

# Lil Rob, Mexican Gangster Southside Rules Ya C

Mexican Gangster  
(Print the Lyrics)

ESE, CHOLO!

(Lil' Rob)

Orale holmes, this is Lil' Rob  
Comin after you from San Diego, Southern Califas

Mexican gangster yeah that's the name of the jam  
And it's to all those locos that like to gangbang  
Because I do it when I have to when it's every fuckin week  
And always kickin it with my homies  
But could swear they're always tweaking  
But the only drug I use is marijuana  
People tell me not to smoke it  
But I'll smoke it if I wanna  
Cause right now living in the fast lane  
So tell me what's wrong with smoking a little bit of Mary Jane  
And when I fight I fight mano a mano  
Por que si mon I'm a down ass Chicano  
I'll say it again I'm down for mine ese  
Or laugh at you if you need a shank over a cuete  
And then I'll call you a chavala  
As I rock over the jam in my '62 Impala  
And if you shoot you better kill  
Cause if you don't and you won't  
But then I will  
You won't rest in peace you'll rest in pain  
Why, because my mind clicks  
To be insane in the brain  
Si mon I'm fuckin bad to the bone  
And all I could say is don't fuck around holmes  
Cause I'm a...

{Chorus 2x}

Mexican Gangster, (si mon)  
Mexican Gangster, (16 with a bullet)  
Mexican Gangster, (born with the ways)  
Mexican Gangster born with the badness

Kickin that Cisco, smokin and token we heard a blast  
You should've seen how fast we jumped off of our ass  
We ran outside just to check out what it was  
It's a Mexicano thing  
I ain't no Crip or Blood  
Dark in the garden so I couldn't see  
Though I looked to the light and I saw my Primo  
Laying there moaning; That's all I hear  
But right now Lil' Rob ain't got time to shed a tear  
We picked him up, we took him home and called the ambulance  
Those vatos fucked up good  
Cause now they're gambling with their lives  
And it's about time they lose  
Never fuck with the vato in the Sureno blues  
To the Mexicana Madre, let's pull a drive-by  
So when we lose one, that's when they seem to lose about five  
But we're not satisfied holmes until they all die  
So orale let's jump in my lowride  
Toma las llaves I threw 'em in the ignition  
Orale now we're on another fuckin mission  
Turn on the radio on came the Rollas  
Homeboys in the back loading up the pistolas  
Orale they're loaded

It's time to do it  
I just got my drivers license cause I'm 16 with a bullet  
Not alone, my homeboy's in his Bomb  
And to you puto's you won't last long  
See I'm with my homies and all of them are packin  
You vatos fucked up now the shells will be stackin  
16 With a bullet pero bad to the bone  
Don't fuck around holmes cause I'm a...

{Chorus}

Now as we're driving away I hear a youngster say  
&quot;Yo Lil' Rob let me blow that mothafucker away&quot;  
I said &quot;Chales, jump out the ride&quot;  
He opened up the door and then he jumped outside  
he said &quot;Orale&quot;, then &quot;arrato&quot;  
I said &quot;Hey we'll be back little vato&quot;  
So off we go to the other barrio  
Not cruising too fast we're always cruising slow  
We saw somebody started running cause they took a glance  
They didn't have time to shit their pants  
Take a look over there, damn some fine hynas  
Too bad they're playing dice throwing their signs at us  
But it's alright  
We're looking for the fool who shot my Primo  
Cruisin slow and guess who we see so  
We crept up in the Bomba and took a look  
So Lil' Rob said &quot;Que onda&quot;  
I said fuck it jumped out the bucked he had a bat  
So he swung and so I duck and I saw his face  
So I stuck it with a right left, right left  
I made him suffer holmes  
And then I put the nine milli to his backbone  
I said &quot;Hey mothafucker don't breathe  
Cause right now Lil' Rob really wants to see you bleed&quot;  
I flipped him over put the gun between his eyes  
I said &quot;You fucked up once and I hope  
that's what you realize, now how the fuck does it feel  
You played at your own risk and now you found out I'm for real&quot;  
Boom boom back in the raffla I'm reminiscing  
With a tear in my eye cause it's my raza that I'm killing  
Looking at him dead in the face I shot him twice  
Now fuck that shit for sure will get 7-25 to life  
But fuck that shit it's time to go home  
No longer cruising slow I'm rushing to my canton  
I'm thinking what my Primo wanted me to do  
You think he'd want me to serve life for a punk or two  
Or even cry over him for a couple of days  
Damn raza we've got to change those evil ways  
Though soy chingon cabron  
Like Al Capone always holding my own  
Walking alone in the S-D anger zone  
Si mon bad to the bone  
Not the one to talk shit over the telephone  
And Sand Diego is the place where all my homeboy's roam  
And all I could say is don't fuck around holmes  
Cause I'm a...

{Chorus 3x}

Mexican Gangster -echoing gangster gangster gangster-