

# Lil Rob, City That Everyone Knows

(Chorus)

I'm from the city that everyone knows  
All clean creased up on my clothes  
Hit the street and hop the low low  
Even got hydraulics on the Limo

I'm from the city that everyone knows  
All clean creased up on my clothes  
Hit the street and hop the low low  
Got my baby waiting in the limo)

It's all real to me homes don't need to make shit up  
I don't kick it with you vatos cause you fake the funk  
You never once had my back your just some fucking punks  
Why sit and why ask and wonder who to trust  
When the answer's so obvious  
It's no one it's no fun  
Putos talking shit and they just go on and go on and so on  
I'm giving you something to go on  
I got myself an Oldie CD I want to throw on  
Mix it with some hip-hop making sure its tip top  
Shape for your rafla bumping like you want to  
Add some Mexican rap to your collection  
Imagine hoppin your ride  
Bumpin this in an intersection  
Interesting ain't that what us Mexicans do?  
We can put it down 2 it's 2002  
I guarantee you'll see me in 2003  
In a 2004, fucking slammed on the floor

(Chorus)

It's time I pick up the pieces, get sick like diseases  
Don't you understand I don't want to be like he is  
I mean it, I can only call it how I see it  
See it then I call it, drink like Alcoholics  
Only drop the bomb shit, only smoking chronic  
Let me make a phone call if I don't already got it  
Now watch this, Wacha I'm on the deadline  
What can we give this fucking guy so he can write some rhymes  
A bag of yerba, six pack of cerveza  
But most important of all homes it's the feria  
I need some kind of motivation dog  
It's not enough just having people hating Lil' Rob  
I'm here to... Open your eyes and make you all see  
Chicano rap is also rap so why are they labeling me  
Hating on me I deserve some fucking radio play  
Any time of the day not just once a week one time on Sunday (you know)

(Chorus)

Pull out some lyrics I had folded in my pocket  
Hold it up in front of the mic then I rock it, can't stop it  
Every car I own I have to drop it  
Fix it up, switch it up that way I can lift it up over speed bumps  
I need bumps, bumping out some oldies  
Cruise around go and place some horseshoes with the homies  
Have a couple cheves, chillin by my Chevy  
Gonna grab another beer is anybody ready  
I don't got a bottle opener, I gotta use my lighter  
Always got a lighter cause I always use the fire  
To light the le'o, I got a, bicentennial  
Order up some home grown, shit gets me stoned homes  
Go a little loco, feelin like a tonto

That's when you know that it's almost time to go home  
And get ready for the night time  
Cause Ray Charles said it best, night time is the right time

(Chorus)