

## LL Cool J F/ The Lost Boyz

### "Sureno Vida"

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Sureno Vida

That's what we gonna call this motherfucker

Yeah

Q-Vo, it's that Sureno Vida ese

Hell yeah

This is Malito from Brownside

Nobody represents like we do

Yeah, Brownside

It don't stop, the Eastside

It don't quit, yeah it's that old school shit

1990 to the year 2G

Mexican style you know

Soy Malito de Brownside, ya tela saves

Espicando preridad dedeto from las calles

Sur California represent it at it's best

SCLA puts you juevos at test

While you're high as a bird, gang-banging on the curb

Some end up getting shot, fuckers have nerve

To serve those who need it, some get defeated

Locos don't stop until this mission is completed

That's Sureno Vida, trip out loco mira

Don't slip on them quettes y las balas que tepira

I'll make it clear, now you picture what you hear

Surenos dos-uno-tres simon loco we're here

Putting a spot on the map for Nuestra Raza

I'm start with the Brownside, vamos you know que pasa

I'll speak on things that'll make you street wise

Now lend me your ears and I'll open your eyes

Hell yea

How long can you fucking hide

You just lend me your ears ese

Taking a little trip through the Eastside

South Central in ya mental

Bendejo

Bring it siempre

Si puero que muleÃ±o

Blue rag is a Sureno

Bloods and Crip have their room

Deja mete sueÃ±o  
Bandieros hold their grounds, other hold theirs  
Straight gang-bangers, no fucking players  
Cold stares and blocks in you're on the wrong block  
This petho don't quit and this shit won't stop  
The point I keep strong, know where you belong  
Stay up, live long and keep your mentality strong  
Live and give knowledge to snotty mocosos  
Before they fuck theirs and dig out the wrong poso  
Finally the end is what they'll meet  
Either a black body bag or a pinche white sheet  
They creep in the street con bullets and heat  
Survive and stay alive or else finish and sleep  
That's the last sound they'll hear  
The cuerpo loses a soul then they're out of here

Hell yea  
That one goes out to the little mocosos in the fucking  
calles  
You knuckleheads know who you are  
Knuckleheads  
We all come from the same roots  
Yeah we been there  
Bald and Brown, Sureno Vida  
Bald and Brown baby  
Bald and Brown

A pen and pad of paper is all a loco has  
Gotta find money you know, and take the cash  
To last in this mundo blast never segundo  
Roll it, I'll light it, then it's your turno  
Pass it to the right (Mari Mari) that's right  
Drinking besto and smoke weed, just do what you like  
To go through with a plan know where you stand  
And I'm that man that'll make you say "Goddamn"  
The concrete we stand on is strong like my gente  
Time has come but I can loco represente  
With no one to blame we maintain insane  
In this rap game porque we feel no shame  
Of our style we roll with and tokes or spliff  
Que levante a lift let's get out of shift  
A gift of rhymes makes for dub sacks and dimes  
Besto, cerveza, Corona with nines

Hell yea  
Corona with nines  
All you bandiero motherfuckers out there  
Sureno Vida  
Dos-uno-tres  
SCLA  
Eastside

You know  
Brownside  
You know we're here to stay  
What you thought we was gonna go out like punk  
motherfuckers?  
Hell no

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