

**Ricardo Arjona****"Conversion"**

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[T-Bone]

Im ready to make a murder scene happen  
Pimp slappin demons and packin  
Unload clips, reload and sink ships like a captian  
You act like you be knowin, when a G be rappin  
Runnin from the scene while O.R.C playas be gangsta  
scrappin  
Now hold up cause they done did it, diss the lyric I  
spitted  
Even though I know you and your crew ain't even gonna  
admit it  
Now slow down T, this family  
They mess wit you, they mess wit me and also E  
Why?, this be O.R.C.  
Lyrically comin wit ski masks out the bushes  
Wit chainsaws, and axes diggin  
These demons while they're blood gushes  
Ima jack these demons one by one  
They call me Big Daddy Kane, why? Cause I get the job  
done  
Now watch me jack these demons, hit em wit a gat  
Show em how a real G suposed to act  
Smugglin Bibles instead of gat  
Rollin drop top cadillacs, puttin it down streets corners  
and shows  
For all my foes, thug riders and patnas on death row  
Really though

[Chorus]

Bone be the one wit the guns in his hand  
Demons tryin to kill him, cause they no like him  
Smugglin Bibles to countries filled wit comminism  
Tryin to preach them the WORD then convert to  
Christian

[2x]

[T-Bone]

Tryin to reach them pimps and thugs  
Curb serves movin them major drugs  
Gang bangin rollin 60's crips and them piru bloods  
One love to all the prechas on the street corners

2 dubs for all my riders out in California  
Peace to my patnas up in Frisco,  
San Jose, East Palo Alto, Sacramento  
Fresno, Vallejo, Richmond, Leandro  
Oakland, Hayward, Los Angeles, Diego  
Ya'll know, the golden state full of hate and drama  
Marijuana and thugs that shoot a quien las da la  
ganna  
most got both hands on they're desert eagle  
gotta watch ya back cause here in California killins  
legal  
Rollin regals, impalas, cadis and them el caminos  
Hittin switches, best beware of all them hattin snitches  
Takin pictures of west coast cali sunsets  
Streets infested wit all them gang bangin ghetto vets  
No regrets, my patnas dyin over them gangs and sets  
Havin sex wit girls in mini skirts and pink barrettes  
Whats next, sick of techs and all them ghetto birds  
Smell of herb, and playboys sippin on the thunderbird  
I'll scream until I'm heard, preach the WORD  
In every alley, crack ghetto curb  
Wit the beats and verbs  
Anointed by the might God I serve

[Chorus]

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