

Lil Rob, Wicked, Wicked, Wicked

What's up

I think I saw him standing over there just a minute ago

Who?

Lil' Rob, he's pretty bad on the mic you know

Lil' Rob, Lil' Rob

It's the wickie wicked

Putos step and trip, I rip em up from the heart to the brain

I remain the same, and I won't change

You can't stop this so stop this nonsense

People got this because they want this

Little cholo, oh no, Lil' Rob coming with my stylo my

Lyrics are like the bullets out of a cuete, time to reload

And make sure I never run out of ammunition til I finish my mission

Fix all the mistakes that these putos make, oh man grow up

Shutting doors in your face so that you can't blow up

Do you know who you're fucking with? Lil' Rob con coneta neta

Leva you can bet your butt I'm down

Little vatos follow as I lead the way

And I say no to the paros that you need some day

Never fuck with the calm one, the one that likes to kick it

It's me the sly, the slick, the wickie wickie wickie wicked

Yea, that's the way to do it

It's the wickie wicked

Oh yea, that's the way to do it

It's the wickie wicked

Wickie wickie wickie wicked (wicked)

Wickie wickie wickie wicked (wicked)

Wickie wickie wickie wicked (wicked)

Wickie wickie wickie wicked (wicked)

I take the negative and turn it into positive energy

The people in my memory remember me

It'll never be the way you want it to be

It's not in my destiny, don't mess with me, you envy me, offending me, I'll let it be

Can it be I be the only one who knows the rules

All these people yapping wanna meet their end too

But it won't happen cuz I know you lose respect when you talk pedo

Report the detho, chinga tu respecto porque no lo quiero

No necesito suavcito es mi stylo

Keeping the smooth ambitions, like a genie I grant wishes

Stop, look and listen to the magician

I got more tricks up my sleeve than I need

Hocus pocus, abracadabra my lyrics'll grab ya

And make you press rewind more than a couple of times

Where the fuck do I reside (wickie wicked 619)

It's no thing, they want to kick it, the one keeping them sick and twisted

Lil' Rob, the sly, the slick, the wickie wickie wickie wicked

Wickie wickie wickie wicked (wicked)

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It's the Satanical, magical, Lil' Rob from the battle

I'm coming at you with horns, make you regret I was born

And I know you like it like porn, sweep the streets like I'm evil torn

And I drop my rhymes like a storm on their brains I take form
I just be the baddest you see representing city, it's the invisible
Fool you can't see me cuz I be extraordinary
And I hold my own manuscript to all of the shit that I kick
But ever since I was born I was diagnosed to be sick
Whew, oh man take a breather, and one more thing before I leave ya
Suprised that I'm back? Of course you where
I'm the torturor, Lil' Rob the Mexicano sorceror

Lil' Rob has come to town to see who he could rock
He blew away all the crew he faced even when he reached our block
He's the wickie wicked

Wickie wickie wickie wicked (wicked)
Wickie wickie wickie wicked (wicked)
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Wickie wickie wickie wicked (wicked)

Yea, I told you he was bad on the mic man
You should've believed me when I said that he was bad
Lil' Rob, 1998
And who has the last laugh now