

Brownside "Sureno Vida"

Visit "[Sureno Vida](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Sureno Vida

That's what we gonna call this motherfucker

Yeah

Q-Vo, it's that Sureno Vida ese

Hell yeah

This is Malito from Brownside

Nobody represents like we do

Yeah, Brownside

It don't stop, the Eastside

It don't quit, yeah it's that old school shit

1990 to the year 2G

Mexican style you know

Soy Malito de Brownside, ya tela saves

Espicando preridad dedeto from las calles

Sur California represent it at it's best

SCLA puts you juevos at test

While you're high as a bird, gang-banging on the curb

Some end up getting shot, fuckers have nerve

To serve those who need it, some get defeated

Locos don't stop until this mission is completed

That's Sureno Vida, trip out loco mira

Don't slip on them quettes y las balas que tepira

I'll make it clear, now you picture what you hear

Surenos dos-uno-tres simon loco we're here

Putting a spot on the map for Nuestra Raza

I'm start with the Brownside, vamos you know que pasa

I'll speak on things that'll make you street wise

Now lend me your ears and I'll open your eyes

Hell yea

How long can you fucking hide

You just lend me your ears ese

Taking a little trip through the Eastside

South Central in ya mental

Bendejo

Bring it siempre

Si puero que muleÃ±o

Blue rag is a Sureno

Bloods and Crip have their room

Deja mete sueÃ±o

Bandieros hold their grounds, other hold theirs
Straight gang-bangers, no fucking players
Cold stares and blocks in you're on the wrong block
This petho don't quit and this shit won't stop
The point I keep strong, know where you belong
Stay up, live long and keep your mentality strong

Live and give knowledge to snotty mocosos
Before they fuck theirs and dig out the wrong poso
Finally the end is what they'll meet
Either a black body bag or a pinche white sheet
They creep in the street con bullets and heat
Survive and stay alive or else finish and sleep
That's the last sound they'll hear
The cuerpo loses a soul then they're out of here

Hell yea
That one goes out to the little mocosos in the fucking
calles
You knuckleheads know who you are
Knuckleheads
We all come from the same roots
Yeah we been there
Bald and Brown, Sureno Vida
Bald and Brown baby
Bald and Brown

A pen and pad of paper is all a loco has
Gotta find money you know, and take the cash
To last in this mundo blast never segundo
Roll it, I'll light it, then it's your turno
Pass it to the right (Mari Mari) that's right
Drinking besto and smoke weed, just do what you like
To go through with a plan know where you stand
And I'm that man that'll make you say "Goddamn"
The concrete we stand on is strong like my gente
Time has come but I can loco represente
With no one to blame we maintain insane
In this rap game porque we feel no shame
Of our style we roll with and toke or spliff
Que levante a lift let's get out of shift
A gift of rhymes makes for dub sacks and dimes
Besto, cerveza, Corona with nines

Hell yea
Corona with nines
All you bandiero motherfuckers out there
Sureno Vida
Dos-uno-tres
SCLA
Eastside

You know
Brownside
You know we're here to stay
What you thought we was gonna go out like punk
motherfuckers?
Hell no

Visit [Brownside](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.