

The National Anthem of Holland

"Conejo"

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Sun down, and the months of bottom
He's a homey from my barrio, I knew everything about him
He always knew the horas
His own little reasons why his barrio controla
Mi respecto for this firme camarada
Down for the cause que nunca se acabada
Los Angeles, la area dos trece
Enemigas get shot up and everyday is a lesson
Well little did he know of what was to come
Unaware he was destined to get shot with a gun
Consequences for roaming in the streets
And Russian Roulette when you want to play for keeps
Is it really how they say cuz it happens all the time
At the wrong place, ese at the wrong time
That's how it's going down, the times have changed
No one knew who did it and the reason wasn't strange

[Chorus]

Conejo you better watch your back
Cuz these vatos out to get you and stab you in the back
On the serio, ese can't even sleep
Cuz before I really knew it I was in too deep

I see life but time's running out
I summon the demons but only I can see them
My assistants in the journey I must take
Expect the unexpected is what I await
Then I teleport myself like a thought from my head
Into his mind to find out what happened
My diabolic status ese lead me to the killer
He seen my homeboy slipping so he had to pull the trigger
This vato used gloves, this vato used a mask
He shot him in the chest, no one heard the blast
Then back to his barrio, a jale well done
Got rid of his ropa and buried his gun
I got to escape, my time is also running out
Me tengo que pelar, homeboy a cedar
So perro, you know me better than that
I'm a straight malion and the hache's where it's at

[Chorus]

I embark on the voyage I must take
I put on my armor, ese fortify the base
And in case I weren't to come back
Been an oso peligroso, automatic with attack
He knows that I'm coming, he knows who I am
From the murders of his homies other times in the past
Mentally I was ready for the ride
And ready for destruction ese high in the sky
Like a vulture, ese my Aztec culture
My devilish attempts to impose some torture
My instrument of death, I show no remorse
I got out the car and entered with force
I was quicker on the draw, this vato has to pay
Inbetween the eyes and inbetween the legs
My mission's accomplished, the vato got taxed
Enemigas out to get me, until then I relax

[Chorus]

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