

Locotes

Cypress Hill

You don't wanna turn your back on me
When you least expect it, I come with a wicked method
I'm creepin' on ya, think bout your homeboys bleeding on ya
It's the the locote coming out the bote
I got a new jale jacking in the noche
Give me your feria
In your pocket or they'll carry ya
Off and bury ya in the Eastside area
4 and 3 and 2 and 1
The thievery don't stop 'til I get done

Sometimes I don't even need my gat
But shit's getting deep and I gotta
Blast back 2 thievery 1 robbery 1 robbery
'Cuz jacking is my hobby
Give me that money, jewelry and your keys
To the five-o outside on deez
Later, out with the '85 Mustang
One-time got me on the radar
Trucha, and you don't stop 'til I'm done
Now the puercos got me on the run

You don't wanna turn your back on me
When you least expect it, I got your keys
In my possession with my Smith an' Wesson
Taking out all my aggression
Check it out, you're looking at the jefe
Of that clique with the big bad trece
I teach you a lesson, no question
Get your ass out now you're passing out
When you look at the cuete
4 and 3 and 2 and 1

The robbery don't stop 'til I get done
Some niggas do this shit for fun
Now the puercos got me on the run
From barrio to barrio
Looking for anybody, oh Cesario
Hanging out with Mario
Looking for a place to hide on the West side
Spank got my back over there right
And it don't stop 'til I'm done
Now the one-time got me on the run

One-time's not down with us
Now they're lookin' for my ride, but I'm on the bus
Don't turn your back on a vato like me
'Cause I'm one broke motherfucka in need
Desperate, what's going on in the mente
Taking from the rich and not from my gente
Look at that gabacho slipping borracho from the cerveza
He's sipping, no me vale, madre
Gabacho pray to your padre

This is for the time you would give me the jale
4 and 3 and 2 and 1
This ol' motherfucker, got him a gun

Bla-on, took one to the kneecap
Things happened so fast now I dropped my strap
Now I'm about to meet my maker
I thought I had it all, figured it out for the paper
No longer will I be runnin'
Last thing I heard was the fuckin' gat hummin'