

Orale loco
Orale loco, Ponte las pilas wey e?
Aquí se va a hacer el jale ahorita de volada
Estos vatos tienen un chingo de feria
Listo? ponte la máscara, vámonos...

Five and four, and three, and two, and one
And we smash through the door with the quickness up
Looking for the crop, and I heard you pussies talk about
Don't try nothin', if you lead me to the Don't say a word, it'd be over, suicide
smoked out, where the (cash? Dash in the room)
Five and four, and three, and two, and one
That's how many seconds left before your ass is done (click-clack)
Now you heard the sound, tell me somethin' new
This homie here won't hesitate to put a hole in you
(Death threat, get your ass up), that's a good boy
Would you rather put the cameras out for your Don't even think about the strap up in your backpack
Cooperative when I leave you're still alive
In fact, I only want your cash crop, not your life jack'
(you can get crop), but not your life back
So settle down, I don't wanna let the metal spray
Lead the way, give it up and live another day
Trees and sacks, backpack full of cash, out the door
Hit the ride, hear my tires screechin' in the back

Yeah
Amonos, dámelo, caete con ese paquetón
Yo no quiero usar el cohete no
Es muy baqueton
El bote no me asusta a mi
Es como vacación
Pero yo te asusto a ti
Miados en el pantalón
Cinco, cuatro, tres, dos y uno
Yo quiero la hierba y el nudo
Es lo que le queda a este cuetazo de budo
Pierde puro verde o pierdes el culo
Tu di

Ahí esta la otra que te decía loco
Estos vatos tienen más feria
Aquí vamos a chingar, ¿listo?
Vámonos pues...

Weed and dough, and hoes, and hit and run
As we graspin' for more with our pockets full
Layin' down the plot, blueprints for another pull
Smokin' up the spot while I quit, we're invincible
Jack your spot and we take your shit and run
Got my eye on my [?], it's just around the way
Searchin' for the dogs, no guards, so it's down to play
Judgin' by the odds we can hit it and lets hondalē
Somos locos pocos, here we come
Grippin' outta site
Takin' it to other heights

Homie, go around the back
Go in when I kill the lights
Sack up everything
Don't mean nothin' with a fuckin' knife
Five and four, and three, and two, and one
Now we in the buildin', take it all until it's done
Fifty pounds, smell it all around, yeah we comin' up
Easy pickin', don't be tellin' hoes, leave fucked up

Yeah
Vámonos, dámelo, caete con ese paquetón
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