

# 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