

Lil Rob f/ Ese Daz

"Mi Vida Loca"

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[Verse 1: Lil Rob]

Mi vida loca, sitting low in my troka
My 4-9 bomba, getting bombed off the mota
Or what you call it, "reifo," estoy prendido
Locked up in my own prison, man, I been torsido
Might be a flaco, but I pack a putaso
That's on my nickname, Lil Rob, my placaso
I used to paint it like Picasso, pinche vato
And back when I was hollow, I'm still malo, fuck
tomorrow
Hey, fuck tomorrow, holmes
And the day that follows
Veteran in the rap game, call me a veterano
Yo soy Chicano
Spittin' calo
I can put you in the right direction, but can't hold your
mano
These pinche gangstas, cause they talkin' "Life's a
gangsta"
But
Next year's don't talk, cause, talkin' just ain't gangsta
What

[Lil Rob] That's right

It's ya homeboy, Ese Lil Rob
San Diego, Califa, chrome boy
Puttin' it down for the brown side of town
That's right

Twelve Eighteen

[Ese Daz] Let me do this for the Harbor Area, Rob

[Lil Rob] Doce Diez y Ocho

That's right, we put it down, loco

[Verse 2: Ese Daz]

Orale, holmes, I'm sippin' on patron
It's Ese Daz, from the H.A., 3-1-0
Rollin'
Cruisin' to the barrio
The area that's scaring ya
And you don't wanna go
Show no mercy

Like the veteranos
We still kick it, throw on the sly, slick and wicked
And turn up the oldies a little higher
And drive a little slower like the O.G. lowrider
Mi pluma tira sangre
Historias de las calles
War stories in the neighborhood
Little locos up to no good
We show no shame, put it down for the brown
Chicano style, representing it proud
That's what we do
When we do
You don't like it, fuck you, too
Ten years in the game, it's all the same
Fuck the fame
Had a name
I do it for the homies in the bombas, bumpin' tapes
Wey

[Ese Daz]
What's up, Lil Rob
It's only the beginning, homeboy
A tip of the iceberg
Get ready
'07
'08
'09
But in 2010, I might just pull a ghost like the homie Ese
Rich Rock
Eh

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