

Mr. Chino Grande

"I'm A Ride"

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I'm a killer for realer
My momma still with child chilla
Blood drippin like vanilla
When I'm shooting a willa

Brown pride east side
Twenty years old what a life
Of a heart I'm fucking tired
Of this life is sick as clown

Blue dodger hat on
Bangin like donkey kong
Tryin make a phone call
I've been a g all long

Fade back is my song
Gang moncho is my home
Doing purpies on that car
Just to gather me a car

I stay arm and it's warm
Bloody blood like it's was born
Stop honking on that horn
I'm not stopping for no whore

This is masta war
I've been cursing since I was born
On my hands and knees can you forgive me lord

But it's like fuck it
Cause I'm coming
Homie aint nothin funny

This land I'm looking money
I'm trying to fuck a little something
Not trippin if you stunny
Still snatch you like a bunny
Cause you fuckin with the killers
That be gunnin as I'm hunting

{CHORUS} 2X

I'm A Ride
I'm A Shine
Just A Deadly Game Of Life
Fuus Trippin And I Try
I'm An Angel In Disguise
I'm A Bust Let It Thrust
Angel Dust Got Me Stuffed
Don't Give A Fuck Where You From
And Ese that's Just How it's Done

I'm a ride
I'm a side
See the gleam in my eye
Out of bounce do or die
Leave that ass paralyzed

Complicated is my life
I'm an angel in the skies
Bald headed tatoos
Bullet wounds I'll survive

Lucky nights
Pay the price
Shake you vatos like a dice
Yellow tape the crime scene
White chalk an ail life
Bodies cold yeah I know
Put a tango upon the toes
Zip em up and ship em out
And ese that was for the hore

You smashin then blastin
There askin what happened
I put my enemigas in the gravel
With a passion

Traspuso hay supo
Is what there gettin here
Il'll be riding in the block
And I'll be riding on the tear

Give a fuck I'm a nut
And I bang like a slut
Leave you bloody drippin wet
Handle like a gun times up

Now what eliminated coby dumb
Mr. Chino whittier trece
And ese that's where I'm from

{CHORUS} 2X

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East up g'd up
Homie not giving a fuck
Bangin my ride like a nut
Smoking skunk that's wassup
Bandana across my face
Tryin see some blood spray
We could do some slug tray
If you think you can fade

I came to play I came to cay
Not trippin on L.A
Fucked it off in my gang
So I got the hood fame

Sewed it up til I die
I got litle ones by my side
Porteges in my eye
Guns are teachers how to survive
Eliminated concentrating starts right here
It's just a big SC

I'm from the city of Whittiers
Still bangin out loud
Puttin in enemigas and clowns
Abliberate your whole clika
When it's time to get down

You see I roll when it's mando
So you better go block
I tell the truth when I spit
Street knowledge all the time

Vatos run when they see me
Stop drop and roll
I'm like a fuego
Homies serio
Baby Jokes and Chino

