

Lil' Rob, Rough Neighborhood

I got somethin to get off my chest
It's a rioting; cause after this, it don't exist

I who have nothing, may have nothing
But I still got something that you don't, you don't
I who have nothing, may have nothing
But I'll always have something that you won't, you won't

Ey, what's happenin Primo, long time no hear from
But you're all about bullshit and we don't wanna hear none
So take your, fuckin drugs and your wannabe thugs
And your junkie lil' bitch from the strip club and get FUCKED
Still can't believe what the fuck you did
Fuck my nino, no fuck you, your slutty wife and your kid
Just a pain in the ass, that was some pains in my neck
Around here, you ain't feared you get no fuckin respect
So how's it feel not to be real, Mr. Big Man with the plan
But the first to run when shit hits the fan, c'mon
Who you tryin to kid with that gangster shit?
Lil Primo, you can't even be a gangster bitch
You must be {hiiiiiiigh} on your own supply
Get some sick fuckin vatos, they done boned you dry
Yet on you cry, because we both know why
You don't, you lie, sparks flyin like 4th of July, goodbye

Ey check this out
Even if I could I don't wanna cruise the hood in Mercedes Benz
Rather cruise a six-three convertible
Hoppin down the block with all my friends
The ones that don't care, whether or not I'm makin ends
The ones that were there and never scared and down to do it all again
I call you "The Great Pretender" cause your life is just pretend

I like the movie "Scarface" too but remember, he dies in the end
And you're no Tony Montana either, you must have a fever or some shit
You went crazy, you're sick, you just a dumbshit
Fuck it, fuck you, fuck him too
Fuck everyone who knows what you do, fucker is stuck with you
What must I do? I thought your hermana was cool but fuck her too
And this is all because of you
Sad but true, talk shit about your dad
Boy your kid's gonna be real fuckin glad to have a dad like you
Hate to see him grow up, to be a man like you
Or maybe I do, so he can fuck up your family too, man fuck you

I continue, to rap in the booth, guaranteed you're gonna be havin the blues
Cause when someone's havin to lose it has to be you
I drive the Caddy but I fuck with my baller ride
Wear button-ups but I don't, pop my collar
I pop all lies like it's nada in the calle, not the Range
It's not the same, you went insane, you ain't Gonzalez, changed yo' name
The fuckin clique you claim is lame
My shit is so heavy and true that you, couldn't pick it up with a crane

And that's familia
Yeah I can only tell it how I see it ese
Cause after this you don't exist
Either you respect that or you can step back
Cause after this you don't exist
We'll be a riotin
Cause after this you don't exist
The last thing I do, take care of the familia man
Cause after this you don't exist
You can't come back no more

You ain't welcome here man
You brought it wrong ese