

Baby Bash

"Hope I Dont Violate"

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[Don Cisco]

Yeah

Uh, you know, we always hope we do the right thang
Tryin' to do my thang

[Chorus: Don Cisco]

With my momma up in heaven

Hope I don't violate

Father and the reverend

I hope I don't violate

Nino, where my nina

Hope I don't violate

Primo, where my primas

Hope I don't violate

The bomb mamacitas

Hope I don't violate

All my homeys smokin' reifer

Hope I don't violate

All my nephews and my nieces

Hope I don't violate

We gon' leave it up to Jesus

I hope I don't violate

[Verse 1: Don Cisco]

Man, I'm fresh out of jail, hope I don't violate

But I'm back smokin', so you know my style's great

I'm wet (Wet)

So I'm drippin' like a faucet

Leaky through the track with stunt-tastics, I don't floss
it (Wow)

Proceed with caution, slow your role

But I can't see that option, it's all I know

Say I'm, Pollo Loco, but I'm crazy for the chicken

Tryin' to get my hands on you, and the beef get to
kickin' (Ha)

Yeah, I'm tryin' to stay out, the mix though

Cause every once in a while, they get to get low

Kick those, hun, tryin' to get dough

Whoever dead, is gettin' laid out, fa' sho

The final callin', here we go, yes y'all'in

I'm tryin' to stay high while them niggas steady ballin'

Two times for my G's that never come back

Hopin' I can see you one time, when I touch back

[Repeat Chorus]

[Verse 2: Jay Tee]

Now if they ask about me, tell them, "Real cochino"
I'm from the L.V.C., real Latino

I'm in the hood (Hood)
Just tryin' to feed my family
But I ain't doin' good (Uh)
I hope you understand me
I'm in it, real thick (Thick)
What should I do, fool
Big Ronnie sick (Sick)
I'm hopin' he gon' pull through
I'm 'bout to take a ride (Ride)
And jump real deep in the game
Since my grandma died, I swear we just ain't been the
same
I bought a one-way ticket, with alcohol flowin'
Not even knowin' where I'm goin'
Just out here tryin' to make it (Make it)
Do every thing but fake it (Fake it)
Stress on my mind (Mind)
It's so hard to take it
I'm back on the grind (Grind)
Just look for the guero [whistling]
You think I'll ever find (Find)
A way up out the ghetto
I take another sip (Sip)
As both eyes dialate
I hear my kids cry (Cries)
Hope I don't violate

[Repeat Chorus]

[Verse 3: Baby Bash]

Now I'm losing all my patience, punk violations got me
geeking
Everytime I'm on feet, seem like, the po's creepin'
Ain't sleepin', Playamade Mexican eatin'
Should I put on my math and start the trick-o-treatin'
Hell naw
My primo told me, "Shut that down"
They got a pound of the grape, get off, by the ounce
On the G.O., my P.O. is a dickhead twerp
Yeah, he a jerk and love to cock block work
And my next door neighbor, yeah, he got that way
In the trunk of his Cadillac, 24 K's
And I'm tryin' to get that gwhop like twenty-four days

Need a solid gold bitch like 24K
And I ain't got a job, can I catch me a break
Ain't got no shrimp, and ain't got to steak
From the AM to the PM, rockin' the colloseum
Then smokin' with B-Legit, in the what, Head Museum

[Repeat Chorus]

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