

Lawless f/ Lil Rob, Don Cisco

"The Good, The Bad, The Ugly"

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[Sample]

"The good

The bad

The ugly" --> Lee Van Cleef

[Don Cisco]

Come on

Ha ha

Whoo

Yeah

Ha ha

You know the sound

That's the call of the wild, homeboy

Me entientes?

Heh heh

It's Cisco The Frisco Mac, Don Cisco

G

Lil Rob

And we gon' ride for the west side like this here

This is for the gente

[Verse 1: Don Cisco]

In pursuit of that

Good life (That good life)

Keep the boots laced tight

If you want major loot, you got to sacrifice

Ever since I could remember, I pursuing my dream

Finally got my shit together, now, I'm doing my thing

I'm selling cookies and cream

On the corners to fiends

To rentin' studios

Making bomb tapes and CDs

Had the mic

See the face

On a video screen

Caramia

How many homeboys knows what I mean

It feels good to see the raza in the casa

Now they see me and say, "What's up, holmes

Que pasa"

Bow down

Hit the lowdown on that brown pride
You see them locos ain't loco no more, homeboy
We worldwide
And when I'm good, I'm good
And when I'm bad, I'm bad
And I'm that ugly to make
People sad
And I gets mad (Anda le)
Loc'ed out, lokete
Ya te dijo
This vida loca with my homeboys, packin' cuetes

Chorus: Lawless (Don Cisco in background)
The good, the bad (Now when I'm good, I'm good)
The ugly (When I'm bad, I'm glad)
Which one of these fools (And when I'm ugly)
You wanna see (I make people mad and sad)
The good, the bad (When I'm good, I'm good)
The ugly (When I'm bad, I'm glad)
Which one of these fools (And when I'm ugly)
You wanna be (I gets real mad)
The good, the bad (When I'm good, I'm good)
The ugly (When I'm bad, I'm glad)
Which one of these fools (And when I'm ugly)
You wanna see (I make people sad and mad)
The good, the bad (When I'm good, I'm good)
The ugly (But when I'm glad, I'm bad)
Which one of these fools (And when I'm ugly)
You wanna be (I gets real mad)

[Verse 2: Lil Rob]

I ride into your town a mi caballo
I'm the bad one
That's my style
It's funny
I done want it
For a while
Dead or alive, dead or alive, they'll have to take me
dead
And I refuse to die, that's why
I make it sure they come up shy
Walk into the cantina and everybody says "Mira
It's him
Lil Rob
With the hair
On his chain"
Ask the bartender for a bottle, they said, "If you do me,
ya paro"
"What is it?"
I'm only here for a visit
He said, "I got some dinero, pero, this what you must

do
It's somethin'
That can only be done by you"
Well, won't you cut to the chase, cause I ain't got time
to waste
And if they don't tell me shit, I'm gonna spit in your
face
The whole cantina got quiet
I doubt they'll don't try it
I turned around
And all them gente hit the ground
I look back at the bartender
Pero was a pretender
Bartender, give me ya money, I'm fuckin' bad and ya
funny

Repeat Chorus (with variations)

[Verse 3: Mr. Gee]

I ride into the west
With a belt across my chest
With the sunset to guide me, to the place where souls
rest
On the back of a black horse, with a (???) strap to the
side
We born to ride, we do or die
To stay alive
But nevertheless
I still keep my six shooter
Hangin' off my chest
I make a mess out of those
Who try to trip
I'm down to off
And my three-man crew
It's like the Trench Coat Mafia, los has hellados
Desperados on the mission to your shit
Like Littleton, Colorado
Me los que probar huevo
I hooked up with the bad Lil Rob from San Diego
Straight trigger fingers, wildest west gunslingers
Wanted
Dead or alive, we ridin' high
Side by side
Into the night
Hit your town and bail
Leaving empty shells and bloody trails
In plain view
For everyone, to see, how we do

Repeat Chorus (with variations)

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