

Britney Spears F/ Pharrell Williams

"Sureno Blues"

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Ponle
I jump in my 1963 Chevrolet
Watch it lay, orale
On the floor, en el suelo
Lifts me off the ground just like a leÃ±o, que no
Simon, packs much power just like mi cuete
Trece cuarenta y siete
You're all up in my mix ese, ya vete
Before you get sliced and diced with the machete
No te mesa, no se que no te importa nota pinche leva
Meet me wherever whenever's clever
Ponle homey, turn up the system
I got the Sureno blues rhythm
Ain't nothing quite like it, I like it
Something to bump to, get drunk to
I'm down for smoking and drinking and deep thinking
Deep conversations gets me in like invitations
Imitations everywhere like a Dayton without a stamp
But my shit's so tight when it comes out the speakers it
gives you ear cramps
Perhaps you've met me, perhaps you've never had the
pleasure
It never rains in sunny Southern California homeboy
Never ever cross the wrong homeboy's path and
expect to get the last laugh
Nuh-huh, not here
You talk shit about me, but you refuse to look at
yourself in the mirror
Peek a boo, disappear, don't nobody want you here
Suprised? I'm revived
Resurrected from this overdose of thoughts
Making my ears ring like gunshots
Fuck love it's all about the feria
That's what makes this world go round
You try not to believe that
But that's the only feedback, I get from living life my
way
Not a surfer, but I used to ride the crime waves
Used to live life sideways, wicked slick and sly ways
Driving thirty down the highways
And I still can't wait for Fridays

Hey homeboy
What's up
Haven't you heard the news?
What's that?
Lil' Rob got a brand new sound ese, called the Sureno
blues baby
And this is how it gets down on the brownside of town
Southern Califas style homeboy, check it out
Simon

Now when I slip I dip and hit my switch three pumps to
the front
And hop the '63 down the calle
Drop it to the floor and watch it spark the fuck up
Ponle

Drop the top, watch the cops
Time to go, keep it slow
Cuz everybody knows it's not hard to spot a pelon
Cruising an old Chevy convertible
It's incredible, serious, serio, all in your stereo
Keep it original, imagine the video
Goddamn that'd be bomb
Everybody begging me to make my song three hours
long
Bubble up like a bong, it shouldn't belong
While the rest of you vatos keep talking shit about each
other
Going back and forth like ping pong, now that's wrong
Say you're gonna do it, then do it
Say you're gonna pull it, then pull it
Got a point to prove ese, then prove it
What you waiting for homeboy, you ain't shit and I
fucking knew it

Walk down to the old liquor store
To grab me a bottle of that old funky wine
I'm gonna drink it all by myself
Ain't nobody's business but mine
Whew

Catch me drinking funky wine down by the riverside
South, watch your fucking mouth or you'll be floating
up the river
Pescados having you for dinner
Claiming that you're badder cuz you're bigger
Homeboy how the fuck you figure?
I'm chopped down trees and brought bigger enemies
to their knees
So please, please, please

Get gone with the breeze or gone with the wind,
whichever one comes in
You remind me of the Wizard of Oz and that vato made
of tin
No heart, don't start something you can't finish
Cuz when it comes down to it I'm gonna mean business
And I'm in it to win it and you best believe I'll kill it
And I'll witness your quickness to your own fucking
finish ese
Ponle

Haha, Sureno blues
That's right, simon ese
That's how we put it down homeboy
Get down homey, get down
Show em what Sureno blues is all about ese, que no
Ponle
That's right
Simon
That's my Sureno blues
Get down ese, get down
Get down homey
Yeah, that's right
Whew

That's my Sureno blues
That's my Sureno blues
That's my Sureno blues
That's my Sureno blues
That's my Sureno blues
That's my Sureno blues
That's my Sureno blues
That's my Sureno blues

That's right, oh yeah
This is my, Sureno blues

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