

# Lil Rob, Keep It Real

(Lil' Rob)

Wacha, there's a difference between fact and fiction  
Pay close attention, do more than listen  
Hear what I'm telling you all these vatos be telling it

Claiming that they be having it  
But really they ain't having shit  
Fuck all that bullshit that shit is kid shit  
Keep talking shit bitch that's what your skill is  
Fools are ridiculous just don't know when to quit  
Can't spit like I can spit straight up immaculate  
Talented handle it Simon ey I'm a man that did  
Feel so cold leave you frozen stiff like a manikin  
Crazy like the bay that they named after a pelican  
From pellet guns to Semi autos to automatic guns  
Not having funds to having funds to having fun in Cali  
Sun I love convertibles dog I had to have me one  
You might know me from cruising around in my Cadillac  
Two pumps in the trunk the batteries on rack ten switches on my lap

(Lil' Rob)(Chorus)

Keeping it real, got the skills to pay the bills ese  
A lot of you vatos don't know how it feels to keep it  
real ese I do what I do when I do it  
I'm keeping it real when I do it  
Unlike you did, everything you did was stupid.

Keeping it real, got the skills to pay the bills ese  
A lot of you vatos don't know how it feels to keep it  
real ese I do what I do when I do it  
I'm keeping it real when I do it  
Unlike you did, I don't wanna do what you did stupid

(Lil' Rob)

A lot of you vatos take a long time to bust a rhyme  
and to Hit the ol' drawing board and take some more time for real  
Homeboy I ain't never heard nothing weaker  
I can't believe that bullshit be coming out the speaker  
Its like who heard you and told you that you were good?  
They lied to you, you can't rap but they said you could  
Why, would they do that, now look what they done did  
Made a shit talker out of a young, fucking dumb kid  
I know where I'm from, I know what I've done  
I know what it takes to be number one  
You vatos cross the line all the time by dropping the  
Dime Your questioning, I'm answering before your asking it  
I know what I said whatever I said homeboy I'm backing  
It I'm backin it, while you're a lying fucking sack of shit  
Chronic shit? Got a big ol' fluffy fuckin sack of it  
It's no accident when I'm packing it, relaxing it,  
kicking back and shit I loss my mind,  
I loss the time where'd it go  
I don't know, lost track of it

(Chorus)

(Lil' Rob)

San Diego, city I was brought up in  
Home of Donovan, car hoppin and bomb droppin  
I'm getting numbers while I'm dragging bumpers  
Scraping it up, Juice, I think I've got more than  
Enough In fact I think I got a little too much but never  
Enough Living life so rough and so tough I pick up the mic  
Sabes Que? I'm sick of the mic, I'm sic on the mic

Your sounding like a bitch on the mic  
I'm sick of my life and still kick the shit that you  
Like Probably get myself a six-pack and just kick it  
Tonight I'm tripping tonight feel like straight out picking a  
Fight Get wickie wicked tonight drug driven tonight  
I'm going out of my head like little Anthony  
Back in the days when he had tears on his pillow  
Weeping like a willow it's Lil' Rob esse breaking it  
Down Gangster oldie no mistaking the sound no mistakes are allowed

(Chorus)