

My Pelle Pelle creased down something like a pimp
from overseas to D-town boys gettin chips
where trunks waive on candy cars its welcome to da hood
pushing drop on the block courtesy of the cook

Locsta mother fucker Im a savior to these streets
it's that EMBASSY AMBASSADOR living legend over beats
see I'm a Texas representer
I don't mess with no pretenders
on some G-shit with 3 clips
a grinder till I see rich
and rider till I'm sea sick
I run in cribs and siez bricks
this industry aint ready cuz this mexican doing it throwd
ride with shotty push big bodies D-town Texas yall aint know
it's that city where them boys known for kicking in them doors
sip that purple by the gallon blow that dro by the bow
and you aint heard of me aint hurting me
like bootleggers burning me
I bring them heat like third degree
and check them in emergency
I stay about my currency
so they gone have to murder me

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See this ese came from nada
now can't see me through my pradas
get these record execs from round me
if they aint talking bout no dollars
chasin faces dodging cases like I got that shit for cheap
while them snitches getting kidnapped made to tell it to the heat
and you can catch me in murda dog unda best of the best
5 albums at 50 thousand cuz I'm hotter than the rest
but I'm just blessed to be alive spitting fire for the fans
rocking crowds across the world keeping that hood pass in my hand
cuz I got majors worth millions talking down on my name
but ahmo keep on stashing stacks so they can charge it to the game
see this vato loco for life el lado sur on my back
and this that 214 Texas yall can put that on the map
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Nightmares that keep me strapped
and wet dreams of platinum plaques
got me gettin how I live
aint gone be no blastin back
I from the projectS my nigga where we hunger for them thangs
big cribs custom cars and an iced out piece and chain
but don't be getting twisted underground been treating me good
see cuz raza aint had no repper that could keep this hood
they taught me to wath for foes
and told me to watch dem hoes
but to keep that heater close
is what the streets instilled the most
now my dues been paid my name been hot
still drippin lookin good
keeping hoes that'll suck and fuck leavin fecies on they wood
cuz this industry don't make me
and that talking downdont break me
street disciple of the year im bout maKe these niggas hate me

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