

# I Roll Slow

Lil Cuete

[Chorus x2]

I roll slow through my city and Norwalk be the spot  
Where Lil Cuete kicks it, drinking, smoking pot  
Strolling through the One-Ways, the fun ways where I stay  
And if you got some pleto homeboy bring it my way

[Verse 1]

I'm nothing but the real thing and to me you ain't nothing  
So step up to me ese so I can show you something  
You know I'm always packing; I'm everything you're lacking  
And somebody like you, can't handle someone like me  
I'm never taken lightly  
And if you think I'm bluffing come and try me  
And you'll see I'm just like my click  
I'm getting crazy, amazing to be this fucking sick  
A lot of down ass vatos but your the one I picked  
To me you're just a bitch, a stupid ass lame  
Not even from a gang, just trying to claim the fame  
I'll tell you one more time, its Norwalk what I bang  
We're all sick in the mente, crazy insane

[Chorus]

[Verse 2]

I'm downing fools that shit talk  
I represent the sick box  
I'm wrapping fools in zip blocks  
He had nothing but sick thoughts  
Money filled in big pots  
We're never using eye drops  
Never will our high stop  
Never will our high stop  
Bitches late at night tripping off the cloud of pipes  
Starting a gun-fight with another rival  
Shooting 'em down with a rifle  
The number One Gun is me  
Remember when you change the Q in to C  
But fuck the C I'll cross it out  
Right before I take you out  
I'm taking a trip to the beach  
And I'm throwing him off the at pier  
Fear when I'm near, no one will hear  
When I'm throwing him under  
Fool, it's the one whenever you think that I'm leaving  
I'm leaving you bleeding  
The Demon deceive 'em whenever I'm coming ahead  
Shooting them all until their dead, until their dead

[Chorus x2]

Yeah...Little Peter Cuete  
If anybody got offended by this motherfucking album  
I just got one thing to say to you..  
FUCK YOU!! Huh... little gun and I'm out