

# Sureno Blues

Lil Rob

Ponle  
I jump in my 1963 Chevrolet  
Watch it lay, orale  
On the floor, en el suelo  
Lifts me off the ground just like a leño, que no  
Simon, packs much power just like mi cuete  
Trece cuarenta y siete  
You're all up in my mix ese, ya vete  
Before you get sliced and diced with the machete  
No te mesa, no se que no te importa nota pinche leva  
Meet me wherever whenever's clever  
Ponle homey, turn up the system  
I got the Sureno blues rhythm  
Ain't nothing quite like it, I like it  
Something to bump to, get drunk to  
I'm down for smoking and drinking and deep thinking  
Deep conversations gets me in like invitations  
Imitations everywhere like a Dayton without a stamp  
But my shit's so tight when it comes out the speakers it gives you ear cramp  
s  
Perhaps you've met me, perhaps you've never had the pleasure  
It never rains in sunny Southern California homeboy  
Never ever cross the wrong homeboy's path and expect to get the last laugh  
Nuh-huh, not here  
You talk shit about me, but you refuse to look at yourself in the mirror  
Peek a boo, disappear, don't nobody want you here  
Suprised? I'm revived  
Resurrected from this overdose of thoughts  
Making my ears ring like gunshots  
Fuck love it's all about the feria  
That's what makes this world go round  
You try not to believe that  
But that's the only feedback, I get from living life my way  
Not a surfer, but I used to ride the crime waves  
Used to live life sideways, wicked slick and sly ways  
Driving thirty down the highways  
And I still can't wait for Fridays

Hey homeboy  
What's up  
Haven't you heard the news?  
What's that?  
Lil' Rob got a brand new sound ese, called the Sureno blues baby  
And this is how it gets down on the brownside of town  
Southern Califas style homeboy, check it out  
Simon

Now when I slip I dip and hit my switch three pumps to the front  
And hop the '63 down the calle  
Drop it to the floor and watch it spark the fuck up  
Ponle

Drop the top, watch the cops  
Time to go, keep it slow  
Cuz everybody knows it's not hard to spot a pelon  
Cruising an old Chevy convertible  
It's incredible, serious, serio, all in your stereo

Keep it original, imagine the video  
Goddamn that'd be bomb  
Everybody begging me to make my song three hours long  
Bubble up like a bong, it shouldn't belong  
While the rest of you vatos keep talking shit about each other  
Going back and forth like ping pong, now that's wrong  
Say you're gonna do it, then do it  
Say you're gonna pull it, then pull it  
Got a point to prove ese, then prove it  
What you waiting for homeboy, you ain't shit and I fucking knew it

Walk down to the old liquor store  
To grab me a bottle of that old funky wine  
I'm gonna drink it all by myself  
Ain't nobody's business but mine  
Whew

Catch me drinking funky wine down by the riverside  
South, watch your fucking mouth or you'll be floating up the river  
Pescados having you for dinner  
Claiming that you're badder cuz you're bigger  
Homeboy how the fuck you figure?  
I'm chopped down trees and brought bigger enemies to their knees  
So please, please, please  
Get gone with the breeze or gone with the wind, whichever one comes in  
You remind me of the Wizard of Oz and that vato made of tin  
No heart, don't start something you can't finish  
Cuz when it comes down to it I'm gonna mean business  
And I'm in it to win it and you best believe I'll kill it  
And I'll witness your quickness to your own fucking finish ese  
Ponle

Haha, Sureno blues  
That's right, simon ese  
That's how we put it down homeboy  
Get down homey, get down  
Show em what Sureno blues is all about ese, que no  
Ponle  
That's right  
Simon  
That's my Sureno blues  
Get down ese, get down  
Get down homey  
Yeah, that's right  
Whew

That's my Sureno blues  
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That's right, oh yeah  
This is my, Sureno blues