

# 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, ?? 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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