

I don't need no Louis
I don't, I don't need no Gucci
All I need is some solid muthafuckers in my booshies
These putos tryna threw me but these jotos can't get through me
I put that on my momma that my life a real movie
Yo no quiero Gucci
Yo no, yo no quiero Louis
Lo onico que quiero son mis perros en mi booshies
These putos tryna threw me but these jotos can't get through me
Lo pongo en mi madre that my life's a real movie

I put that on my abuela Mashela
Gon' stay together, whatever
These putos fed up but still gon' get my bread up
Never led up, keep my head up
Leave my chin in the wind
Because my stilo is so frio, I'm a cold Mexican
Some say the coldest
The youngest, the oldest
You still the throdist and they notice
To remain humbled and focused
Because I been there before
Step on the couch and the flow
And then hear the lick from the now and then
Because my money was low
The story practice so innocent
I didn't mean to embellish
Living in a world that's so selfish
And I didn't want to be held in this
We'll keep the real from the fake
The [?] from the shake
My ribs ain't showin', we all eatin' steak now

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I'm in the Guinness Book of Records for the largest nuts
I used to be a stripper strippin' cars and trucks
At the bar with drunks and I'm so far from touch
And they none of my homies rap stars and such
It be forty yo's is a cigarette, born illegitimate
The only mix in my hood like an experiment
And I'm building a pyramid, bend ya knees for the king
And fuck the police unless they singin' with Sting
I have never ran with gang or clique
But I slang and then do a lot of gangsta shit
And just like Luda, if I sip a little ripple
I ain't even trippin', even nickles get to pickle

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(Uh huh, C-Kan el bos)
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Solo dios puede juscar mi
El si mi vio caer y levantar mi
Se quieren criticar mi punti mis chancas y trata cansar mi
Los riales por si dicen que no soy real y no se
Andado de cuentas soy el manager esos weiis conocen
Porque yo no cambiaría mis ideas por quien
No le gustan mi trabajo
Yo ne tentó quedar bien si mi barrio segué al cien
Métodos en el biben quboli ta todo bien tu dices subres de quien
Amigos se hacen enemigos
No hay enemigos antes los amigos como te explicó mi amigo te extiho que no h
ay enemigos que pueden con migo
Hoy bendita la muerte que mi a dijo marca en este vida mi historia

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