

Lil Rob, Neighborhood Music

Neighborhood music, givin' back neighborhood music
Neighborhood music, when we cruise around the wrong side of town
Neighborhood music, givin' back neighborhood music
Neighborhood music, Lil Rob puts it down for the wrong side of town

I rock rhymes that mean somethin'
Even if it's nothing to you, it means something to me
Let me explain something to you
I call it neighborhood music
And homeboy I breathe it, I see it and speak it
Dream it then keep it and share it with you
Unbearable blues from terrible twos
To drugs and tattoos confused and can't choose
Our life is a crule never liking the rules
Back in school more than likely to lose
Foo's would like me to lose 'cause I'm killin' ya dues
Neighborhood things livin' out my childhood dreams
It's not what it seems behind the scenes when everyone leaves
I'm a good man with good intentions though I leave bad impressions
Sit back and listen and don't ask too many questions
Keep fuckin' up and I never learn my lessons
Lettin' out my aggressions at rap sessions is a blessin'
I'm guessin' you never heard nobody like me
When there's so many people like me
Neighborhood M-U-S-I-C

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Snap
Jump in my Cadillac ese I'll be back ese
Bumpin' that suelo puffin' on a leno
We pack griefa in our pipas we love our jefitas
Homemade tortillas and twelve packs of frias
Oldies in the backdrop playin' out the ragtop
The streets are my playground and I'm tearin' up the blacktop
And I can't stop well I could but I won't stop so I don't stop
I likes to cruise it to neighborhood music
Hundred spoke thirteen's gotta be the D's though
Rollin' with my primo to the store to get some pisto
If I could press rewind and turn back time
I wouldn't change a thing 'cause this is me
The way we live homie that's what I bring
Neighborhood music for my neighborhood people
Hear no evil, see no evil, speak no evil

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Taggin' up on fences and benches
Neighborhood tensions
Maddog expressions weapons in possession
Whatever you want we can get it
Us homeboys got connections
From the need of weed to the need of needle injection
Nike Cortez's the man behind the lenses
Reflections of a small town, homeboys known to get down
Party at the park, after dark
It don't start until I spark up this joint of mine

I pass it, it ain't only mine
It's all of ours we handle ours
And this was all before I had a car
And all I had was handlebars
And the words that I spoke
Wait in a tape was some raps that I wrote
About my neighborhood ey

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