

# Lil' Rob, Back In The Streets

(Lil Rob)

{&quot;I'm back in the streets&quot;}  
Yeah, yeah I'm back in the streets man  
{&quot;And every girrrrrrl that I meet&quot;}  
And every girl that I meet  
{&quot;They ask the same question&quot;}  
They're always askin me the same thing  
{&quot;And I tell them everytiiiiime..&quot;}  
And I tell them everytime, that I'm just gone for a while  
But I'll always be back

I'm, back in the place where, we get so absurd  
Liquor in a brown bag laid on the curb  
Where a lot of good things and bad things occur  
I know what time it is, homey what's the word?  
I kick back on the valley with my eyesight blurred  
All up in the alley, swiggin Thunderbird  
Selling rocks on sidewalks, long walks to detox  
A place where we creep don't sleep and we sweep the street blocks  
Moox on the beats that make the streets, rock  
I'm up in the corner hittin some grifa{?}  
Spittin some game hopin to hit this weeza  
Still in one piece and I'm back in the streets, I'm

(Chorus: Lil Rob) + {sped up samples}

{&quot;I'm back in the streets&quot;} I'm back in the streets  
{&quot;And every girrrrrrl that I meet&quot;} Every girl I meet  
{&quot;They ask the same question&quot;} Always askin me  
{&quot;And I tell them everytiiiiime..&quot;}  
Just gone for a little while  
But I'll always be back

(Lil Rob)

I'm, back on the calles, and I'm twice as bad  
I still do the same thing, my bumper still drag  
Lay it down on the ground right down on the ave  
All my homeboys pass, see Lil Rob, got a brand new bag  
Stuffin the cuff up, haters watch it watch it jump up  
When I cruise by, everybody sayin whassup  
Hey good to see you again - homey where you been?  
I've been around the bend where I ain't got no friends  
But, I'm back, in town and I love these streets  
Brand new Nikes on my feet, walk on the concrete  
Ey girl, I only leave cause I have to  
And when I'm gone I'm thinkin I got streets to get back to, I'm

(Chorus)

(Lil Rob)

I, know every shortcut, I know every path  
No matter where I go I know I'll be back  
Anywhere on the map doesn't really matter where I'm at  
I'll be on the Camino posted up, with my people  
In a ragtop (yeah), pancake on the blacktop  
Imagine this back drop, the lifestyle I can't stop  
Heinas, homies, liquor and oldies  
Can't leave the pad the hurras waitin for me  
I'm buzzed and I'm on drugs - people ask me why I do it  
And I tell 'em just because - it's just mari-huana  
I do what I please, no need to be discrete  
It just feels good, to be back in the streets, I'm

(Chorus) - 2X