

# 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'