

## **Big Lokote**

### **"From Dusk Till Dawn"**

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(Laugh) I Spill misery as your blood hit's the ground, getting punk'd mothafuckas, while you die from the sound of my gun. And the screams of infernal splitting pain, lighting up on your streets, with the nina murder flame. Get back in the Low-Ride, I'm almost out of time. Hopping in my Cadillac, behind piece of shit lines. Fuck my enemiga FUCK MY ENEMIGA, unleashing black shadow, pumping fear in your vida. Spiritual wars that I fight in my mente, the murder which tries to put a hallow in your frente. DIE MOTHAFUCKER! DIE MOTHAFUCKER! DIE! Bringing hate from my gun. Letting sigh and eye collide with your brain. Carcasses and blood stains, immortal gang-member Psychotically insane. Cannibalistic murder kill, sick and twisted. Rest In Piss fuckin bitch, with the death ay de frente.

Chorus (x2)

From Dusk Till Dawn. 24-siete, murders on my mente, murders in my mente, mente. Gotta get my cuete, gotta get my cuete, cuete. Take your death mothafucker. Collapse you from the frente.

Run away! In the land, murder premeditated, mach-90 trigger, and just leaving punk levas infiltrated. Fuck my enemiga. The devil made me do it, laminating full autos, changing Braver Rita ruins and disasta, Cuatro Flats murder masta, revenge in my heart turning children into pastures. I roll the calles with tequila in my lap, and tears in my eyes laughing muerte after laugh. Faces of death, snatching your breath, my envisioned 1-8-7 feeling demons in chest. Murder! As I squeeze on the tigger and the sleep from my brain fills the air from my mila, Need-ta, it's time to meet the reapa, Big Lokote from the Flats is going to make you feel-a, SCREAMA! While my shotgun caves your chest. 4 Flats mothafucker till the end, till I'm dead.

Chorus (x2)

From Dusk Till Dawn. 24-siete, murders on my mente, murders in my mente, mente. Gotta get my cuete, gotta get my cuete, cuete. Take your death mothafucker. Collapse you from the frente

From Dusk Till Dawn! The town of death, blazin you with metal trinkets, aiming straight for your head. Putting you asleep, with fear in your dreams, unloading magazines, AK spreading misery to your towns and Pandilla lands. White vision murder stalker with a black ski mask, trigger mad. Infrared you in my skull, multiple bullet shells hit the floor with black smoke. I'm a demon on the rise, and your muerta life is mine, the flashes from my cuerno leave you witnesses blind. Fuck the police! Come get some mothafuckas, cause I fill bulletproof vest, with the cop killas that I bust a, CLUSTA! Cause I fuck your ass. Has destruction Sur-Trece making neighborhoods expand. FUCK THE WHITE WORLD! I SWEAR YOU WILL DIE, one by one I'll set you punk levas off while your alive.

Chorus (x2)

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