

# Lil Rob, La Cantina

What's up man  
Nah, last night was the bomb homie  
I got fucked up ay  
But I woke up with this biggest fuckin headache  
Hungover like a fuckin bitch  
I'm never drinking again homeboy, huh, yeah right

I usually wait til Sunday to have my menudo  
But it's Saturday and I woke up all crudo  
I think I had one too many shots of tequila  
Mira, I heard I made a toast to mi vida  
Left a big tip, mariachis took my grip  
And the sad thing about it is I don't remember shit  
Wait a minute, bartender can you pass me a lemon  
And a nice cold Tecate, thank you, simon  
Anyways, yesterday was the bomb all night long  
Getting drunk off my ass, bottoms up on the glass  
Presidente and Coke, 1800's no joke  
Had me feeling like I never felt before so pour some more  
Til I hit the floor or stumble out the door  
And when the bar closes, it's time to hit the liquor store  
Drinkin Tecates, or the beer that's mas fina  
Taking shots of tequila while I'm in la cantina

(Chorus)  
Sittin in the cantina  
A latino con ojos como cochino  
Downing the tequila  
Mira bartender, let me get a round for everyone  
Jose cuervo 1800 til the bottle's done

Sittin in the cantina  
A latino con ojos como chino  
Downing the tequila  
Mira bartender, let me get a round for everyone  
And when the bottles done crack another one

I said I wouldn't drink no more, but this can't be true  
Cuz it's not even noon and I already had two  
Warmin my menudo and one during the break  
Want me to promise that I won't drink, but that's a promise I can't make  
So suffering, hungover from the night before  
But the only way to fix it is to drink some more  
So did I? But of course what you think?  
I'm sitting at the bar from the beers that I won't drink  
You gotta be kidding me, the buzz is hitting me  
Got me feeling light-headed  
I'm headed to the park with the homie Spark  
But they had some pisto there tambien  
A couple twelve-packs that they jacked  
I'm feelin like I can't win  
Everywhere I go there's alcohol til I fall  
It's 7 o'clock, but will I make it to last call  
Hey homie, You vatos gonna be here for a while?  
If so I'll see ya  
But if not you know where I'll be homie, at the cantina

(Chorus)

Back in the cantina, sippin my cerveza  
It's gonna be the same way as last night holmes, I bet ya  
Primos and friends from one night to the other end  
The wicked wicked wino, is getting drunk again  
Stumbling, I'm wasted and it shows

And wouldn't be surprised if later on I'm throwing blows  
Cuz that's the way it goes, and everybody knows  
But I'll just relax and go with the flow  
Bartender I'm ready for another shot and won't stop until I drop  
Or until somebody calls the cops  
My primo picks me up off the floor  
And said "I think you've had a little bit too much to drink  
and I don't think you should drink anymore"  
Drag me out, up the hill to mi canton  
The bar's a few minutes away but it took me a hour to get home  
I've learned my lesson, rule number one of la cantina  
Don't mix cerveza with tequila

(Chorus)

You know every weekend I say I'm never gonna drink again  
But I'm always going back to la cantina with mi familia  
That's right, i've got something to tell all of you  
never mix a cervesa with tequila  
I'm warning you