

## Joe Budden

### "2013"

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[Chorus: Frank V]

When the chronic smoke clears we'll still be standing  
2013 we're still commanding  
Still got the block on lock airtight  
So tell me what that Low Pro like, biatch

[Royal T]

Step into the hood like a motherfucking G  
It's the number one vato in your hood, Royal T  
President of Latin Rap, strapped at all times  
Cuz vatos in the cut always trying to steal my shine  
Got soldiers on the line with sixteen shotters  
Waiting for me to say "Do what you gotta"  
The next level shit, fuck the rap game  
I'll make it rain ese, I bring the pain  
Rip out your frame, blow out your brain  
Fuck what you claim, it's the Low Pro Gang  
Got em running scared, got em running fast  
Running for my gun cuz they know I'm gonna blast  
Rat-tat-tat-tat it's the rat-tat-tat-tater  
The damage is done, apologies don't matter  
So cross your fingers cuz you crossed the line  
Now you crossed me ese, now you'll cross my nine

[Chorus x2]

[Frank V]

This type of shit got me all in a rage  
This type of shit makes me wanna get the gauge  
And do a drive by on the motherfucking nation  
These vatos keep chipping away at my patience  
I'm going out of my head, suicide  
Fuck it, better yet homicide, I'm in my bucket  
Got my mack mill'n on my lap chilling  
And I got my shotgun sitting shotgun  
Ese you ain't got one, only in your raps  
I heard your cd, didn't even get a scratch  
Untouchable like Elliot Ness  
No vest, I'm hard to move like a pound of stress  
Causing mass hysteria in your area  
Fuck around with me and ese I'll bury ya

So here's the shovel fool, get to digging  
I'll piss on your grave, grab the brew and get to  
swigging

[Chorus x2]

[Yogi]

What you know about my perro Royal  
Went from loco loco cholo to Chicano Rap mogal  
Hustling till the break of dawn selling at the swapmeet  
Flipping chips, hitting real licks, serving bomb heat  
And all the firme hynas that I know wanna play me  
close  
Cuz they know that I know Frank V from Proper Dos  
Bumping the homey Spanish Fly, loco we be do or die  
Gelo is my Sicko, from Southside with OFI  
When Sancho get to flipping can't nobody fuck with him  
Got all the babydolls and hoodrats sprung on him  
Silencer's coming at you, they're low ready to blast you  
With his bow and arrow, and that's on the serio  
Drowsy's back in the mix and Youngster's gone  
Chicano Rap novela, Califa Thugs homes  
And I'ma slap the next hoochie, I put that on  
That asks me to introduce her to Lil' Rob

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