

Edwin Hawkins

"Leva, Leva, Leva, Leva Die"

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Leva, leva, leva, leva
Leva, leva, leva, leva

[Triple C]

You better run for cover muthafucker's and think of
something fast

Before you end up just another bitch that couldn't last
Ain't no guage to be played unless you ready for some
combat

It's 1998 and all these jealous got me strapped
Sleeping with my eyes open, quick to draw my gun
Got me hopin' and prayin', that I don't end up the next
one

Don't make me unleash a couple of rounds, shoot
some down

Didn't chu know this little motherfucker ain't afraid to
unload

Dumpin' shell's all over the street, steady servin' heat

Turn on the only soldiers just standin' on my feet

I'm really tryna make this situation very clear

Ain't a man alive, on this earth, that I fear

Now we can handle this confertation, any way you want

Just as long you don't act like a bitch, or a cunt

I must admit that some try look at me no respect

For those who've lay it, so hold on tight, to your life

Cause we just might have to take it

Locked and loaded fully automatic, just in case

Finger on the trigger, spittin' hollow points all over the
place

Ready to rumble, ?? ammunition, prepare to retaliate
any competition

Chorus:[Triple C, (Lil' Rob)]

Leva, leva, leva, leva

(Leva take a bullet in the eye)

Leva, leva your gonna die

(From the 8-0-5 to the 6-1-9)

Leva, leva, leva, leva

(Go for your's, I'm gonna go for mine)

Leva, leva your gonna die

(Cappin' the fools who makin' waste of time)

[Triple C]

A rough motherfucker from '75
A down ass mexican, I'm still alive
Corazon in the heart is still muthafucka
Flowin' on the mic, and no big deal, because I'm down
for mine
I'll rob a puto blind, take his life holmes, I don't waste
time
We won't have the time to drop a dime on me the A-R-T
the motherfuckin T
Another mission so I'm on the run, the one I got
But I had to take your life with a gun, killin'
motherfuckers
Just same ol' thang, if I ain't gonna do it, he's gonna
die anyway
From a gangbang, or a drug thang, swept of his feet,
from a good slang
Who of my partna's gonna die next, either torcherd in
hell
As if they havin' a rest

Chorus:[Triple C, (Lil' Rob)]

Leva, leva, leva, leva
(Leva take a bullet in the eye)
Leva, leva your gonna die
(From the 8-0-5 to the 6-1-9)
Leva, leva, leva, leva
(Go for your's, I'm gonna go for mine)
Leva, leva your gonna die
(Cappin' the fools who makin' waste of time)

[Lil' Rob]

Lil' Rob comin' back to huantcha, what you got uh
Say about what you did to me, you gotta be kiddin' me,
bullshitin' me
I can give a fuck about your vida, your better believe
You'll meet, the nine millimeter, so be a, walkin' dead
man
Until I arrive cap stinging your ass
Like you were playin' with a bee hive
Look behind you, what chu find, my...mind's on your
murder
When your murder's on my mind, all the time I uh
Tried to think about somethin' else, but I see the,
murderin' you
What kind of mother fuck her self, and I don't think it's
time
For me to go cryin', when it's time for me go, I won't go
quite
Sounding like the 4th of July, when I die

Or maybe a World War II, as I drop the fuckin' bombs
on you
But what the fuck you gonna do? Lil' Rob be the fuckin'
baddest
Mexicano with the baddest, leavin' you leva's in a
casket

Chorus:[Triple C, (Lil' Rob)]
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Leva, leva your gonna die
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