

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