

# La Cantina

Lil Rob

What's up man  
Nah, last night was the bomb homey  
We got fucked up ey  
But I woke up with the biggest fucking headache  
Hungover like a fucking bitch  
I'm never drinking again homeboy  
Ha, yeah right

I usually wait till Sunday to have my menudo  
But it's Saturday and I woke up all crudo  
I think I had one too many shots of tequila  
Mira, I heard I made a toast to mi vida  
Left a big tip, mariachis took my grip  
And the sad thing about it is I don't remember shit  
Wait a minute, bartender can you pass me a limon  
And a nice cold Tecate, thank you, simon  
Anyways, yesterday was the bomb all night long  
Getting drunk off my ass, bottoms up on the glass  
Presidente and Coke, 1800's no joke  
Had me feeling like I never felt before so pour some more  
Till I hit the floor or stumble out the door  
And when the bar closes, it's time to hit the liquor store  
Drinking Tecates, or cerveza mas fina  
Taking shots of tequila while I'm in la cantina

Sitting in the cantina  
A Latino con ojos como un chino, downing the tequila  
Meet a bartender, let me get a round for everyone  
Jose Cuervo, 1800, till the bottle's done  
Sitting in the cantina  
A Latino con ojos como un chino, downing the tequila  
Meet a bartender, let me get a round for everyone  
And when the bottle's done crack another one

I said I wouldn't drink no more, but this can't be true  
Cuz it's not even noon and I already had two  
One with my menudo, and one during the break  
You want me to promise that I won't drink, but that's a promise I can't make  
Still suffering, hungover from the night before  
But the only way to fix it is to drink some more  
So did I? But of course what you think?  
I'm sitting at the bar infront of beers and I won't drink?  
You gotta be kidding me, the buzz is hitting me  
Got me feeling light-headed  
I'm headed to the park with the homey Spark  
But they had some pisto there tambien  
A couple twelve-packs that they jacked  
I'm feeling like there ain't no end  
Cuz everywhere I go there's alcohol till I fall  
It's 7 o'clock, but will I make it to last call  
Hey homey, you vatos gonna be here for a while?  
If so I'll see ya  
But if not you know where I'll be homey, at the cantina

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Back in the cantina, sipping my cerveza  
It's gonna be the same way as last night holmes, I bet ya  
Primos and friends from one end to the other end  
The wicked wicked wino, is getting drunk again  
Stumbling, I'm wasted and it shows  
And wouldn't be suprised if later on I'm throwing blows  
Cuz that's the way it goes, and everybody knows  
But I'll just relax and go with the flow  
Bartender I'm ready for another shot and won't stop until I drop  
Or till somebody calls the cops  
My primo picked me up off the floor  
And said "I think you've a little bit too much to drink  
I don't think you should drink anymore"  
Dragging my body up the hill to mi canton  
The bar's five minutes away but it took me an hour to get home  
I've learned my lesson, rule number one of the cantina  
Don't mix cerveza with tequila

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You know every weekend I say I'm never gonna drink again  
But I'm always going back to the cantina with mi familia  
I got something to tell all of you  
Never mix cerveza with tequila  
I'm warning you  
I'm out