

I wanna be remembered as a boulevard star
Life of ink in flesh and mind scars
Everyday I walk shadowed by cell bars
Hustle is hand to mouth and chance cards
Everything move all around the street sound
Bass drop makin you nod so freak now
>From L.A. Downtown to Boogie Down
Hey love I gotta lotta what they not to freak sounds
Those two bit who love to talk shit dont even fuck with
I'm too lit you ain't really shit and drive a bucket
Your dog got no bark valas is wet with no spark
In fact for the most part
Chale hook start...

This is for all y'all in memory of
Everytime you bump rola while you puff bud
Say "holmes that's the dove" and I'll feel the love
That a boulevard star think of

El callejero, el twin, el pistolero
Estoy vijilando y cruisin con el fierro
Ha-Ha! oye whatcha the boulevard gottcha
Chueco fresa cualkiera que mancha
Boulevard star lingo the street sound
Gather round bring a pound for the hounds
Nocturnal light shine grounded on street level
Bule bule hard to find like a plant with four pedals
Watch the tranzas the hottas trampas
Known to strangle mic y tumbo casas
Legendary rolas for vatos and cholas
Secondary status for haters and skonkas

I'll be remembered in the hearts of riders West and East siders
Known to take nug pack bowl and light lighta
Ready to bid love peace and all's well
Puttin words to a bassline knowin the spell
Some mix a world treasures and worthless trash
Silver that brightly gleam in a lightning flash
Gold that sunset spill on sky
Funk make bluebird sing and dove cry
Sing wild cadence of them old remains
About how much liquor flow through my viens
So roll to this slow hypnotic beat
Hollow drums flower crushed, rushed and smell sweet