

# Shells Stackin' Up

Lil Rob

I got that A to the motherfucking K

Yeah, shells stacking up I shot about thirty rounds  
Out my thrity round clip, you can even hear the sounds  
Of the shells when they hit the ground  
But you know they're right down  
Can't take chances if you plan to fuck around  
Leaving prints on a shell, life in a jail cell  
With no bail living life in Hell  
So I precede to be the sly, slick, and wicked  
But will I get caught? In the mean time a puto gets shot  
I say it's nothing if you ask me  
I got pumps, you can call them punks man, they wanna blast me  
That only figures when you're living life crazy  
They wanna keep me from rapping 'cause they know it pays me  
Orale that's what I say  
Orale puto that's what I say before I spray  
All them fucking levas and I cap cap cap  
And then I come back and make a firme rap rap rap  
And tell everybody what I just did  
Lined up some levas and I just got rid  
Of a couple right on the double, I'm nothing but trouble  
But when it comes to hynas I'm the one that likes to cuddle  
But right now the shells are stacking up  
I got my thirty rendevous and fools are backing up  
I got that AK in the trunk for punks that wanna act dumb  
Fuck the fourty round clip, I got the seventy five round drum  
You vatos tempt me now I don't give a fuck  
Size don't mean shit when my shells are stacking up

I got my shells stacking up  
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Simon they got me on the leva  
Don't give a shit, I'm listo  
Homies drinking besto, one smoking up the crystal  
I've got the pistol in my hand keeping trucha  
For any rivals or the jura  
The ones rolling down the hood is dead tonight  
Something's gonna happen just like it always does right  
We're in a spot where we see them but they can't see us  
So when they try to bust we bust on them busters  
Now hiding out, just keeping trucha  
Roll through my hood, just think that we might shoot ya  
You won't leave without bullet holes ese  
So it doesn't matter to me if you got your quette  
'cause you won't know where the fuck to shoot back  
All you hear is rata-tat-tat rata-tat-tat  
And if you roll through it's time for the payback  
Time to cruise your hood holmes, now what you think about that  
I'll roll your fucking hood without a care

See some levas over here so some levas over there  
What the fuck are they gonna do to me  
'cause I'm too sly, too slick, too W-I-C-K-E-D  
Soy chingon, fuck em all  
See some levas standing then you see some levas fall  
As I spray and make their day  
Say "Fuck you putos" now it's time for the get away  
But I can't split until at least one dies  
So I got back and give the vato a Columbian Necktie  
Oh shit, here comes his homies around the corner, they're coming  
Should I be running? Fuck no, I should be gunning  
Pull out my quette from behind my belt, shit  
Because these vatos just want to be delt with  
You fuck with me man, I don't give a fuck  
Size don't mean shit when my shells are stacking up

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A crazy little vato when I'm stacking up the balas  
I don' give a fuck about you punk ass chavas  
Simon, I bring down my locs  
Gotta look good when I kill so I sparkle up the spokes  
You see you're nothing but a lop  
You think that you can rap? Bitch you can't even walk  
It's like wibble y wobble y wibble y wobble  
You're a chicken, you're a turkey, baww baww, gobble gobble  
Simon, when you gobble my nutts  
You get this kind of treatment 'cause you're nothing but punks  
But uh, enough about you fools  
I'm not saying all that but next to you I'm way cool  
And to you people that wanna know, I'll let you guess  
Yeah to you putos, yeah holmes the Brown Crowd's the best  
And I'm stacking up the shells  
Having an Oh What A Night sort of like the Dells  
But not in love, I'm on a killing spree  
Killing off you fucking putos who fuck with me  
So remember this ese when I don't give a fuck  
Keep trucha homey 'cause my shells'll be stacking up

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Gangsta boogie  
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