

Lil Rob**"Mexican Gangster - Part II"**

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Orale
Orale pues it's me
The L-I-L R-O-B
The wicked little vato with those wicked rhymes for SD
San Diego, Southern Califas man controlling shit
And all these people call me a stupid ass spic
You call me a spic and I'll take you out silly sucker
Cuz you ain't nothing but a stupid ass motherfucker
Go ahead and start your shit, start your pleito
But you'll find that you'll lose when you fuck with San
Diego
Now listen up to what I've got to say
I'm down for San Diego and I'm down with LA
And ¿saves que? they're both down with me
And it's a trip cuz I got primos in every fucking city man
I got more homeboys than you could ever imagine
To all you little shit talkin putos I'm not havin
About not being down for the town
A crazy little vato fuckin it up for the Brown
You see I'm down for the 619
Fools saying I'm doing bad, but I'm just doing fine
Not giving a fuck about what you punks got to say
Cuz I'm that crazy Mexicano down to fuckin spray
You know what I'm saying leva, and you know it's true
Someone's got to win and someone's got to lose, and I
never lose
So you know I can't be that ranker
You want to know who the fuck I am? I'm the Mexican
Gangster

Orale pues, it's me
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Mexican Gangster numero dos
Simon, I'm back once again a little different since back
then
Four years later, four years brighter
Back with some shit like Ilesca taking you higher
High, high, high like to the ceiling, I can't fight the

feeling
If I had a million, bucks what would I do
I'd smoke up my llesca tree
I swear to God ese, about three times as tall as me
Oh man what would I do without my mija
What would I do all dressed up without mi grifa
I ain't joking, the homies don't call me Prankster
It's Lil' Rob aka Capone, Mexican Gangster

Orale pues, it's me
The L-I-L R-O-B
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Orale
Got those beats that thump that you bump
Cuz I know you like the bass, it humps
Making you wonder where the hell I've been for four
years
It's not because of fears, so let's just make that clear
Now just hear what I say when I say what I gotta say
man
Coming at you quick, you don't even got time to pray
In the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost
Man it's time to get ghost, no time to watch these putos
roast
Coasting, down the block fucking up these levas
I don't give a fuck and I don't think I ever will
I kill for thrills, fat bills is what I'm folding
Mexican Gangster 2 the title, is the title I'm holding
Scolding all these fools, simon I'm controlling my city
All these vatos wanting pero they know they can't hang
with me
Shoot me, that's what you want to do man
But if you shoot at me, you best believe I'm gonna
shoot you too man
Going insane when I click, click, click
Cuz I'm that crazy Hispanic, I'm the Mexican Gangster

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