

Narco Corridos

III Bill

When you can smoke it too, you can mix heroin with crack and smoke it, same thing as coke. And it's... It's called chasing the dragon, almost the same thing. You know, cause it hits you that quick...

Coka mythology, Murder World, Uncle Howie in the big park
The other kids knew the shit that he sparked
Crack is the new shit on the block, they pitched and he copped
Lost his mind, got high as fuck and lit up the spot
So when I caught him smoking crack in my crib, I kicked him out
Almost kicked his ass but then I decided not to for what?
Then he bounced with a tear in his eye
I remember thinking the next time I see his face I hope he's alive
So lost in the excitement, no shame
Fuck society's indictments and fuck you too, if you don't like it
That's his attitude, that's his outlook
In and out of Rikers Island all throughout my childhood
A wild dude, I've done every drug you can name
Except dope and crack cocaine
I gotta thank Uncle Howie for that
After seeing what he did to his life I stepped back
Thank God I never got caught up or went back
But weed is still a problem, I'm hooked on kush
Hooked on chronic, rolling up the purple in the blunt
I'm Chinese in the eyes, Lebanese with the nines
American with the rhymes, Brooklyn till I die

Esto son corridos de los más idos, los más locos
Y son pocos, lo que no están torcidos
A los narcos borrachos y cocodrilos
No escogimos la vida simplemente fuimos nacidos
Se que la vida es dura y siempre está la duda
Yo sigo siendo quien soy hasta que deje viuda

He was a Mexican, first generation, the kid was ten
Used to play tools and mix booze for pop and his friends
A mixmaster, yeah the kid was nice with the blends
Just ice with two Cokes, a Super Socko with gin
The streets saw a future narco in him
He saw his father's bad habits and went to cycle following them
The bottle and the women and sin
And the domestic violence, the silence of the music when it begins
The alcohol was a part of his life, bigger than Christ
Cause when he needed to cope, he turned to the vice
From a teen pregnancy to when his brother died twice
He kept rolling the dice under the influenced rice
He went from this close to killing himself, to barely dodging death
The scent of some liquor probably taint his last breath
I feel less sympathy as time pass
The more I see his reflection every time I look in the glass

Esto son corridos de los más idos, los más locos
Y son pocos, lo que no están torcidos
A los narcos borrachos y cocodrilos
No escogimos la vida simplemente fuimos nacidos
Se que la vida es dura y siempre está la duda
Yo sigo siendo quien soy hasta que deje viuda

Oh God... That pack lasted like an hour
(What that's the whole pack?)
There's no cigarettes left in it
(Well how many cigarettes did you smoke out? Were you chain smoking em?)
Nah, I was sharing em
(Oh, well we can get more.)
Yeah...