

# Lil Rob, From Dago To La

(Frank V)

Frank V, coming straight out of Los  
Yeah

(Lil' Rob)

Lil' Rob, representing my city San Diego, Southern Califas

(Frank V)

Once again it's on, coming back at that ass with another hit (Simon)  
Straight out of Low Profile Records  
Let's drop this shit, a little something like this

(Frank V)

I got some shit to make them all stop hating  
I got some dick to make you and that bitch stop waiting  
And I got a trick that'll make you fall in love  
And you can have that bitch for just a couple of dubs  
Frank V is on some sick shit, some fat shit  
Some wait, a Latin rapper can't rap like that shit  
I been payed, been laid  
You just been sprayed with some shit that I just made  
No fade, bald headed fuck it keep your credit  
My shit's clean, supreme unleaded  
Lowride all day, hit the pad grab the Porsche  
Hit the ranch, ride the white horse full force  
Look for me in the Source, you'll be a looking motherfucker  
But look at the bank, you might see big Frank  
Cashing a check or two, that's what the hell I do  
You don't like how I'm living, well fuck you

(Chorus x2)

Its all good from Dago to LA  
Frank V and Lil' Rob making that major pay  
In a Caddy coupe, 64 rag Chevrolet  
We drink tequila straight, man fuck that tanqueray

(Lil' Rob)

Let me do things my way, get the fuck out of my way I'm coming like this  
With a twist like No Twist, everybody wishes they could flow like this  
Lil' Rob be the sickest  
Little vato representing the city of San Diego to the fullest  
Bullshit, is what you be giving me, but you can't get rid of me  
Lil' Rob (Lil' Rob), without me there will never be  
Anything good to listen to ey  
At least thats the way I see it homeboy, what about you ey (the same way)  
I like to play from Saturday to Saturday  
From month to month from year to year like the Fifth of May to the Fifth of May, ole  
And I put that on the hairs of my chiny-chin-chin  
You don't want to begin, something that you can't fin-ish  
What you partners thought I'd be gone, what's wrong  
You don't like my song, can't please everyone, but you ain't anyone  
You ain't nobody, Lil' Rob rocking it just for a little while  
So let me do things my way, my way Lil' Rob style style

(Chorus x2)

(Frank V)

I be that vato, who got you on the stage  
Mr. Sancho, returning your lady's page  
Now you're in a rage, pissed off and disgusted  
That's why I ain't got to lady, (why not) can't be trusted  
Vatos hooked on hoes like China White without being stepped on  
That's why I kicked the habit and then kept on  
It's hard enough these days to make cash and win

Without a bitch asking me were the fuck have I been  
Franky Baby is too clean for that, too payed for that  
I'm a genuine player, not bitch made like that  
My shit sells cuz it's tight, raid like that  
But don't keep it at home, cuz pigs run raids like that  
It's still put down like it should be  
From SD to that big bad 213

(Chorus x2)