

La Cantina

Lil Rob

What's up man
Nah, last night was the bomb homey
We got fucked up ey
But I woke up with the biggest fucking headache
Hungover like a fucking bitch
I'm never drinking again homeboy
Ha, yeah right

I usually wait till Sunday to have my menudo
But it's Saturday and I woke up all crudo
I think I had one too many shots of tequila
Mira, I heard I made a toast to mi vida
Left a big tip, mariachis took my grip
And the sad thing about it is I don't remember shit
Wait a minute, bartender can you pass me a limon
And a nice cold Tecate, thank you, simon
Anyways, yesterday was the bomb all night long
Getting drunk off my ass, bottoms up on the glass
Presidente and Coke, 1800's no joke
Had me feeling like I never felt before so pour some more
Till I hit the floor or stumble out the door
And when the bar closes, it's time to hit the liquor store
Drinking Tecates, or cerveza mas fina
Taking shots of tequila while I'm in la cantina

Sitting in the cantina
A Latino con ojos como un chino, downing the tequila
Meet a bartender, let me get a round for everyone
Jose Cuervo, 1800, till the bottle's done
Sitting in the cantina
A Latino con ojos como un chino, downing the tequila
Meet a bartender, let me get a round for everyone
And when the bottle's done crack another one

I said I wouldn't drink no more, but this can't be true
Cuz it's not even noon and I already had two
One with my menudo, and one during the break
You want me to promise that I won't drink, but that's a promise I can't make
Still suffering, hungover from the night before
But the only way to fix it is to drink some more
So did I? But of course what you think?
I'm sitting at the bar infront of beers and I won't drink?
You gotta be kidding me, the buzz is hitting me
Got me feeling light-headed
I'm headed to the park with the homey Spark
But they had some pisto there tambien
A couple twelve-packs that they jacked
I'm feeling like there ain't no end
Cuz everywhere I go there's alcohol till I fall
It's 7 o'clock, but will I make it to last call
Hey homey, you vatos gonna be here for a while?
If so I'll see ya
But if not you know where I'll be homey, at the cantina

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Back in the cantina, sipping my cerveza
It's gonna be the same way as last night holmes, I bet ya
Primos and friends from one end to the other end
The wicked wicked wino, is getting drunk again
Stumbling, I'm wasted and it shows
And wouldn't be suprised if later on I'm throwing blows
Cuz that's the way it goes, and everybody knows
But I'll just relax and go with the flow
Bartender I'm ready for another shot and won't stop until I drop
Or till somebody calls the cops
My primo picked me up off the floor
And said "I think you've a little bit too much to drink
I don't think you should drink anymore"
Dragging my body up the hill to mi canton
The bar's five minutes away but it took me an hour to get home
I've learned my lesson, rule number one of the cantina
Don't mix cerveza with tequila

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You know every weekend I say I'm never gonna drink again
But I'm always going back to the cantina with mi familia
I got something to tell all of you
Never mix cerveza with tequila
I'm warning you
I'm out