

Shed A Tear

Delinquent Habits

f/ Sen Dog

I see them punk putos they coolin' by the lockers

Sellin' crystal to their women fine freaks turned flaca

Your lady say she love you but you locked inside

I heard you slipped they caught you rollin' with some dope in your ride

Your lady said she'll wait love don't come cheap

She'd rather see in the pinta than six feet deep

But can't she see that in the pinta you're a soldier

They take ya break ya make ya and mold ya

Turn you into somethin' way loco hard

Surviving scraps and jacks earning your stripes on the yard

Every night thinking about the good ol days

Look at the picture of your ruca on the wall and pray say

Por favor perdon a pecado won't you come into and save me y sabes que I'm feeling hollow

So look into your saviors eyes and see tears

Shed for you loco and all these years

I shed a tear for the vato locked down and then

I shed a tear for his girl waitin' to see him again

It's so hard mi vida but I still try

Workin' hard to make a difference before I die

Freakas of the funk yo it's the funk freakas

The dog's out the yard and he's loud in your speakas

Stompin' with my compas or should I say my back up

Crusing in the Impala countin' feria that we stacked up

Delinquents pick the slack up I be the first to act up

Deal with all these puntos but first I fuck the track up

Do what I got to do in the quest for the paper

I don't give a fuck if it puts me in danger

Dealin' with the anger that everyone has

Sometimes it makes me feel like a psychopath

I put it on tape and you know I won't lie
I'll be down with the Habits even after I die
I shed a tear for you vatos in these last days
I shed a tear for you vatos won't you change your ways
It's so hard mi vida but I still try
Workin' hard to make a difference before I die
There must be 50 ways to break it down ya'll
There must be 50 ways to let you know
But now they come like what's up muthafuckas it's best to move back
Click clack goes the cuete snap goes the neck
From your canton right up to my canton
It seems that everybody wanna be el mas chingon
We move alone or in packas collect ferria in stockas
We got no love for them ratas chest flesh full of placas
And would you strike me down will I feel the wrath
To protect my own another's life is lost in the aftermath
No indecisions mind state makin' moves with precision
See the good turn bad and confirm that I'm livin'
Between Heaven and Hell this be the gloomy old West
Where many souls get lost and many more lie to rest
I shed a tear for the vatos in street that's dyin'
I shed a tear for the mamas that's at home cryin'
It's so hard mi vida but I still try
Workin' hard to make a difference before I die