

Cypress Hill "Locotes"

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"Ese look at these two motherfuckers right here homes"

"So what you thinkin homes?"

"?? it turns around homes (watch out!)"

"Right, I got your back homes, cool"

"C'mon Ese let's go"

"Let's do this"

[B-Real & Sen Dog]

You don't want to turn your back on me

When you least expect it, I come with a wicked method

I'm creepin on ya

Think bout your homeboys bleeding on ya

It's the the locote coming out the bote

I got a new jale jacking in the noche

Give me your ferria

In your pocket or they'll carry ya

Off and bury ya in the Eastside area

4 and 3 and 2 and 1

The thievery don't stop 'til I get done

Sometimes I don't even need my GAT

But shit's getting deep and I gotta

Blast back to thievery 1 robbery 1 robbery

Cuz jacking is my hobby

Give me that money, jewelry and your keys

To the five-o outside on deez

Later, out with the 85 mustang

One-time got me on the radar

Trucha! And you don't stop 'til I'm done

Now the puercos got me on the run

[B-Real & Sen Dog]

You don't want to turn your back on me

When you least expect it, I got your keys

in my possession with my Smith & Wesson

Taking out all my agression

Check it out - you're looking at the jefe

of that cliqua with the big bad trece

I teach you a lesson, no question

Get your ass out now you're passing out

When you look at the cuete

4 and 3 and 2 and 1
The robbery don't stop 'til I get done
Some niggas do this shit for fun
Now the puercos got me on the run
From barrio to barrio
Looking for anybody, Oh Cesario
Hanging out with Mario
Looking for a place to hide on the Westside
Spank got my back over there right
And it don't stop 'til I'm done
Now the one-time got me on the run

[B-Real & Sen Dog]
One-time's not down with us
Now they're lookin for my ride, but I'm on the bus
Don't turn your back on a vato like me
Cause I'm one broke motherfucka in need
Desperate! What's going on in the mente
Taking from the rich and not from my gente
Look at that gabacho sipping borracho from the
cerveza
He's sipping, no me vale, madre
Gabacho pray to your padre
This is for the time you would give me the jale
4 and 3 and 2 and 1
This ol motherfucker, got him a gun
Bla-on! I took one to the kneecap
Things happened so fast now I dropped my strap
Now I'm about to meet my maker
I thought I had it all, figured it out for the paper
No longer will I be runnin
Last thing I heard was the fuckin GAT hummin

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