

## **Delinquent Habits "Boulevard Star"**

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I wanna be remembered as a boulevard star  
Life of ink in flesh and mind scars  
Everyday I walk shadowed by cell bars  
Hustle is hand to mouth and chance cards

Everything move all around the street sound  
Bass drop makin' you nod so freak now  
From L.A. Downtown to Boogie Down  
Hey love, I gotta lotta what they not to freak sounds

Those two bit who love to talk shit, don't even fuck with  
I'm too lit you ain't really shit and drive a bucket  
Your dog got no bark valas is wet with no spark  
In fact for the most part  
Chale hook start

This is for all y'all in memory of  
Every time you bump rola while you puff bud  
Say, "Holmes that's the dove" and I'll feel the love  
That a boulevard star think of

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El callejero, el twin, el pistolero  
Estoy vijilando y cruisin con el fierro  
Ha-Ha! oye whatcha the boulevard gottcha  
Chueco fresa cualkiera que mancha

Boulevard star lingo the street sound  
Gather round bring a pound for the hounds  
Nocturnal light shine grounded on street level  
Bule bule hard to find like a plant with four pedals

Watch the tranzas the hottas trampas  
Known to strangle mic y tumbo casas  
Legendary rolas for vatos and cholas  
Secondary status for haters and skonkas

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Say, "Holmes, that's the dove" and I'll feel the love  
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I'll be remembered in the hearts of riders West and  
East siders  
Known to take nug pack bowl and light lighta  
Ready to bid love peace and all's well  
Puttin' words to a bassline knowin' the spell

Some mix a world treasures and worthless trash  
Silver that brightly gleam in a lightning flash  
Gold that sunset spill on sky  
Funk make bluebird sing and dove cry

Sing wild cadence of them old remains  
About how much liquor flow through my viens  
So roll to this slow hypnotic beat  
Hollow drums flower crushed, rushed and smell sweet

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