

# Lil' Rob, Neighborhood Music

Neighborhood music, givin' back neighborhood music  
Neighborhood music, when we cruise around the brown side of town  
Neighborhood music, givin' back neighborhood music  
Neighborhood music, Lil Rob puts it down for the brown side of town

I rock rhymes that mean somethin'  
Even if it's nothing to you, it means something to me  
Let me explain something to you  
I call it neighborhood music  
And homeboy I breathe it, I see it and speak it  
Dream it then keep it and share it with you  
Unbearable blues from terrible twos  
To drugs and tattoos confused and can't choose  
Our life is a never liking the rules  
Back in school more than likely to lose  
Foo's would like me to lose cause I'm killin' ya dues  
Neighborhood things livin' out my childhood dreams  
It's not what it seems behind the scenes when everyone leaves  
I'm a good man with good intentions though I leave bad impressions  
Sit back and listen and don't ask too many questions  
Keep fuckin' up and I never learn my lessons  
Lettin' out my aggressions at rap sessions is a blessin'  
I'm guessin' you never heard nobody like me  
When there's so many people like me  
Neighborhood M-U-S-I-C

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Snap  
Jump in my Cadillac ese I'll be back ese  
Bumper en el suelo puffin' on a leno  
We pack grieffa in our pipas, we love our jefitas  
Homemade tortillas and twelve packs of frias  
Oldies in the backdrop playin' out the ragtop  
The streets are my playground and I'm tearin' up the blacktop  
And I can't stop well I could but I won't stop so I don't stop  
I likes to cruise it to neighborhood music  
Hundred spoke thirteen's gotta be the D's though  
Rollin' with my primo to the store to get some pisto  
If I could press rewind and turn back time  
I wouldn't change a thing cause this is me  
The way we live homie that's what I bring  
Neighborhood music for my neighborhood people  
Hear no evil, see no evil, speak no evil

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Taggin' up on fences and benches  
Neighborhood tensions  
Maddog expressions weapons in possession  
Whatever you want we can get it  
Us homeboys got connections  
From the need of weed to the need of needle injection  
Nike Cortez's the man behind the lenses  
Reflections of a small town, homeboys known to get down  
Party at the park, after dark  
It don't start until I spark up this joint of mine

I pass it, it ain't only mine  
It's all of ours we handle ours  
And this was all before I had a car  
And all I had was handlebars  
And the words that I spoke  
Wait and a tape with some raps that I wrote  
About my neighborhood ey

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