

Clicka One "Do Or Die"

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[BAD BOY]

Trucha when I pull out my cuete
Fuck around I'ma shootcha
Carrucha
Six guarda cuatro
Marijuana mucha
With a fusca
Down for the bang bang
You want putaso chingaso
I pull my nueve
Leave it on my pedaso
Soldado down wit the Clicka
Vato bien malvado
Fuck around and get dropped to the ground PAT! PAT!
And I'm safe and sano
With a palo
Agarra cromo
Little vatos down
Loked up with his eyes
55-0-1 and the big gun throwin it down
Ese Brown Whatchu think should I smoke 'em?
Quemalo
Should I smoke 'em? Quemalo
Put the clip in the cuete close my eyes persinalo
Truenalo
But the body never turned up
Fuck around and get burnt up
Knuckle up with the big gun
Get some get dumped in the back seat when I pack
heat
Mothafuckers always seem to get jumped get pumped
With a doce
Twelve gauge fuck around and I kill'em all
Fuck'em all fill'em all cause I never fall
Diablo when the mothafuckin money calls
You want some pleito
You will you best to pull quick
I'm leavin them holes up in your chest with a full clip

[BAD BOY]

So let the gauge pain maintain kill'em all
And lookin for bodies to put in the casket

You missed it showed me you blast ed
Rippin the skin and unload from plastic
You fuckin bastard
He roll like sane and taking a blow to the chin
So let me in
Just give me the cash or you takin a blast
Look at my mans don't mean a damn thing
I'm still releasing the steel
I'm speaking for real you fuckin dill
Just give me the bills to fuck up the deals
To stick it and kill if he was a bitch huh
I'll jack you beat you and fuck you till you're down
But chu got an ace I'm unloadin the clip
And I constantly buck you so heres a fuck you
From me Bad Boy the baddest one from the click
And putting it down for all my soldiers
I'm dippin the sticks and taking the hits uh
And catching a blow to the ball
My doggy dogs are jumpin the walls
Because we keep disobeying the laws
Ese Brown wachu think should I buck'em? Fuck 'em
Should I buck'em? Fuck 'em
Buck'em all the C the L the I-K
The hay I'm smoking all day
So hate me bitch and jack me
But chu bitches just can's stop me

[ESE BROWN]

Now I was 17 years old when I got my first nine
Baby Black Smith-n-Wesson
Teaching fools a lesson
Give you the impression that I'm sick in my mente
Don't have a bitch cause my bitch is my cuete
She's on my side she always gats my back
The first one to trip cause my bitch is a terrorist
She never back talks making putos back off
Hit you like a rocket when she lets the bullets blast off
Countdown the last seconds of your life
Fucking with my nueve don't chu know she's nothing
nice
Cause Mina's down got the downest bitch n the world
She's all I need beside my weed and my 4-0
Trucha comming through your door with my mask on
Give me your cash and all your fuckin stash homes
Nina desmadre my ruca puts in jale
A match made in Heaven
Simon ese tu sabes

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