

Lil' Rob, No Future In It

Lil Rob, yeah
It's kinda fucked up man
All these kids wanna be grown up
"Gangsta Gangsta" and all that kinda shit
Yeah I'll be honest wit'chu eh
You smoke marihuana dawg but that's about it
It's better to cut loose eh y'know?

(Lil Rob)
Chamaco's on the calle livin la vida loca
Eleven years old, experimenting with drogas
Smoke a little weed, snort a little coca
I'll just try it one time homey to see que onda
It's so addictive and they get so addicted
Becomes a habit they gotta have it and they can't kick it
There's nothin funny about bein a druggie
I know a lot of people fucked up, became a junkie
Used to dress clean started lookin kinda bummy
True what they say you can learn a lot from a dummy
You get wrapped up in it, like a mummy
Next thing you know you're in your hefa'a purse stealin her money
And you got it so bad, if you ain't got it you go mad
Won't stop until you get a toetag
Somebody please, gimme just a minute homey
To let them know that there ain't no future in it homey

(Chorus: Lil Rob)
We like to get all fucked up y'know, homes?
{"There ain't no future in it homey"}
We do drugs 'til we're all sucked up y'know, homes?
{"There ain't no future in it homey"}
I smoke weed cause it grows from a seed but that other shit
{"There ain't, no future, in it"}
Cauae if it makes you scratched and bleed, twitch and shit
{"Homey I ain't fuckin with it"}

(Lil Rob)
Hey homes just like Mrs. Jones, we both know
that it's wrong but it's much too strong to let it go
Some do, some don't, the ones that don't are fucked
Always end up stuck in a rut
In love with the drug, do sick shit for a fix
Too many good people ended up in that mix
They scratch and they twitch, they stand and they sit
But they can't sit still, the drug's the chill pill
They do what they do, and I'll let 'em be
Cause in reality they ain't botherin me
Even though it's kinda fucked up to see
I can only feel lucky, that that isn't me
But you know it coulda easily been
It's not like it wasn't around all over the town
People lookin for the drogas, their head in the ground
Another overdose, another body was found

(Chorus)

(Lil Rob)
I don't have to prove to you what I been through
Just lettin you know I seen and what I been into
We'd go out, we'd stay late 'til the day breaks
We'd be in Cisco drinkin and huffin spraypaint
Sparkin it up, pointin the spray plate
Gettin fucked up 'til we can't see straight
Hit the calles to go start some havoc

And go gangbangin in my homeboy's Maverick
I remember, bumpin some ace fly
My cuete's loaded and so am I
And you could tell by the look in my eyes
That I ain't givin a fuck homeboy, we live to die
But that was just the thing to do at the time
Get together, get high, and go pull some crimes
But the truth is, you've got a fucked up mentality
Bet, you're gonna get a fucked up reality, check

(Chorus)