

Royal T

"2013"

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[Chorus: Frank V]

When the chronic smoke clears we'll still be standing
2013 we're still commanding
Still got the block on lock airtight
So tell me what that Low Pro like, biatch

[Royal T]

Step into the hood like a motherfucking G
It's the number one vato in your hood, Royal T
President of Latin Rap, strapped at all times
Cuz vatos in the cut always trying to steal my shine
Got soldiers on the line with sixteen shotters
Waiting for me to say ""Do what you gotta""
The next level shit, fuck the rap game
I'll make it rain ese, I bring the pain
Rip out your frame, blow out your brain
Fuck what you claim, it's the Low Pro Gang
Got em running scared, got em running fast
Running for my gun cuz they know I'm gonna blast
Rat-tat-tat-tat it's the rat-tat-tat-tater
The damage is done, apologies don't matter
So cross your fingers cuz you crossed the line
Now you crossed me ese, now you'll cross my nine

[Chorus x2]

[Frank V]

This type of shit got me all in a rage
This type of shit makes me wanna get the gauge
And do a drive by on the motherfucking nation
These vatos keep chipping away at my patience
I'm going out of my head, suicide
Fuck it, better yet homicide, I'm in my bucket
Got my mack mill'n on my lap chilling
And I got my shotgun sitting shotgun
Ese you ain't got one, only in your raps
I heard your cd, didn't even get a scratch
Untouchable like Elliot Ness
No vest, I'm hard to move like a pound of stress
Causing mass hysteria in your area
Fuck around with me and ese I'll bury ya

So here's the shovel fool, get to digging
I'll piss on your grave, grab the brew and get to
swigging

[Chorus x2]

[Yogi]-acapo

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