

Lil' Rob, Mexican Gangster, Part 2

Orale

Orale pues it's me

The L-I-L R-O-B

The wicked little vato with those wicked rhymes for SD

San Diego, Southern Califas man controlling shit

And all these people call me a stupid ass spic

You call me a spic and I'll take you out silly sucker

Cuz you ain't nothing but a stupid ass motherfucker

Go ahead and start your shit, start your pleito

But you'll find that you'll lose when you fuck with San Diego

Now listen up to what I've got to say

I'm down for San Diego and I'm down with LA

And saves que? they're both down with me

And it's a trip cuz I got primos in every fucking city man

I got more homeboys than you could ever imagine

To all you little shit talkin putos I'm not havin

About not being down for the town

A crazy little vato fuckin it up for the Brown

You see I'm down for the 619

Fools saying I'm doing bad, but I'm just doing fine

Not giving a fuck about what you punks got to say

Cuz I'm that crazy Mexicano down to fuckin spray

You know what I'm saying leva, and you know it's true

Someone's got to win and someone's got to lose, and I never lose

So you know I can't be that ranker

You want to know who the fuck I am? I'm the Mexican Gangster

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Mexican Gangster numero dos

Simon, I'm back once again a little different since back then

Four years later, four years brighter

Back with some shit like llesca taking you higher

High, high, high like to the ceiling, I can't fight the feeling

If I had a million, bucks what would I do

I'd smoke up my llesca tree

I swear to God ese, about three times as tall as me

Oh man what would I do without my mija

What would I do all dressed up without mi grifa

I ain't joking, the homies don't call me Prankster

It's Lil' Rob aka Capone, Mexican Gangster

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Orale

Got those beats that thump that you bump

Cuz I know you like the bass, it humps

Making you wonder where the hell I've been for four years

It's not because of fears, so let's just make that clear

Now just hear what I say when I say what I gotta say man

Coming at you quick, you don't even got time to pray

In the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost

Man it's time to get ghost, no time to watch these putos roast

Coasting, down the block fucking up these levas

I don't give a fuck and I don't think I ever will

I kill for thrills, fat bills is what I'm folding

Mexican Gangster 2 the title, is the title I'm holding

Scolding all these fools, simon I'm controlling my city

All these vatos wanting pero they know they can't hang with me
Shoot me, that's what you want to do man
But if you shoot at me, you best believe I'm gonna shoot you too man
Going insane when I click, click, click
Cuz I'm that crazy Hispanic, I'm the Mexican Gangster

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