

Cap.One

"Barrio Dope"

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What's up ese

This is the notorious Capone

Back to clean up all that industry bullshit

Trying to fuck my name up dog

This is for you you fucking rankers

Fuck the intro, straight to the point

The mero mero's back here to rock this joint

Straight from the streets with the gangster beats

Run the Goddamn calles like the police

I'm that cholo pelon, el mas chingon, pinche cabron
with the corazon

Texas my home, don't fuck with this

In the water with the weighst around your feet and your
wrists bitch

You know what's up dog

I'm on top of the streets like the California smog

They get flattened fucking with this Latin

Dopest rapping, from Los to Manhattan

I ain't bragging, just stating the truth

I'm the baddest Mexicano in the sound booth

I serve em all with this dope, my barrio dope

All my enemigos choke from the shotgun smoke

I'm that homey in the locs, the old school chucks

I'm the vato that the supermodels pay to fuck

I'm the gangster with no concious, I handle up

Like Timothy McVeigh, dog I blow shit up

What, gangster gangster gangster scrub

Capone got that Chicano gangster flow

Fuck the rest holmes, I'm Bad like Mike

Potent like twenty kilos of un-cut light

[Chorus]

I got your barrio dope, got your barrio dope

I got your barrio dope, got your barrio dope

I got your barrio dope, got your barrio dope

I got your barrio dope, got your barrio dope

I got your barrio dope, got your barrio dope

I got your barrio dope, got your barrio dope

I got your barrio dope, got your barrio dope

I got your barrio dope, got your barrio dope

Gangster rolas for cholos and cholas
Gangster guns for levas and solcas
Can't stand the haters and gangster fakers
Latino Jam be some real regulators
Fill the house like Shaquille and the Lakers
Independant, having money like the majors
Brown rhyme sayer, kilo gram weigher
Master's degree, triple beam operator
Surrounded by gangsters, Mexican issue
God sent me here to diss you
Take a nap, you vatos are wack
You couldn't feel me if I was standing right on top of
your back
Two turntables and a microphone
This ain't Beck, it's a vato putting rappers in check
Here to collect the street respect
Got my infared beam on your turtleneck, boy

[Chorus]

One two, one two, stomp the shit out of you
Tres cuatro, it's suicide fucking with this vato
Don't get caught up in something gacho
You're just another amateur at Night At The Apollo
I'm the professional, stay off my testicles
Pay check, with a whole bunch of decimals
Got your addiction, what's you fix
I got dope on cassette and compact disc
Calling out names on all you lames
Can't touch my style holmes, I'm straigh cocaine
Capone, remember the letters
Disrespect and get shanked through your Polo sweater
Latin assasin, gangster action
Rearrange your face like Michael Jackson
Latino Jam be a big ass gang
Full of Mexicanos with the barrio slang

[Chorus]

What you need home

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