

The National Anthem of Holland

"Let's Go Rhyme for Rhyme"

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Check 1-2, check 1-2 homie
We got Conejo up in this canton
That's right homie
That's the way it's going down perro
Check it out, right about now
I'ma start snuffing vatos on the spot
See these vatos going around town
Talking about Conejo ain't worthy of holding a
microphone
Ah, you fucked up perro
Serio, I'm coming to get you
You and your whole motherfucking clicka
Knock you out the box

Let's go rhyme for rhyme, what you got
I got a sixteen bar bullet that'll knock you out the box
You got beef, you cell soldier
I took the money off your books and mentally I broke ya
Caught the change to a big yard
Ese waiting for my clavo ese waiting for my bone yard
Gotta get that, make some feria
Got the homies on the tira homie slanging this loquera
Care package that was filled to the rim
Got a bitch out there that's good for hustle and sin
Checking in, saying 'baby what you need?'
I know this baller just paroled watch her fuck him for his
green
They shoot it, money order and some flicks
Get a close up shot of the nipples and the clit
I like 'em slutty, so keep your lady in the safe
Cuz if she wanna skeez, second time I won't waste
Program that, so I can bring it
It's in my nature, so I ain't gotta think it
I'ma sink it, like a battleship
I'ma gank for the bank like an old school convict
I stay loyal to the code while you start dry snitching
I cook dope for the fiends in Casper's kitchen
Got some high tech inmates in my car
Gate money in hand, bullet wounds and scars
No more weight house, it's all about calasthetics
Got a kite from the calles, certain vatos gotta get it

Broke him off, but he won't PC up
He's a lifer with a jacket, he was down as fuck
It's like damn doggie, aren't we all
Locked down in a cell thinking of ways to ball
On call, torpedo with a gun
I was waiting at the gate cuz you know I'm on one
I'm bad news, I'll beat the shit out your ass
With ten camaradas selling coca and grass
You ain't got no status so how you wanna ball
I'm a jailhouse lawyer and I tax them all
Disrupt my business and you're at my disposal
Got priors, put in work, I'm a rider
Get your cap peeled, you're a witness in a case
You get a greenlight, you're a target for death
Big homies slanging ink, you get tatted for life
Put your varrio on your chest, you get married to crime
Do your time up in gladiator school
I got my cora up in elementary school
So if a tear comes down the side of my face
Then you know I'm about to murder ese up in this place
La esquina, for all times carnal
Anybody backstab me, snuff 'em out carnal

Check it out
I got my homeboy China White
That's right
I got my perro Bandit
What you vatos wanna do
And like I said before
Let's go rhyme for rhyme ese
What you got

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