

## Lil Rob "Vatos N Thebarrio"

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Rollin down the calle in my rag four  
Checkin out some hanas got a fifty dollar pore  
Went to the park to hit the juice  
Crazy homies out there waitin to get loose  
A rafla pulls up, who can that be?  
It was crazy ass Danger throwin up the 1-3  
He rolled down his window and he started to say  
"It's all about crazy South Central L.A."

[Chorus]

Cuz the vatos in the varrio are always hard  
You come talkin that shit we'll go and pull your card  
And nothin in life but the crazy Eastside  
Don't fuck with us cuz we let nada slide

South Central's in the house

Loco triggers down the block to give me the glock  
He said Crazy Speedy was on the rock  
The vato Speedy was a friend of mine  
Til I caught him in my Chevy tryin to steal the Alpine  
Chase him up the calle to call a truce  
The silly bendejo pulled out a duece-duece  
Little did he know I had a sawed off twelve gage  
One puto dead, LA Times front page

[Chorus]

Bored as fuck and I wanna get high  
So I drove to the hood and the crazy Eastside  
The homies out there makin that dollar  
I pulled up in my rag-top Impala  
They gave me a Corona and I started drinking  
And from the buesto my breath started stinking  
Left to get my hana to rock that body  
Before I left I hit the Buck Cardi  
Ride to her chaca, so I walked in the pack  
My hana tripped out and she got me mad  
She said something that I couldn't believe  
Sayin shit like all I wanna do is hit  
Started talkin shit, wouldn't you know  
Jumped back like Chavez, punched the hoe

Her father jumped up and he started to shout  
So I gave his ass a beer and walked his old ass out

[Chorus]

I'm rollin hard, and down the street I go  
I ran a stop light and hit a fucking pole  
I looked at my rafla and I said "chingao"  
I'm not Eazy-E and I can't buy another  
Walkin home I see the g-ride  
Now Eazy's drivin feet low on the side  
As they busted a U they got pulled over  
An undercover crash in a dark green Nova  
Dreamer got beat for resisting arrest  
He slaped the pig in the head for dissin dos-uno-tres  
Now the homey's locked up for puttin up a fight  
First strike on their ass, now they're lookin at life

[Chorus]

I went to get them out but there was no bail  
The homies stuck some putos in the county jail  
Two weeks later in Municipal Court  
Crazy, Feelo, Antrow, Mad Dog, and Hardcore  
Fuckin up the court said the judge  
On a double life sentence my homies didn't budge  
Baliff walked over to lock them up  
The homies looked and grinned and didn't give a fuck  
They yelled out their hood and tried to run  
Lazy hit the pig and Feelo went for the gun  
With shackles on their feet and chains around their  
waist  
The homies fucked up now they got a new case

[Chorus]

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