crazy life, mi vida loca

(listen) mi vida loca (listen, listen)

(verse 2 - Rich Garcia)

Chicano groove, latin thang

make you move, make you sing, la vida

so let's keep it cool, don't you know

ghetto band, chicano soul, la vida

listen

listen

listen

listen