

I Need A Cuete

Lil Cuete

[Intro:]

That's right
Southside
Gangsta gangsta
Southside
Gangsta gangsta
Southside
Gangsta

[Hook 1:]

In These times, of hate and pain
I need a cuete, to get me through the day
A .24, will do okay
24 ways to put you in your grave

[Verse 1:]

We strapped with mac daddy's, AK's, and hand guns
Turn around look around, we gangstas having fun
Stupid mother fuckers trying to play hit with a glock
El dyablo made me do it, slap you with my glock
Throw your ass in the trunk, simon, we counting shots
Smoke your homie down the block, bumping room let him rock
Pick up another ho, let the trigger take it slow
I'm a take the I-5 southside to mexico
No witnesses to the crime, no evidence, we don't trip
Cause they never found the bodies that we stack in your woods
Now we lookin for the bitches with the big o cheeks
She's talkin about "I love him", these hos want my riches
But you ain't getting shit, you bitches better strip
My whole clicka's in the back, and everyone of us is strapped
We got extra beer, I'm hard as a pit
I got a dollar for that ass so you better shake them tits

[Hook 2: x2]

Throw your barrio in the sky
Wave it to the left, wave it to the right
I don't give a fuck
I got my two nines, they don't give a fuck
Said "who's down to ride? who's down to bust?"

[Hook 1]

[Verse 2:]

Now who the fuck wanna mess with this?
Get blessed with this
Nine mm mack 10 with a fully loaded clip
Strolling down the street, on my two feet
Looking for those putos who shot my homie strip
I know where you kick it at, I know where you live
What goes around, comes around, payback's a bitch
That's how we do it, fuck my enemies
Fled the murder scene with my glock 17
A mi me vale madre, southsi es mi vida
Saco el pinche cuete que te mata como SIDA
Me tocas de repente, se pasan de bolada
Somos notorious, fumando marijuana
I don't know why you bitches trippin

I got my two nines handing out stitches
Almost got sparked, as your imagination wishes
I don't know why, southside is the deepest

[Hook 2: x2]

[Hook 1]

[Verse 3:]

Twenty five [?] for murdering mother fuckers
Bangin in my cell, mexicans got the power
Locked up in this house, killing one another
Fuck it, might as well, I'm a southside rider
Can't fuck with no ratas, punk ass chavala
"this is for the raza," you ain't got no palabra
This one goes out to all my homies doing lifetime
For walk-bys, homocides, and all the fuckin drive-bys
Homie I'm a gangsta, killa from the southside
Keep it on the down low, put that on the double nine
When you're left to play, the only way to die, high
Won't even hesitate, don't even let shit slide
So when you come around, at the wrong place, at the wrong time
You get blasted, take your ass down, with the body in the casket
With no time to sign it, what, damn you got blasted
What the hell?

[Hook 2: x4]