

## Mr. Children

### "West Coast Most"

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The number one independent label killin' 'em in the  
gameâ€¦  
Independentâ€¦  
You're now tuned into the number one,  
Latin rap artist in the Chicano rap industryâ€¦  
Ha-haâ€¦number one on the Billboardsâ€¦  
Number one on the streets, and number one with the  
salesâ€¦  
Ha-ha, who the fuck you think you talkin' toâ€¦

Who the fuck you think you talkin' to,  
you done fucked up homie now the talk is through.  
The streets fuck with real Gs, they don't fuck with you,  
in the streets, in the avenue, they bumpin' who?  
That Mr. Criminal shit, number one, they feelin' me  
trick,  
boss of all bosses, foos be on some silly shit,  
that young, brown and dangerous album,  
homie, this really hits, economy crash,  
foos still lining up in this recession bitch.  
Hs up worldwide, thank you for the purchase,  
foos be on some bitch shit so I clown they ass on  
purpose.  
What happened to the days of real tracks and real  
raps,  
The Internet came, flooded the game, and killed that.  
All these MySpace rappers came out overnight,  
begging for a deal from the label, pathetic, right?  
No skills having motherfuckers get no credit, like,  
so they get on Twitter talkin' shit, jealous every night.  
What kind of sideways bitch shit is that?  
Motherfuckers turning fatal trying to click up with the  
cat,  
but these half-ass, bitch, wanna-be rappers get no dap,  
and now, all of sudden, they bosses comin' up, what  
kind of shit is that?  
Foos couldn't hang with that G shit, no shows rocked,  
now you see them rockin' skinny jeans and Mohawks.  
Other fools fell off the game, no love lost,  
Plucked out the game like they eyebrows, no love lost,  
I'm from the home of the gangbang and gunshots,

foos be on some candy shit, like bubblegum drops,  
flow's watered down, they get no love, not from the  
brown,  
they got no fans local, they mines, worldwide, all  
around.  
Pobrecito, the flows I spit is lethal, fuck a sequel,  
if you trip, I'll put you in the ground beneath you.  
I'm sick with it, I get explicit, the triple x rapper,  
Producing his own CD, yo I'm a triple treat  
these foos ain't ready for war, so don't even test,  
homies from the varrio back my plaques, so come see  
me yes,  
I'm a Westsider like Tupac, California Love coming out  
of the rooftop,  
And I just might be, one of the sickest Latin rappers on  
the microphone,  
Foos really need to leave the mic alone,  
my homies tell me Mr. Criminal, dogg, you killing 'em  
homes,  
almost satisfied but not quite yet,  
there's still a hole that needs to be filled, fuck it,  
it's a cheap thrill to hit the game every year and give  
their ass a  
refill,  
I gotta tell the truth, if not the streets will,  
I guess that's why their wack ass shit lookin' weak still

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