Lil' Rob, Oh what a night

This is dedicated to the 619
These other vatos had theirs, and but now it's my time
No kick a beat, smooth suavecito
To all you fine Chicanas, Lil' Rob es tu mijito
Thumping the oldies
It's me Lil' Rob, and the Brown Crowd homies
Turn up the volume, yah Natural High
I smile for my friends and later on I'll cry
For La Raza because we're killing off each other
It's sad, damn there goes another
But we don't need that cuz tonight is our night
The Brown Crowd night and everything will be alright
So get up the Crowd, and do the Brown thing
Let's cruise, no need to gang-bang
So get ready, dressed to impress
Because you gotta make this night your very best
Not just another night on the town
It's the Brown Crowd, Chicano and proud and proud to be Brown
So when you're cruising in your lowrider
Let down the back and put the front a little higher
And now you're rolling TJ ready
Just be yourself holmes, no need to be fake
Because everyone out here just having a good time
Oh what a night in the 619

scratches
..oh what a..
..oh what a..
..oh what a night..

It's a nice night so I drop the top
Hynas tripping out when my 62 rocks
Pop the Proper Dos, simon Mexican Power
Everybody's cruising about five miles per hour
Lift up the back, drop the front, the frame scrapes
Cars in a spark show because it had sprayed case
But saves que, is what I'm gonna do
Don't want to doubt finest, la la la means I love you
Cuz when you're cruising with Rob you're cruising to all the bad jams
I hit my switches up and then it slams
Up goes the front, the back drops down
Continental kicks, dipping the ground
All the hynas checking out the Brown Crowd
Because we got the Brown Crowd bumping loud
That's when we see some fine ass hynas walking
So I pulled up to the curb and said "Hey girl, you wanna jump in?"
They said "Yeah," so I said "Orale"
That's for my homeboy Negro cuz es muy chate
I said "Just jump in the ride"
Cuz tonight's oh what a night and things about to get live
Now cruising with the hynas but still cruising with the homies
Turn up the volume, still cruising with the oldies
Tonight belongs to me holmes, it's mine
Oh what a night in the 61-bad-ass-9

scratches
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Now there is no better way to end oh what a night
Then to kick it with some fine ass hynas that you like
And me being from Diego, take a word from the wise
All the hynas in the 619 are nothing but cuties pies

That's when this hyna whispers in my ear
And tells me things that make me glad that I'm still here
Put on my Brown Crowd jacket so that I don't freeze
Pop in the tape, The Best of The Tempries
Looking at this hyna, I'm gonna play my hunch
That's when this hyna tells me that I beat her to the punch
Threw on Mary Wells cuz that's the thing to do
I said "I beat you to the punch cuz I'm the one who really loves you"
The Brown Crowd gots game, I don't mean to be bragging
Even though some hynas don't like the pantalones sagging
I still seem to have fun
They call me stuborn cuz I won't pull my pants up for no one
My ranfla's getting hot, it's time to rest my ride
So what are we to do? I guess go watch the tide
So me and her are walking on the beach kicking up sand
That's when she lets me know that she's a Brown Crowd fan
Kicking out in the playa, no longer willing
Cuz right now it's all about time for confessing the feeling
Now what happens next, homeboy nevermind
Oh what a night in the 619

scratches
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In the 619

Oh what a night