

Underground Connection

Delinquent Habits

What up ? What up ? Ye Yea..
East Coast west Coast flavor in the muthafucking house
Hurricane G and the muthafucking Delinquent habits
And we ain't having it, so what nigga ?
You wanna get bucked bring the rock
Cuz' we don't give a muthafuck!!!

What the fuck? I said What the fuck!?

What the fuck!? What the muthafuck?!? Yeah

Hurricane G, comin through with the Tres Delinquents
Por mi gente, strapped with fuertes
Blowin' the spot, making shit caliente
Wreaking MCs like Tito Puentes
Beating drums, flipping flows in different tongues
Leaving all you muthafuckas sprung
Without giving up the chocha
My lyrics, is enough to make you loco, maricon!
My shit is packed like chicharon
Fuckin' MCs up like Ron
Niggas, shakin' more ass than strippers!
For all my bitches and niggas
Im sellin' records, like thugs sellin' drugs
It's gettin' mad love, cuz I bring the real
Shit is tight, and a bad cream for my skin
Muthafucka What? I don't give a fuck!!
You can bring the rock we can get bucked what!?

X 2

Muthafucka what? I don't give a fuck!!
You can bring the rock, we can get bucked, what?
I dont give a fuck, you can bring the rock
We can get bucked! What?

I turned down the base, start to kickin up the treble
Put the music in my earphones, so I can check my level
Tu no sabes que es la mierda comin out your speaka
It's the Tres Delinquentes, Sen Dog y la Boricua
I don't be braggin', That drama's for your mom
But this collaboration right here, it's the bomb
And when Ives's comes to party, starts to sway g
Bomb styles, poppin' Improv and Pays me,
Chingaso, when your cold hard and when I To clean your crap, leave your punk-
ass retarded
The one, to the two, to the three delinquentes
Sen Dog, Hurricane G to your frente

High as a kite, it's the capitan pinga loca
With a fifth of bacardi and a brain full of mota
Representin' all the cliqua from the southside
And any fuckin' body who tha Brownpride
Takin' back to the avenue me mocho pa' mi gente
con la Hurricane G y los vatos delinquentes
El cubano marijuano que te deja taranteado
Been down since '83, DVX con mi hermano
I know you didn't think I would stop makin' rollas

I gots to entertain all the vatos and the cholas
So take it to the neighborhood and spread it on the calle
Que al perro negro, no le vale madre!!

X2

The latin season thats the reason, homeboy
For all the flavor thats on the table
The blaxican once again, so just as quick and fable
Im strangling mics, from el Lunes to Domingo
Te chingo, te digo el gringo's got my back, the lingo bringo
No mas o menos, simply stacks up the tracks
So sip the
Porque el ritmo pega duro like a kick to your sack
Y si me miras en los ojos recojo puro respeto
Y las palabras de mi boca empezaron en los cesos
Asi lo ves homeboy, I putting it down thats con mi cliqua
Hurricane, Sen Dog, Delinquents blowin' up your speaka
Otra vez, ya lo ves, somos tres
Bring the rock thats how it is... Cuz' I don't give a fuck!

X2

... Bitch!!!

*This was made out of respect for the rappers in this song
please feel free to correct any mistakes I made*