

Frost

"Still Up In This Shit!"

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f/ Don Cisco

[Frost]

Frost

Hit me, 2001

Oh yeah, I'm back

Album number seven

Yeah

Perro escucha, let me holla at ya
Still sharp as a filero with the heart to come snatch ya
Frost is still down clown, no me digas nada
Coming with that Brown sound in '90 with La Raza
Eleven years later, seven albums greater
Still kicking flavor, still love to see my young Latinos
getting paper
I ain't no hater, it's West Coast on mine
Brown Pride, still down with that big Eastside
Man I gotta send a Q-Vo to my Boricua brother
Big Pun Rest In Peace, there'll never be another
Joey Crack who got my back in the Boogiedown Bronx
Y'all know Fat Joe, Cuban Link, and Terror Squad
I hopped up on a plane, met up with Don Cisco
I flew from LA, he flew from Frisco
Stomp like Mazdas through fifty states
Rock car shows and concerts, then bounce rock skates
To H-Town to get down with the Tejanos
SPM and all my Hustle Town hermanos
Baby Beesh my vale clicka camarada
Jay Tee from the V, let me see ya pop your collar
We squat Impalas in Pueblo with Beto
Back to the Springs all over rocky Colorado
Rolex movado, Mexico to Tahoe
Back to Vegas burning vegas full of palo

[Frost]

Haha, we in Las Vegas now man

Let's get high Cisco, man fire that shit up dog

[Don Cisco]

Yo yo, and for these trees we need some Mexicali

phillies

Hey yo let me drop, before we get to the hotel man
stop at the store

[Frost]

Now we at the venitian waiting for the chicas to come
Presidential suit, called up Clik One
Bad Boy, Brown, Romero is my perro
In the 702 and the '72 Monte Carlo
Pedal to the metal headed to the Monte Carlo
Then to the House of Blues cuz that's where all the
stars go
Cisco seen a stripper that he knew from Frisco
Sipping liquor and had a thick girlfriend with her
That's when he introduced her to my macking
Hi my name is Frost mama, let's get it cracking
It's time to go Cisco, bring your friends, let's make it
happen
Six bottles of Cris mixed with pit bull and Latin
Fools when we're rapping just like my homey Lil'
A Sicko from Diego, a wino off ripple
I know we shouldn't drink, we got an early flight
It's Phoenix tomorrow but it's Vegas tonight
The city that never sleeps so you know we didn't
Hungover at the airport at six, I ain't bullshitting

[Frost]

Man Cisco I ain't gonna make it dog
I'm hella tired

[Don Cisco]

Whoo, burned out
We ain't got no more trees fool

[Frost]

What?

[Don Cisco]

What we gonna do?

[Frost]

Man we're flying back to LA today man

[Don Cisco]

Who we gonna fuck with, Black?

[Frost]

Nah man, Mexico
Yup

[Frost]

That's the way to go though, my homey got the dodo
The guero with the best yesca straight from Acapulco
Shoot a fool to Phoenix from Nevada, guess we're loco
But it's a no no to do a show without the dodo
What I'm supposed to smoke after the show at the mo
mo
You know my estilo, baby hop into my low low
Indoor outdoor, came through without
The coffee shops in Amsterdam know what I'm about

[waitress]

Welcome to Amsterdam Frost
It's good to see you again
Today's specials are purple haze mixed with blonde
Lebanese
And blueberry mixed with black Afghanistan

[Frost]

Yeah I want that too

[Don Cisco]

Me gusta

[Don Cisco]

Playboy shit, designer weed and Belvedere
Dime piece chicks in G-strings with rabbit ears
Atmosphere full of smoke, whole crew ranching
Five star hotels become the Hugh Hef' mansion
Don Cisco, I love getting lap dances
But baby hold on, I got a call from the Hit-A-Lick
expansion

phone rings

[Don Cisco]

Get up, get up
Baby move
Hello?

[Tony G]

Yo

[Don Cisco]

Ton' G what's up

[Tony G]

What up man
Hey where the fuck's Tootie at

[Don Cisco]

Here's right here hold on

Frost

[Frost]

What's up dog

[Tony G]

Hey man, what are you doing

You gotta get down here at Hit-A-Lick tonight

Finish this damn album, man what's wrong with you

[Frost]

Damn man, we up here at Amsterdam dog

But man we're gonna get on a plane and do it right now
dog

For sure

[Tony G]

Man you better get down here and knock it out

Tonight, tonight

[Frost]

The next thing you know we was on a flight

Back to LA the very same night

Game tight but LAX lost my luggage

I'm a boss so I chalked it up and just said fuck it

Me and Cisco hopped into the Cherokee truck

On dubs, stopped by the liquor store and got us some
blunts

And then we hit the mall to quickly get fitted

Called Tony G, said we'd be there in twenty minutes

Pulled up to the parking lot, the spot was packed

ALT and Nino Brown, they got my back

Slowpain pulled up in a coke white El Camino

G-Fellas, Frost and Cisco, West Coast Gambinos

Pablito said that Hit-A-Lick's the place for me

Been down with Tony G since '83

Me, Ruthless and Eazy and like Peter, Paul and Mary

I been down since '95 when I first signed with Jerry

Heller, before that I was at Virgin getting cheddar

That Was Then, This Is Now, it'll be Frost forever

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