

Eddie John "Leva, Leva, Leva Die"

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Leva, leva, leva, leva Leva, leva, leva, leva

[Triple C]

place

You better run for cover muthafucker's and think of something fast

Before you end up just another bitch that couldn't last Ain't no guage to be played unless you ready for some combat

It's 1998 and all these jealous got me straped Sleeping with my eyes open, quick to draw my gun Got me hopin' and prayin', that I don't end up the next one

Don't make me unleash a couple of rounds, shoot some down

Didn't chu know this little motherfucker ain't afraid to unload

Dumpin' shell's all over the street, steady servin' heat
Turn on the only soldiers just standin' on my feet
I'm really tryna make this situation very clear
Ain't a man alive, on this earth, that I fear
Now we can handle this confertation, any way you want
Just as long you don't act like a bitch, or a cunt
I must admit that some try look at me no respect
For those who've lay it, so hold on tight, to your life
Cause we just might have to take it
Locked and loaded fully automatic, just in case
Finger on the trigger, spittin' hollow points all over the

Ready to rumble, ?? ammunition, prepare to retaliate any competition

Chorus:[Triple C, (Lil' Rob)]
Leva, leva, leva, leva
(Leva take a bullet in the eye)
Leva, leva your gonna die
(From the 8-0-5 to the 6-1-9)
Leva, leva, leva, leva
(Go for your's, I'm gonna go for mine)
Leva, leva your gonna die
(Cappin' the fools who makin' waste of time)

[Triple C]

A rough motherfucker from '75

A down ass mexican, I'm still alive

Corazon in the heart is still muthafucka

Flowin' on the mic, and no big deal, because I'm down for mine

I'll rob a puto blind, take his life holmes, I don't waste time

We won't have the time to drop a dime on me the A-R-T the motherfuckin T

Another mission so I'm on the run, the one I got But I had to take your life with a gun, killin' motherfuckers

Just same ol' thang, if I ain't gonna do it, he's gonna die anyway

From a gangbang, or a drug thang, swept of his feet, from a good slang

Who of my partna's gonna die next, either torcherd in hell

As if they havin' a rest

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[Lil' Rob]

Lil' Rob comin' back to huantcha, what you got uh Say about what you did to me, you gotta be kiddin' me, bullshitin' me

I can give a fuck about your vida, your better believe You'll meet, the nine millimeter, so be a, walkin' dead man

Until I arrive cap stinging your ass

Like you were playin' with a bee hive

Look behind you, what chu find, my...mind's on your murder

When your murder's on my mind, all the time I uh Tried to think about somethin' else, but I see the, murderin' you

What kind of mother fuck her self, and I don't think it's time

For me to go cryin', when it's time for me go, I won't go quite

Sounding like the 4th of July, when I die

Or maybe a World War II, as I drop the fuckin' bombs on you But what the fuck you gonna do? Lil' Rob be the fuckin' baddest Mexicano with the baddest, leavin' you leva's in a casket

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