

## West Coast Ridaz

Lil Rob

Let me take you back in time with this old school rola  
Kick a little rhyme for the cholos and cholas  
This Big Frost, East Los, the rap veterano  
Still stay boracho, still stay marijuano You lame chavalas, no, you can't sa  
y nada  
Yeah, we keeps a loaded cuete that'll feed you full of valas  
Cruisin' the calles in a drop Impala  
Chevrolet  
213, East L.A. (Yeah)  
I dip and hit the switch  
On my way to the barrio  
To pick up ya bitch, I mean a heina  
Tonight, ese, don't try to find her  
She's with the label now, homeboy, we sign her  
You know I'm a cold piece, Frost be the hielo  
On her back, legs opens  
Starin' at the cielo  
Then it's doggystyle with the face in the piel  
Kid Frost, the big boss, forever stay frio  
Game right here, holmes, I sell by the kilo  
And that's real talk, said no pedo  
You don't believe it, you can ask the homie, Dedos

Yeah  
That's right

It's the Queen of the West, and I'm brown and proud  
About fifteen years, I been puttin' it down  
Just like my homie Lil Rob  
He's been doin' his thang (Uh huh)  
Y'all don't know that my boy is a Chicano rap king (Yeah)  
So get it up (Come on)  
And all mi gente  
In they lowride Chevys, hit a switch, raise it up  
Now drop it down (Uh huh)  
And hit the boulevard  
On A Sunday Afternoon, cruisin' around  
Hey, there's a war goin' on in the streets  
So my people gotta squash all the beat (Yeah)  
Yo  
Cause some people from this side, and people from that side  
That's side wide, and more fools gon' die  
And it's a neverending drama (Uh huh)  
And on the sideline  
There's tweaked-out baby mamas (Whoo)  
To raise the next generation (Uh huh)  
It's no wonder why we trippin' on this southern migration

From San Diego to East Los, from the west to the east coast (That's East, L.  
A.)

I rock the mic and make it tight for my people (Yeah)  
Bumpin' this in the chalis of the regals (That's right)  
Chevy Impalas, a bomba with your tio (Uh huh)  
Stop at the tienda and pick up some pisto  
If I stay listo, I ain't gots to get listo (Ain't gots to get ready)  
Jump in the rag, top, I'm brown baggin' it (Brown raggin' it)  
Jump in the rag, top, I'm brown baggin' it (I'm brown raggin' it)

Look up in the sky, it's a bird, it's a plane  
No, it's Lil Rob, flyin' high, stimulin' my brain (Stimulin' my brain)  
Puffin' on a marijuana cigarette  
It's good shit, you need a hit if you ain't shit yet  
And you'd be high, just as high as I (Yeah)  
Ese, we don't die, we just multiply (Uh huh)  
Heh  
I put it down for the homies  
And the heinas, in the barrio, listenin' to oldies

That's right  
It's ya homeboy, Ese Lil Rob  
With the homeboy, Frost  
My homegirl, Diamonique  
Puttin' that shit down  
Chicano style  
You know  
Yeah  
San Diego to East Los (That's right)  
From the west to the east coast  
Yeah  
Put it down for the brown, ese