

Conejo "Let's Ride"

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[Trisha Takasuki]

Now city attorney James Hahn has slapped 33 members of the Harpys with a gang afatement law suit The goal behind the law suit is to take neighborhood that have been terrorized by members of the Harpys gang

[James Hahn]

This injunction is going to prohibit the Harpys from operating in public and gathering in groups and intimidating

[Trisha Takasuki]

In Los Angeles, Trisha Takasuki Fox 11 News

[Conejo]

What's up hitchbacks
Venom, Buggy, Ese Bandit
Soy Conejo
You vatos ready to ride
Where's all my motherfucking killers at
That's right, that's the way it's going down
Vatos better watch your back
Check it out

I wore a glass house to the weed spot
To pick me up a sack so I could smoke to the head
While Box got a beat at the studio that's cracking
I get at this hunny making money from dancing
Call me up when you're off, I'll be laying a verse
It's all about the feria so first thing's first
I get up in the booth and I handle mines
I'm semi-automatic homey rhyme for rhyme
And what that means is that Conejo no joke
I let the pistol barrel smoke then I take me a toke
I get blown, call shots in the zone
Where vatos play for keeps simulating Al Capone
Hit a switch and if anyone trip
See the burban right behind me, it got plenty of clips
Don't slip, I'm here to catch ya
Right between the eyes, bye bye I'ma blast ya

[Chorus]

Let's ride till we lay them down
Bang bang, everybody ese no matter what side
Let's ride till we lay them down
Bang bang, everybody ese no matter what time
Let's ride in a '63 Chevy
Ese vatos breaking down but I hold mine steady
Let's ride in a '49 bomb
I don't wanna be right if the barrio's wrong

Let's ride to see the writting on the wall
Big ass blocks about fifty feet tall
Shaded in, don't know where to begin

Just know I'm in the calles trading sin for sin
Let me in, I'll tell you once that's all
Then I'm kicking in the door with my gauge sawed off
Gun point, I said she's coming with me
Get your things babygirl then jump in the Chevy
I got beats that'll make you got and drop some pills
And I don't think you wanna cross me with your dope
fiend skills
Camaradas from all over ese got my back
Break bread with the calles while these others get
taxed
They collapse because I'm heavy in weight
I'm fresh out the joint, calisthenics, no weights
Back up, cuz I ain't got no friends
Just twenty five riders in the streets, Dead End

[Chorus]

Vatos hold it down with the shanks and rounds
Tattoo Ink tearing up the town
Then back to the park where the gangsters hang out
Caravaning through the barrio, outsiders get ran up
Say what, there's a high risk factor
Impala '65, let's go jack these rappers
Snappers is what these broads be saying
Cuz vatos from the area ese don't be playing
We be serving every night, get your plate don't wait
Got the big cooking rocks on the block that's hot
Come on dog let's go get this cash
And rob the connection, gotta be quick to blast
To my perros locked down doing time in the pen
Consider this a kite, I'll get at you tonight
And to my faction, all the fallen soldados
I came to put it down ese for all you vatos

[Chorus]

Let's ride
Let's ride homies
Let's handle our business
Let's ride
Vatos don't want none ese
That's right
I wanna say what's up to my homeboy Torrance
Let's ride
San Quintan death row
We ain't forgot about you
Let's ride
All the fallen soldados
Conejo from the City of Angels
I don't wanna be right if the barrio's wrong
Let's ride
And I'm out

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