

## Lil Rob "Mexican Gangster"

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ESE, cholo  
Orale holmes, this is Lil' Rob  
Comin' after you from San Diego, Southern Califas

Mexican gangster yeah that's the name of the jam  
And it's to all those locos that like to gang bang  
Because I do it when I have to when it's every fuckin'  
week  
And always kickin' it with my homies

But could swear they're always tweaking  
But the only drug I use is marijuana  
People tell me not to smoke it  
But I'll smoke it if I wanna

'Cause right now living in the fast lane  
So tell me what's wrong with smoking a little bit of Mary  
Jane  
And when I fight I fight mano a mano  
Por que si mon I'm a down ass Chicano

I'll say it again I'm down for mine ese  
Or laugh at you if you need a shank over a cuete  
And then I'll call you a Chavala  
As I rock over the jam in my '62 Impala

And if you shoot you better kill  
'Cause if you don't and you won't  
But then I will, you won't rest in peace you'll rest in pain  
Why, because my mind clicks

To be insane in the brain  
Simon I'm fuckin' bad to the bone  
And all I could say is don't fuck around holmes  
'Cause I'm a

Mexican Gangster  
(Si mon)  
Mexican Gangster  
(16 with a bullet)  
Mexican Gangster  
(Born with the ways)

Mexican Gangster born with the badness

Mexican Gangster

(Si mon)

Mexican Gangster

(16 with a bullet)

Mexican Gangster

(Born with the ways)

Mexican Gangster born with the badness

Kickin' that Crisco, smokin' and tokin' we heard a blast

You should've seen how fast we jumped off of our ass

We ran outside just to check out what it was

It's a Mexicano thing, I ain't no Crip or Blood

Dark in the garden so I couldn't see

Though I looked to the light and I saw my Primo

Laying there moaning, that's all I hear

But right now Lil' Rob ain't got time to shed a tear

We picked him up, we took him home and called the ambulance

Those vatos fucked up good

'Cause now they're gambling with their lives

And it's about time they lose

Never fuck with the vato in the Sure no blues

To the Mexicana Madre, let's pull a drive-by

So when we lose one, that's when they seem to lose about five

But we're not satisfied holmes until they all die

So orale let's jump in my low ride

Toma las laves I threw 'em in the ignition

Orale now we're on another fuckin' mission

Turn on the radio on came the Rolls

Homeboys in the back loading up the pistols

Orale they're loaded, it's time to do it

I just got my drivers license 'cause I'm 16 with a bullet

Not alone, my home boy's in his Bomb

And to you puto's you won't last long

See I'm with my homies and all of them are packin'

You vatos fucked up now the shells will be stackin'

16 With a bullet pero bad to the bone

Don't fuck around holmes 'cause I'm a

Mexican Gangster

(Simon)

Mexican Gangster

(16 with a bullet)  
Mexican Gangster  
(Born with the ways)  
Mexican Gangster born with the badness

Now as we're driving away I hear a youngster say  
"Yo Lil' Rob let me blow that motherfucker away"  
I said, "Charles, jump out the ride"  
He opened up the door and then he jumped outside

He said "Orale", then "Arrato"  
I said, "Hey we'll be back little vato"  
So off we go to the other barrio  
Not cruising too fast we're always cruising slow

We saw somebody started running 'cause they took a  
glance  
They didn't have time to shit their pants  
Take a look over there, damn some fine hyenas  
Too bad they're playing dice throwing their signs at us

But it's alright, we're looking for the fool who shot my  
Primo  
Cruisin' slow and guess who we see so  
We crept up in the Bomba and took a look  
So Lil' Rob said, "Que onda"

I said fuck it jumped out the bucked he had a bat  
So he swung and so I duck and I saw his face  
So I stuck it with a right left, right left  
I made him suffer holmes

And then I put the nine milli to his backbone  
I said, "Hey motherfucker don't breathe  
'Cause right now Lil' Rob really wants to see you bleed"  
I flipped him over put the gun between his eyes

I said, "You fucked up once and I hope  
That's what you realize, now how the fuck does it feel  
You played at your own risk and now you found out I'm  
for real"  
Boom boom back in the raffla I'm reminiscing

With a tear in my eye 'cause it's my raza that I'm killing  
Looking at him dead in the face I shot him twice  
Now fuck that shit for sure will get 7-25 to life  
But fuck that shit it's time to go home

No longer cruising slow I'm rushing to my canton  
I'm thinking what my Primo wanted me to do  
You think he'd want me to serve life for a punk or two

Or even cry over him for a couple of days

Damn raza we've got to change those evil ways  
Though soy chignon carbon  
Like Al Capone always holding my own  
Walking alone in the S-D anger zone

Si mon bad to the bone  
Not the one to talk shit over the telephone  
And Sand Diego is the place where all my home boy's  
roam  
And all I could say is don't fuck around holmes, 'cause  
I'm a

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