

Lil Rob, Vatos N Thebarrio

Rollin down the calle in my rag four
Checkin out some hanas got a fifty dollar pore
Went to the park to hit the juice
Crazy homies out there waitin to get loose
A rafla pulls up, who can that be?
It was crazy ass Danger throwin up the 1-3
He rolled down his window and he started to say
"It's all about crazy South Central L.A."

(Chorus)

Cuz the vatos in the varrio are always hard
You come talkin that shit we'll go and pull your card
And nothin in life but the crazy Eastside
Don't fuck with us cuz we let nada slide

South Central's in the house

Loco triggers down the block to give me the glock
He said Crazy Speedy was on the rock
The vato Speedy was a friend of mine
Til I caught him in my Chevy tryin to steal the Alpine
Chase him up the calle to call a truce
The silly bendejo pulled out a duece-duece
Little did he know I had a sawed off twelve gage
One puto dead, LA Times front page

(Chorus)

Bored as fuck and I wanna get high
So I drove to the hood and the crazy Eastside
The homies out there makin that dollar
I pulled up in my rag-top Impala
They gave me a Corona and I started drinking
And from the buesto my breath started stinking
Left to get my hana to rock that body
Before I left I hit the Buck Cardi
Ride to her chaca, so I walked in the pack
My hana tripped out and she got me mad
She said something that I couldn't believe
Sayin shit like all I wanna do is hit
Started talkin shit, wouldn't you know
Jumped back like Chavez, punched the hoe
Her father jumped up and he started to shout
So I gave his ass a beer and walked his old ass out

(Chorus)

I'm rollin hard, and down the street I go
I ran a stop light and hit a fucking pole
I looked at my rafla and I said "chingao"
I'm not Eazy-E and I can't buy another
Walkin home I see the g-ride
Now Eazy's drivin feet low on the side
As they busted a U they got pulled over
An undercover crash in a dark green Nova
Dreamer got beat for resisting arrest
He slaped the pig in the head for dissin dos-uno-tres
Now the homey's locked up for puttin up a fight
First strike on their ass, now they're lookin at life

(Chorus)

I went to get them out but there was no bail
The homies stuck some putos in the county jail

Two weeks later in Municipal Court
Crazy, Feelo, Antrow, Mad Dog, and Hardcore
Fuckin up the court said the judge
On a double life sentence my homies didn't budge
Baliff walked over to lock them up
The homies looked and grinned and didn't give a fuck
They yelled out their hood and tried to run
Lazy hit the pig and Feelo went for the gun
With shackles on their feet and chains around their waist
The homies fucked up now they got a new case

(Chorus)