

## Lil Rob "Crazy Life"

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Shit, man  
Fuck that pinche jura ese  
If they only knew where the fuck I was, right  
Right underneath their pinche puerco noses and shit  
They ain't gonna catch me ese  
I'm too Goddamn sly, slick, and wicked  
Fuck these fucking juras  
Can't fuck with my crazy life  
Simon ese, I'm that crazy little vato roaming the barrio  
homeboy  
That's where you find me every fucking night creeping  
Simon, it's my crazy life ese  
Mi vida loca

A crazy ass rola so let me tell ya  
A crazy fucking rola from this crazy fucking fella  
Sort of like Capone, Godfather, or Scarface  
A crazy little vato brought up in my crazy race  
(What race is that?) The race of the Brownest  
Where every Mexicano lives to be the downest  
Crazy ass stories plotted in a crazy barrio  
Where the vatos do bad but have nothing to be sorry  
for  
Shooting down putos, an everyday thing  
Someone call the ambulance, 'cause the fat hyna sings  
But it's not over, seems like it will never end  
Just when you think it's through, nah holmes it just  
begins  
Over and over sort of like a loop  
Someone gets shot, it's time to go back and shoot  
Those fucking levas for fucking around with the wrong  
man, but  
Should have thought before your actions, so holmes  
I'm too clever  
Everything I've seen, everything I've heard, but you  
can't amaze me  
Mi vida loca, life is crazy

[Chorus]  
It's called the crazy life  
Mi vida loca  
It's called the crazy life

Mi vida loca  
It's called the crazy life  
Mi vida loca  
It's called the crazy life

Back with some shit that some people flip on  
Before your trip ese, here's something for you to trip  
on  
Talking about killings, and living life in a craze

Smoking Mary Jane, hell sprung in a daze  
Sick of pulling crumbs 'cause they're thinking that  
crime pays  
Damn Raza, we got to change our evil ways  
But back to this motherfucking wickedness  
All these punks talking shit and I'm sick of this  
Talking about I'm bigger than you so what you gonna  
do  
I'm the vato holding a shotgun, you're the vato holding  
the .22  
But just because I'm smaller don't mean that I won't  
fight ya  
Do anything to win even if I have to bite ya  
And if I lose, it's time to shoot down a solca  
As you're lying dead I pull out the bag of mota  
Roll up the leÃ±o and spark up my joint  
Proud because I killed this vato with my hollow point  
But what am I to do when this vato is to strike me  
I kicked him two times 'cause he got blood on my Nikes  
Fuck em, buck em, stuck em, who give a fuck  
Oh you vatos want some petho, well don't press your  
fucking luck  
But you'll die, (why) people want to know  
It's my crazy life, mi vida loca en mi barrio

[Chorus]

Simon the quette's pointed at cha you see mi vida loca  
Giving you a taste, got the mad dog on my face  
Oh you see the three dots, and I hear are the three  
shots  
Bang bang bang, then walk away like nothing  
happened  
I usually feel the diziness but this time I wasn't feeling  
this  
I guess you could say this crazy vato is used to it  
Making all you little fucking levas bite the bullet  
Bite the bullet I said motherfucker  
Bite the bullet, twice I pulled it  
Not giving a fuck about you ese  
You got your lips wrapped around the barrel of my

quette  
Now you're trying to tell me what yo want to do  
They say your homies are after me, but saves que I'm  
after them too  
It makes no fucking difference to me  
A young SD MG L-I-L R-O-B  
What's up ey

[Chorus 2X]

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