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Taco "Barrio Dope"

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What's up ese
This is the notorious Capone
Back to clean up all that industry bullshit
Trying to fuck my name up dog
This is for you you fucking rankers

Fuck the intro, straight to the point
The mero mero's back here to rock this joint
Straight from the streets with the gangster beats
Run the Goddamn calles like the police
I'm that cholo pelon, el mas chingon, pinche cabron
with the corazon
Toxas my home, don't fuck with this

Texas my home, don't fuck with this In the water with the weighst around your feet and your wrists bitch

You know what's up dog I'm on top of the streets like the California smog They get flattened fucking with this Latin Dopest rapping, from Los to Manhatten I ain't bragging, just stating the truth I'm the baddest Mexicano in the sound booth I serve em all with this dope, my barrio dope All my enemigos choke from the shotgun smoke I'm that homey in the locs, the old school chucks I'm the vato that the supermodels pay to fuck I'm the gangster with no concious, I handle up Like Timothy McVeigh, dog I blow shit up What, gangster gangster scrub Capone got that Chicano gangster flow Fuck the rest holmes, I'm Bad like Mike Potent like twenty kilos of un-cut light

[Chorus]

I got your barrio dope, got your barrio dope I got your barrio dope, got your barrio dope I got your barrio dope, got your barrio dope I got your barrio dope, got your barrio dope I got your barrio dope, got your barrio dope I got your barrio dope, got your barrio dope I got your barrio dope, got your barrio dope I got your barrio dope, got your barrio dope I got your barrio dope, got your barrio dope

Gangster rolas for cholos and cholas Gangster guns for levas and solcas Can't stand the haters and gangster fakers Latino Jam be some real regulators Fill the house like Shaquille and the Lakers Independant, having money like the majors Brown rhyme sayer, kilo gram weigher Master's degree, triple beam operator Surrounded by gangsters, Mexican issue God sent me here to diss you Take a nap, you vatos are wack You couldn't feel me if I was standing right on top of your back Two turntables and a microphone This ain't Beck, it's a vato putting rappers in check Here to collect the street respect Got my infared beam on your turtleneck, boy

[Chorus]

One two, one two, stomp the shit out of you Tres cuatro, it's suicide fucking with this vato Don't get caught up in something gacho You're just another amateur at Night At The Apollo I'm the professional, stay off my testicles Pay check, with a whole bunch of decimals Got your addiction, what's you fix I got dope on cassette and compact disc Calling out names on all you lames Can't touch my style holmes, I'm straigh cocaine Capone, remember the letters Disrespect and get shanked through your Polo sweater Latin assasin, gangster action Rearrange your face like Michael Jackson Latino Jam be a big ass gang Full of Mexicanos with the barrio slang

[Chorus]

What you need homey

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