Adrenicide "Vatos Locos"

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Born an outcast
Black sheep from birth
A street as a father
His mother a whore
Not white, not black
Caught between tribes
More to prove and nothing to loose

Rise through ranks
His cold blooded climb
The summit a place divine
His heaven of crime

When it comes the time to prove your tough

They'll say:

Vatos locos

Then you'll show you've got the balls to kill

They'll say:

Vatos Locos

Have you got the courage to display your hate

Vatos Locos

Rip your enemies all by the throat,

Our way

Vatos Locos

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