

Fifth Sun

"Trucha"

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Chorus: Coyote
Trucha
Locos en carusha
West coast en Califa
Swing check, motherfucker
Cocking shit, full clip
We bang, slang shit

Repeat Chorus

[Verse 1: Chingon]
Cause in the streets, ese, lot of money cat doublin'
Killer grime grumblin', water bong bubblin'
All drunk, slumblin'
In the by, rumblin'
Who's on top?
It's the Fifth Sun again
Uh!
Women lovin' it
Yeah, keep 'em comin' in
What ese, don't make tell ya where I'm from again
Dope, crack, slangin' it
Fifth Sun bangin' it
Fuck these conectas, I was here to run, cunnin' it
Check this shit out, ese, Chingon's runnin' it
Pussy on the loose, in need to be ya one and cum in it
Thuggin' it, for the fuck of it, straight scummin' it
9-0-2-3-0 Caddillac, hummin' it
In the trunk, stashing clavo, shovin' it
Slip away from police, Chingon be mobbin' it
In the late night, got a bitch waiting, rubbing it
Simon, original
Fifth Sun, permanent, what

Repeat Chorus Twice

[Verse 2: Coyote]
Word out, no doubt, where we taking booze out
Fools taking rats out, body leaving boots out
Trucha, slow mo, carusha, cuetes out
Ruse out, no doubt, like feria moving about

The barrios, we cruise out, locos got the nooze out
Gotta lace the boots up, ese, pull the booze out
West coast do this
Thought you knew this
Serio, pedo
It's drugs to the U.S.
Indo out the windows
Bob and hop in Buicks
Bitch like that
Gobble up a dick
He's a lee on the lick
You know how they love a dick
And if it's on like that
Fifth Sun like this
Emceeing ese
Panchos guns, full clip
Check it then
We crack-a-lack it like this
Valle Cochela Califa, street hip hop familia
Too down, homeboy
Mocha-lit with affilia

Repeat Chorus Twice

(Verse 3)

[Coyote]

D's throwing it up, you vatos better best up
Heads up, sets up, wet up, never give up
Takin' out a hero
Will shut the rest up
Tense up, west up, hey vato, guess what?
Fact is, this is, chronic like the best is
Hit 'em where the chest is
We walk like eses
Red and rum, pura, hora, jura
Put away the buddha
You're a fool of jura

[Chingon]

Fuck that, fuck this, from this gangsta wetback
Busting tech straps, moving sets back
Set traps or get back, lyrically strapped
With raps and tracks
Based on true facts
Who's that in the back?
Peeping the blue hat
I'm taking all ya bitches, and that's that

Repeat Chorus Four Times

