

The National Anthem of Holland

"You Ain't the Homie No More"

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[Verse One]

You aint got enuff bullets to see me bleed
You fire up the crowd down three miss me
You wanna dis my barrio homie think again
Street life you get laced with lead
I cracked your ribs cause you wore a vest
Your mind got blown when you stepped in the zone
Al Capone ese was my mentor
So check motherfuckers from the back to the center
Conejo, ese gang affiliated
Vatos hesitated, so they got decapitated
Slapped like bitch to make it clear
I'm that vato slamming carga
Smoking primos in the rear
That's real eternal tattoo tears
I'm a bird of prey that hunts on fear
Ese gotta go, fast not slow
I'm a dead men walking when I take a stroll

(Chorus)

I remember you homie from back in the day
Switched sides with the law you walked I stayed
Now I'm out on the calles here to get my issue
I'ma catch you slippin and I'ma pistol wip you
I remember you homie from back in the day
When your ass turned snitch like a bitch you fled
Five years later back to settle the score
Automatic up your ass, you ain't the homie no more

[Verse Two]

You won't stand a chance against this west los ganga
enemigas break it down because they get no chansa
Damm homie, these vatos they don't know me
Let's ride baby boy cause I heard they're coming for
me
Serio I get critical with mines
So I down motherfuckers to the day that I die
Tonite I said tonite is the night
I get busy with my strap bury bodies tonite
My shade is brown, Toxtli get down
I make three wishes, my first is a pound

The second a key, the third is ten g's
I buy weapons with my ferria so I spray these fleas
Rest in piss what kind of war is this
Rattle snakes they hiss flying bullets never miss
Perro, it's gotta be like that
Your ass fucked up you get robbed and stabbed.

(Chorus)

[Verse Three]

Heroin kicks in relieves the tension
Wicked women come in relieve the tension
These broads want coke so I call the connection
There's a price they gotta pay for the fuckin attention
That's right homegirl ain't nada for free
It's not like you're my righteous or my wife to be
Your man's a punk I'm eternal I'm a rider
L.A. county jail to the joint I'm a southsider

(Chorus)

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