

## Carl Douglas

### "Bald And Brown"

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Q-Vo Raza

You motherfuckers can call me Wicked

Representando en las pinches calles

This is for the cholas

And the pelones bandieros

You know who you motherfuckers are

Q-Vo

Here to represent

Los Angeles, Sur California

It's still dos uno tres

About that time to jump out of bed

Blood shot my eyes, realized I had to shave my head

Those that know show how nuestras calles roll

While you're in the game ese you claim where you're  
from

Still the same since the pinche pedo started

Obsorbing thoughts with shots, but won't say it scarred  
it

Living it, giving it, a voice for our street

Won't except defeat, this loco craves the creep

With me you roll with a flow that runs slow

To understand me loco, 213 controla

The streets where bandieros meet

Boom, beat, embrace defeat

Pistolas bust caps, ese we be rhyming raps

In court fools still squeal, consider them rats

That's just some shit found and the Brown's where we  
clown

This rola's for cholas the and those bald and brown

[Chorus x2]

Bass turned up to bump Brownside sound

Let them know all around we're the bald and brown

Men, and our bandiero trend

Is M-E-X-I-C-A-N

Se ponle loco, where we roll some putos just don't know

We give a fuck tambien, Eastside South Central

We creap, lurk, kick up dirt, making putos hurt

These pinches locos call it putting in work

Uno saben, otro saben their pistolas pound  
Pull the malditos down with no evidence found  
No crees, pero loco got two to the chest  
Now deceased is where that motherfucker rest  
Next to his homey, packing este, lonely  
Pointing and telling the judge that they both know me  
Trip, two culitos, neta ain't shit  
Cuz through their barrio all they got was a dick  
We hit, dip, catch a stupid slipping  
Pop the clip in, pelones are tripping  
Again, puro pinche Mexican  
On the creep, staying deep for my Sureno land

[Chorus x2]

White t-shirt, Cortez, and my Levis  
Once I shave my head I've completed my disguise  
In your eyes you realize que controlo  
South Califas con nuestras clickas de cholo  
Solo aveces, but not all the time  
Wanna know what's on my mind, ese get out of line  
A Brownside'll bump it, here to prove something  
Vatos from Sur California always dumping  
Car to car or even in the street  
So trucha motherfuckers cuz it's on when we meet  
Heat protected, I never neglect it  
The fact that this loco don't know how to act  
Just strap and smoke weed to make my eyes bleed  
Sin semilla, that means no fucking seed  
I light it and smoke it until I choke  
No feria in my pocket, damn I gotta get some dough

[Chorus x2]

Hell yea  
Ya saben quien es  
El pinche maldito, representando de las calles  
Lado cafe

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