

Mexiclan, Lucky Luciano & Ese Daz

"The Backstreets"

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[Ese Daz]

Yeah

C-Arson

Harbor Area

Ha ha

S'up

It's Ese Daz, the Foolish Loco Youngsta

With my homies from San Pedro

Mexiclan

And my boy

Lucky Luciano

Chorus:

[Leon] Sippin' and puffin' all day

[MCOS] Blowing smoke through my city while we tryin'
to get paid

[Leon] Dippin' and fucking all day

[MCOS] My dough she flow, when she really tryin' to get
laid

[Leon] Ride with me

[MCOS] Where must we rhyme, when we rollin' through
the backstreets

[Leon] Ride with me

[MCOS] Makin' a mess, when we roll it in the backseat

[Verse 1: MCOS]

M-E-X is what it is, just handle it, high heels

Gettin' very close to handin'

Any emcee reaching for my pimpin'

And yes, I'm loving this game

And ain't nothing gone change

Gettin' more pushy, when it comes to fuckin' 'em
dames

I'm crushing ya frames (Yeah)

Loving the pain

Lust for the fame

Thinking like they know I'm a name

Yes

(???)

I'm feeling feverish

I'm rhyming over the hottest beats, can't get their

knees off this

Hook: MCOS

I gets hip hop head

You can catch me in the back seat, making a mess

I gets hip hop head

Yeah, shorty really want me, wanna take me bed

Repeat Hook

Repeat Chorus

[Lucky Luciano]

I'm on vacation, call me Luck W. Bush, baby

And not only am I the hot butter with the toast

But I'm also a pace po' person for Steak-N-Shrimp
Records

Ya feel me? 713

(Verse 2)

I been sippin' and puffin', gone, end of discussion

Playa Made Mexican in the door, gettin' his money

Lucky Luciano 'bout to open a school

I'm out the H-Town, baby, yeah, the home of the Screw

Slowed down, chopped up, wet paint, dripped out

Codeine and Xanax, know what I'm talkin' 'bout

Handle bar-popper

Lorenzos with choppers

If your money right, you can borrow my boppers

Gotta hit a lick

Mix up the sip

Better swish it up, the fire and sticks, I'm a dip

Tip down slow in a farm machine

Wood wheel underneath the bagets on my ring

Red Ben, on a black glock, right there on the stash spot

Run up my damn drop, you gone get your ass shot

Million dollar Mexican ain't having it, G

I done wrecked the microphone, so go on and pass me
the weed

Repeat Chorus

[Ese Daz]

Check it out, you know what I hate the most?

When them bitches be lyin'

Bitch stop lyin'! (You need to be real)

Ha ha ha

Pre-Verse: Ese Daz

I love sex in the morning, sex in the evening

I'm a freak everyday of the week

I love sex in the morning, sex in the evening
I'm a alcoholic, sex freak-aholic

(Verse 3)

Ever since my birth, I was born to fuck
Arellano my last name, with the lust in my blood
I'm overdosing like I'm on drugs
Sex with no love
Got good hands, man, they call me The Glove
I love touching women from the beginning with
foreplay
Like Frank Sinatra, I do it My Way
On the highway, gettin' some brains
Doin' 40 on the freeway, man, I'm swervin' them lanes
Everyday, holmes, we grind
Gotta make the feria, man
From nickles, quarters and dimes
Gotta hustle, get it, man
I'm on a Mexiclan plan, tryin' to get rich
Being a player money maker
It's just my human nature

Repeat Chorus

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