

Shells Stackin' Up

Lil Rob

I got that A to the motherfucking K

Yeah, shells stacking up I shot about thirty rounds
Out my thrity round clip, you can even hear the sounds
Of the shells when they hit the ground
But you know they're right down
Can't take chances if you plan to fuck around
Leaving prints on a shell, life in a jail cell
With no bail living life in Hell
So I precede to be the sly, slick, and wicked
But will I get caught? In the mean time a puto gets shot
I say it's nothing if you ask me
I got pumps, you can call them punks man, they wanna blast me
That only figures when you're living life crazy
They wanna keep me from rapping 'cause they know it pays me
Orale that's what I say
Orale puto that's what I say before I spray
All them fucking levas and I cap cap cap
And then I come back and make a firme rap rap rap
And tell everybody what I just did
Lined up some levas and I just got rid
Of a couple right on the double, I'm nothing but trouble
But when it comes to hynas I'm the one that likes to cuddle
But right now the shells are stacking up
I got my thirty rendevous and fools are backing up
I got that AK in the trunk for punks that wanna act dumb
Fuck the fourty round clip, I got the seventy five round drum
You vatos tempt me now I don't give a fuck
Size don't mean shit when my shells are stacking up

I got my shells stacking up
(I got that A to the motherfucking K)
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Simon they got me on the leva
Don't give a shit, I'm listo
Homies drinking besto, one smoking up the crystal
I've got the pistol in my hand keeping trucha
For any rivals or the jura
The ones rolling down the hood is dead tonight
Something's gonna happen just like it always does right
We're in a spot where we see them but they can't see us
So when they try to bust we bust on them busters
Now hiding out, just keeping trucha
Roll through my hood, just think that we might shoot ya
You won't leave without bullet holes ese
So it doesn't matter to me if you got your quette
'cause you won't know where the fuck to shoot back
All you hear is rata-tat-tat rata-tat-tat
And if you roll through it's time for the payback
Time to cruise your hood holmes, now what you think about that
I'll roll your fucking hood without a care

See some levas over here so some levas over there
What the fuck are they gonna do to me
'cause I'm too sly, too slick, too W-I-C-K-E-D
Soy chingon, fuck em all
See some levas standing then you see some levas fall
As I spray and make their day
Say "Fuck you putos" now it's time for the get away
But I can't split until at least one dies
So I got back and give the vato a Columbian Necktie
Oh shit, here comes his homies around the corner, they're coming
Should I be running? Fuck no, I should be gunning
Pull out my quette from behind my belt, shit
Because these vatos just want to be delt with
You fuck with me man, I don't give a fuck
Size don't mean shit when my shells are stacking up

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A crazy little vato when I'm stacking up the balas
I don' give a fuck about you punk ass chavas
Simon, I bring down my locs
Gotta look good when I kill so I sparkle up the spokes
You see you're nothing but a lop
You think that you can rap? Bitch you can't even walk
It's like wibble y wobble y wibble y wobble
You're a chicken, you're a turkey, bawk bawk, gobble gobble
Simon, when you gobble my nutts
You get this kind of treatment 'cause you're nothing but punks
But uh, enough about you fools
I'm not saying all that but next to you I'm way cool
And to you people that wanna know, I'll let you guess
Yeah to you putos, yeah holmes the Brown Crowd's the best
And I'm stacking up the shells
Having an Oh What A Night sort of like the Dells
But not in love, I'm on a killing spree
Killing off you fucking putos who fuck with me
So remember this ese when I don't give a fuck
Keep trucha homey 'cause my shells'll be stacking up

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Gangsta boogie
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