

Carlos Vives

"Bullets"

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[B-Real]

Lost dreams of innocence long past
Through time memories burn and fade like ash
Through the crosswinds through the crosiers
Let the bullet strike
Through the Teflon and on and in
Feel me penetrate the skin
So I could travel unravel the whole in your shell
I'm gonna send you straight to hell
Now your lifeless God bless your soul and lay to rest
It's useless I go through the west chest cavity
Area let them bury your shell deep in the earth
Where you dwell in your wooden cells

[Jacken]

Gang insignia splits your familia
Let me break it down mira
You're slaying mothafuckas that look loke you do
Dying off slowly is the only rule
In this rate chase, crews choose paper chase
Almost always illegal, regals and banbidos
Coverment tactics pack this street with plastic
Dreams and fantasies of getting paid drastic
But most get blasted all you fanatics
Out for cheese and G's cease dramatics

[Mr. Duke]

In this chapter, we're gonna define
Why rivals die, bullets fly, they fill skies
And we die faster then we multiply

[Jacken]

Bullets pierce through sky like a storm
You're warned and if it hails you die
Assassins passing through your block blasting action
Dust gets kicked up in violent fashion
Trigger men get figured in
Solitary cages through the ages
We've been taken for by the other side
They split us up in cliques and pitch the homicide
They use, divide and conquer, they no longer will

survive
Supply the guns and ammo, then watch the color die

[B-Real]

Bullets are on a mission
To search and destroy
No names attached just convoys
Deployed on your team
You wanna scheme dreams of material vision
My squadron of 36 is on a mission
And I'm on you like flies on shit
And I got back up with 36 more in the clip
As I come to expand and change dimensions
My philosophy becomes high with bad intentions
It's a vengeance
Like bees to the hive
Strive to stay alive and live through the drive-by

[Mr. Duke]

Who really remembers the blastin'?
Five minutes of crossfire, action
Two sides fight in the night
And thousands of nameless bullets
Fly by, aimless
In your direction
Making rivals die on occasion
Yeah enemies muthafucka
Take in all of my steel, bleed
Hot metal get thrown away
On the streets of L.A. as I run away
In this chapter, we're gonna define
Why rivals die, bullets fly, they fill skies
And we die faster than we multiply

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