

Lil' Rob, Can I Get A Twenty

Hey homeboy you got twenty bucks I could borrow man?
Ah, you're broke huh?
Right on, that's cool man
Hey homeboy what about you holmes?
You always got some weed holmes
Can you spot me a twenty?
I'll pay you back ey
Come on, I'll pay you back guey

My Impala hasn't moved in weeks
Simon I'm feeling kind of shitty homeboy, this is weak
I gotta get a twenty to get me through the day
Because you all know I love it when I feel this way
Without my ride ese how am I gonna get by?
That's why I need a twenty holmes so I can get high
But everybody that I'm talking to, they claim is dry
I know you got some in there ese don't lie
That's the last time that I'll ever kick you down
What goes around comes around, I'll catch you on the rebound
Next time I'm smoking and you wanna smoke
I'ma laugh like someone told a funny joke
Damn what a fucked up day
If I only had a twenty things would be ok
But no one wants to front me or let me borrow
I don't think I can wait until tomorrow, fuck these vatos

(Chorus x2)

I drive thirty down the highway
I got hydraulic fluid leaking down my driveway
I got a big chrome bill that I can't pay
Hey homeboy can I get a twenty, pay you back ey, pay you back guey

Damn it's a fucking shame
All these silly levas wanna play these silly games
Trying to play Lil' Rob for a little lame
Had to run vato over like a fucking train, Goddang
Still didn't get none though
Why not? Because he really didn't have none bro
My bad, hey homeboy let me help you up
I know you don't have no weed, but you got twenty bucks, that I could borrow
I'd gladly pay you back tomorrow
But if not then I'll pay you back the day that follows
Cuz times are getting rough for this young Chicano
I don't think I can last another a, like a person ba
'91, '92, '93, '94, '95, '96, plus four more
That's how long I've been rapping, how could I let this happen
If I had twenty bones holmes I wouldn't be asking

(Chorus x2)

Stranded with no place to go
Unless I take the bus, but I don't got no cambio
Thinking to myself what kind of friends are these
Obviously the kind that I'll never need
I'll see you later when you need a favor, remember when
I needed twenty bones homeboy where were you then?
I'm about to take it old school and pull myself a beer run
But they closed down the liquor store, I'm no where near one
Ain't that a bitch, the day's almost over and I'm still sober
Luck couldn't find me with a four leaf clover
I've got to find a way to make a grip
Or find some marijuana, roll a spliff and take a hit
I'll always find a way someday, somehow to make it through
Got No One To Depend On, so you know I don't need you

I got home, look what I found, a twenty bag of marijuana
Just for me in my Chevy rag

(Chorus x2)