

## Mi Vida Loca (Cisco Kid Flow)

Lil Rob

Mi vida loca, sitting low in my troka  
My 4-9 bomba, getting bombed off the mota  
Or what you call it, "reifo, " estoy prendido  
Locked up in my own prison, man, I been torsido  
Might be a flaco, but I pack a putaso  
That's on my nickname, Lil Rob, my placaso  
I used to paint it like Picasso, pinche vato  
And back when I was hollow, I'm still malo, fuck tomorrow  
Hey, fuck tomorrow, holmes  
And the day that follows  
Veteran in the rap game, call me a veterano  
Yo soy Chicano  
Spittin' calo  
I can put you in the right direction, but can't hold your mano  
These pinche gangstas, cause they talkin' "Life's a gangsta"  
But  
Next year's don't talk, cause, talkin' just ain't gangsta  
What

That's right  
It's ya homeboy, Ese Lil Rob  
San Diego, Califa, chrome boy  
Puttin' it down for the brown side of town  
That's right  
Twelve Eighteen  
Let me do this for the Harbor Area, Rob  
Doce Diez y Ocho  
That's right, we put it down, loco

Orale, holmes, I'm sippin' on patron  
It's Ese Daz, from the H.A., 3-1-0  
Rollin'  
Cruisin' to the barrio  
The area that's scaring ya  
And you don't wanna go  
Show no mercy  
Like the veteranos  
We still kick it, throw on the sly, slick and wicked  
And turn up the oldies a little higher  
And drive a little slower like the O.G. lowrider  
Mi pluma tira sangre  
Historias de las calles  
War stories in the neighborhood  
Little locos up to no good  
We show no shame, put it down for the brown  
Chicano style, representing it proud  
That's what we do  
When we do  
You don't like it, fuck you, too  
Ten years in the game, it's all the same  
Fuck the fame  
Had a name  
I do it for the homies in the bombas, bumpin' tapes  
Wey

What's up, Lil Rob  
It's only the beginning, homeboy

A tip of the iceberg

Get ready

'07

'08

'09

But in 2010, I might just pull a ghost like the homie Ese Rich Rock

Eh