

Conejo "City Of Angels"

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City Of Angels lyrics

In the City of Angels
Ain't no motherfucking joke
Watch your back ese
That's right
I'll take your feria and your fucking puta
(Gimme that bitch)
That's the way it's going down

Simon, simon ese, yo ese Conejo de la calle vainte
cinco
del varrio mas chingon, ese que ay aqui (West Coast
locos)
In the wicked part of Los (West Coast)
And if you don't believe me, just ask the enemigos
¿Que caen? al parque ese, looking for some shit
Tryin to kill the homeboys from the Tiny Locos Clique
Spraying on the snitches, cuz that's the way it goes
They rattle up tecote, on everyone they know
And now it's time to ride, and now it's time to die
Nine automatics sitting on my side
So let me just grab a couple extra clips
Blast this vato, then scratch him off my list
When others take revenge, while they make there
movida
Shot calling in las calles, they breaking up gorsida
How you expect to fly when your wings got clipped
How you expect to kill when you hold no steel
Vatos know the real, all the blood gets spilled
Bitches for the thrill, enemigas get the chills
Talking about a place where there is no angle
Choose your poison where there is no agle

In the City of Angels there ain't no angels
Puro vato loco, crazy gang-bangers
In the City of Angels there ain't no angels
Puro vato loco

Damn, another bang bang, killed your homeboy
Now isn't it a shame, that's what my pero said
And one of his jams, all bitches rattle but you didn't

understand
So I'm break it down, ese I'ma put it down
Conejo rolled up, now it's looking like a ghost town

Where you at? I thought you had control
Fucking with the hache, loco now you gotsta go
misunderstood
Up in Hotel California with two wicked broads
Homey burning like infernos on the serio
Ese gotsta get this issue, and walk away like nada
And not even miss you, I don't trip
I'll catch you on the rebound, I'll see you in the barrio
And then we could get down, down and dirty
That's the only way, I automade her body, with digital
delay
I waste no time, I get up and I go
Cuz no one really knows what this broad could hold
She could set me up ese, for the right price
Depends on her addiction, the streets ain't nothing nice

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Puro vato loco

Puro vato loco, that's right ese
Check it out

First I claim my city, puro Los Angeles
You know holmes, that's where the gangas is
First I claim my city, puro Los Angeles
You know holmes, that's where the gangas is

That's where the gangas at loco
25th and Hoover, Hillpoint Gang
California My Way, Tiny Locos

First I claim my city, puro Los Angeles
You know holmes, that's where the gangas is
First I claim my city, puro Los Angeles
You know holmes, that's where the gangas is

Watch your back when you come to my barrio
Soy Conejo

