

Delinquent Habits "Lower Eastside"

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[1st verse]

In this little session of the promised land
Where I lounge wit my homies and I'm freakin' my
friend
I gots the 6-shoota' down by my side, sittin' in the ride
Pop it in drive, I'm rolling through the Eastside
lower, slower, down for the dip
now hold up, check the sound flip that bitch
there's a party goin' on swingin' all night long
they come from mile around to see me freak their

but if a sucka' wanna trip struttin' up beat
I got a gang of hounds to make 'em pop teeth
I now this crazy-ass fool, bringin' old sasson
I got the brass for your ass,
homeboy thought you knew that...

[Chorus]

I got homeys on the south side
I know some vatos on the east side
some my homeys wanna g-ride
we're brining up the lower eastside
(repeat)

[2nd Verse]

Los Delinquentes, trippin' up the place I hang
hey, it's the guera loco wit the way I swang
see I be rollin through this _____
and my right hand man is Keemo, un delincente con
el gloc en mi hand
es mi vida loca, I'm waistin my potential
funky wit the lower eastside fundamentals
lower rides, place between the 5 and the 91, north of
Velandra
I was wit my su-man, my former kung-fu man
my name, Mr. Ives, (who the motha'fuck are you man?)
well, i'ma roll this grica to let me fingers twitch
'cause the lower eastside's up in this bithc adn...

[Chorus]

I got homeys on the south side
I know some vatos on the east side

west side homeys wanna g-ride
we're bringin' up the lower eastside

[3rd Verse]

Well let me think now
what do I wanna play
I got some homeys a hop skip a jump away
where I can always go and catch me a slug fest(what?)
tengo familia all the way up in the midwest
well let me come back around the grounds where I
lounge
the 40-ounce booze and lounge wit my hounds
that's where the homeys will be kickin' it
(hey yo that's the N-double guera-5, isn't?)right
shh, escucha, here comes the man
but I know these streets like the back of my hand
so while the swiney guy be lookin' around
I be flippin' a frown, as I pump my shi
because, the cuffs won't click
the charges won't stick
I wonder when these people gonna get the fuck up off
my dick
there's nowhere you could ever take a drag boy
because I break putos of drive-bys
just a twist of the cap from the 40 in my lap
wanna scrap we scrap
wanna blast I'm strapped
tell me...

[Chorus] - repeat 4X

(*music fades 'til end*)

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