

Lil' Rob, I'm Still Riding Like That

Ese Lil Rob's back in the clean black Cadillac
Hittin' the fronts and the back see I'm still ridin' like that
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This shit is easy it comes natural to me
But that's no reason for you to be an asshole to me
Just because I'm that vato that be bangin' on beats
I don't wear no jewelry that shit's too fancy for me
I just wear my t-shirt with my Davis' on
I'm drinkin' beer even when the Charger game isn't on
I'm a kick back type vato but they got me on the go go
Enough to drive me loco, loco in the coco
Loco in my low-low, scrapin' 'cause it's so low
Hyna's wanna go low meet me at the holo
We party like the raza do, don't know what else to do
Dealt with you too many times the first time that I dealt with you
More bounce than a trampoline
But I stay creased and clean
Homeboy said I couldn't rap, hasn't hurt me recently
Vato wants a piece of me I'm the one he just can't see
Make him wish he never did 'cause it's too embarrassing

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Lil Rob gots skills now tell me how it feels now
I'ma blow the fuck up, fucker it's for reals now
Tired of the bullshit, how long can I do this?
I been bustin' raps since I was 16 with the bullet
And the truth is, I've already done what you did
But I'm done acting young, dumb and fuckin' stupid
People talk, can't stop the talk, so I deal with it
They're still wicked mad cause I got a meal ticket
Real with it, you don't get real with it
But you got skills with it
Flows so cold when you hear it you get the chills with it
Real wicked, you don't believe me take a real listen
Laughin' at them foo's that're disisn'
On a mission, mission impossible
Impossible for me to fall down to where your level is
Like dogs they think like lil kids
Paid my dues, paid my debt, silence is kept just like respect
What you expect from this vato?
I'm bangin' quattros

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Stop at St. Marco's for some tacos and some nachos
I got it it's on me, ey whatchu want holmes?
My raps are poppin' homeboy like my glock goes
Got my people yellin' gritos like my block goes
Homie hookin' up shows so I rocked those
People didn't believe so I shocked those
Where'd all these people come from?
They're from the barrio
Here to represent their lil homeboy on the radio
Que onda holmes, writin' lyrics when I'm home alone
Roll a leno I'll get stoned alone

Ese Lil Rob's back in the clean black Cadillac with lots of chrome
And the chrome microphone