

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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