

Clika 1

"Mexican Mobsters"

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* [Audio From Casino]

At that time, Vegas was a place
Where millions of suckers flew in every year on thier
own nickel
And left behind about a billion dollars
But at night you couldn't see the deserts that
surrounds Las Vegas
But it's in the desert is where alot of the town's
problems are solved

[Bad Boy]

Mobbin down the street with a blue rag
And a sack and I look to the side like a pimp in the
game
Lil bro what's your name
Bad Boy from the C-L-I-K with A on the DL, so where's
the P-O's
Duckin down on the mothafuckin side cause they're
lookin for my primos
What the fuck they want to D-O
With the lexus and hoes and a pocket full of c notes
And we mobbin in some regals, but we can't hit the
strip
Because the strip is like pack down, it's the cause and
put the gat down
We're the fools that were talkin, so we got to put the
smack down
But the levas always back down, mad doggin and fixed
to let em know
But I got to hit that doujah killa weed, humped up in my
birthday suit
Addin honey to my killa bee, better be cause you never
see
3 loked up hold up there they go, put the dot to thier
dome
Chrome 45 cocked backed ready tell me when aim
steady loco
Let it go loco let em know that I spray wit the AK
All day every day til the day that I never should of die
Should've of known that we gang bang
Take it like a man but treat him like a bitch cause he's
from the other side

[Ese Brown]

Bang bang, when I kill em off, fill em all full of bullet holes

Faggot pussy gotta go turn around put your loks on

Keep actin hard in the yard trucha

Cut ya two more to let you know and there's plenty more to go

1 2 3 mothafuckas graves laid down by the loco ese brown

Hyptnotized by the pound that's scatered around

Beatin on every clown that copy cattin on my sound

Hold em up take the crown

Let me get the cane let me do my every thing

Let the bullets reign mothafucka sang

Take the life of an enemy shit instead of me

Let me see if your the murders mean any thing

7-0-2 wit a strap and a sack and a gat, matter of fact

Look at that, mothafucka got shot through the back

Smack down nothin cold in the cadilac

Cause I had a strap on my mothafuckin side

[Chorus]

My clip is fully loaded got my cuete right beside me

I'm born to die so let these mothafuckas find me

I show no love when I'm unloadin out the chamber

Buck, that's what you get for tryin to put my life in danger

[2x]

[Ese Brown]

Okay, pull out your vusca let see who's packin the big nuts

Look at that, hit em up with the big gat now the homie don't know how to act

Clika, vamos chingamos any fools tryin to act ver miatamos

Any bitches tryin to get down cuamos C side clika controlondos

Where's the mothafuckin weed at, pistos shave heads and a mothafucka bark alot

Down to scrap alot, bad boy pull the gat hit em up with the 45 calibur shot

I'm gettin down with the gang bang bang

Tear drops and casket, quick to pull a drive by

Street life ain't no game, homicide, we ride I'm hangin out low rides

Ese Brown from the C-L I-K to the A

Kickin back with a mothafuckin primo, when I'm on a the D-O

Fuck around with the scarface hit em in the neck like

casino
What they wanna G-O, fill em all with bullet holes
Let a mothafucka bleed hit em up with the bottle of
caresin
Sparked the match, turned around and heard em
screamin
When fuckin with a demon no lie
12 guage to the brain from a drive by
Livin my life in the fast line, cokane, insane to the brain
with a fake name
What you claim, throw your mothafuckin gang signs hit
em up from the side lines
Never mind mine, never try mine ese [be careful puto]
I'll blow your mothafuckin brains man

[Chorus]

[Romero "The New Mexican Lobo"]
I'm crawlin up out of the shadow, you ready to battle,
gon make your head rattle
New Mexico Lobo, we doppin the vocals for all of your
cholas and all of you cholos
I'm rollin deep in mi carro, a 72 Monte Carlo We dip us
a limon sin palo
Tripped out in the mente muy malo, my clip's loaded
up with hollows
Hey Lobo get down to the point, I take real big tocasos,
so big I swallow the joint
I twist the cap on my pito, a vato that's listo parra des
madre
A lobo that's puttin in hailes, I'm burnin a hole through
your carne
Where ever we are, never it fails, smokin the dough,
were mackin the hoes
We'll throw in the doggs droppin the bombs, puttin it
down when ever we drop
Shit doesn't stop, forever we last, when ever we blast
We sprayin em down, we layin em down, no playin
around
My cuete goes pop, til everyone drops
You're fuckin wit mexican mobsters, got grip just like a
red lobster
The brown neighborhood knight stalker, got ghost
when I heard the chopper
I left no iwitness, took care of business, in it to win it,
won't stop til I'm finished
Right from the begining, til the ninth innin, I'm makin
my feria loco

