

## DC Project

### "Shed a Tear"

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[Verse 1]

I see them punk putos they coolin' by the lockers  
Sellin' crystal to their women fine freaks turned flaca  
Your lady say she love you but you locked inside  
I heard you slipped they caught you rollin' with some  
dope in your ride  
Your lady said she'll wait love don't come cheap  
She'd rather see in the pinta than six feet deep  
But can't she see that in the pinta you're a soldier  
They take ya break ya make ya and mold ya  
Turn you into somethin' way loco hard  
Surviving scraps and jacks earning your stripes on the  
yard  
Every night thinking about the good ol days  
Look at the picture of your ruca on the wall and pray  
say  
Por favor perdon a pecado won't you come into and  
save me y sabes que I'm feelin' hollow  
So look into your saviors eyes and see tears  
Shed for you loco and all these years

[Chorus]

I shed a tear for the vato locked down and then  
I shed a tear for his girl waitin' to see him again  
It's so hard mi vida but I still try  
Workin' hard to make a difference before I die

[Verse 2]

Freakas of the funk yo it's the funk freakas  
The dog's out the yard and he's loud in your speakas  
Stompin' with my compas or should I say my back up  
Crusing in the Impala countin' feria that we stacked up  
Delinquents pick the slack up I be the first to act up  
Deal with all these puntos but first I fuck the track up  
Do what I got to do in the quest for the paper  
I don't give a fuck if it puts me in danger  
Dealin' with the anger that everyone has  
Sometimes it makes me feel like a psychopath  
I put it on tape and you know I won't lie  
I'll be down with the Habits even after I die

[Chorus]

I shed a tear for you vatos won't you change your ways  
I shed a tear for you vatos in these last days  
It's so hard mi vida but I still try  
Workin' hard to make a difference before I die

[Verse 3]

There must be 50 ways to break it down ya'll  
There must be 50 ways to let you know  
But now they come like what's up muthafuckas it's best  
to move back  
Click clack goes the cuete snap goes the neck  
From your canton right up to my canton  
It seems that everybody wanna be el mas chingon  
We move alone or in packas collect ferria in stockas  
We got no love for them ratas chest flesh full of placas  
And would you strike me down will I feel the wrath  
To protect my own another's life is lost in the aftermath  
No indecisions mind state makin' moves with precision  
See the good turn bad and confirm that I'm livin'  
Between Heaven and Hell this be the gloomy old West  
Where many souls get lost and many more lie to rest

[Chorus]

I shed a tear for the vatos in street that's dyin'  
I shed a tear for the mamas that's at home cryin'  
It's so hard mi vida but I still try  
Workin' hard to make a difference before I die

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