

# Lil' Rob, Representing

Yeah what's happenin - wussup homes?  
Yeah, it's ese Lil Rob  
Representin where I'm from homes  
San Diego, C.A.  
That's right... c'mon

(Lil Rob)

I'm representin where I'm from San Diego, C.A.  
With my nine treys, vatos that duck the sunrays  
Put 18 on my sleeves, eighty-five degrees  
with the coastal breeze and got my cuete close to me  
I park my ride, and jump outside  
Roll up a joint, light it up and get high  
Cause we get lit, bet on pits to get rich  
They lock jaw, we stand by with break sticks  
I walk through obstacles you might, find impossible  
Unstoppable and lots of flavor like a popsicle  
Brought up in the barrio, medicine man  
like {?} Caminos from one ol' vato  
The big bad Cali fast land where it's sango weed  
Smoke the grass and I don't mean the lawn  
I mean the bomb chron', only the best  
Filled up my chest with the mota from the Southwest

(Chorus 2X: Lil Rob w/ ad libs)

Representin where I'm from - where I'm from  
San Diego, C.A. - all day  
Ready or not here I come - here I come  
So you vatos best stay out of my way - make way

(Lil Rob)

I always try to stay crisp and clean  
Keep my lowriders lookin mean  
Homeboy you can read it on my sleeves  
It say Lil Rob also known as Mr. 1218  
Ey let me at 'em let me get 'em hit 'em with a verse  
Let me hit 'em with the truth homes cause that's where it hurts  
I tuck the crossbars under the skirt  
You think I'm fuckin bad homeboy it's gonna get worse  
Still givin neighborhood parties, tumble between the chain link gates  
Hit the keg, grab the mic and celebrate  
Uno dos, uno dos, mic check one two  
Sick like that hour in Tijuana, I'm sick like the flu  
Tilt the brown bag, at the same time throw up the brown rag  
In a brown rag, let it down and let the back drag  
Until the back alley, {?} la pare  
It's a little rough por chroma los, homey {?}   
Bien {?}, peros construct like a {?}   
And when I bust, I bust my pistolero  
Too much of a rush, I don't mean like a tecato  
Heavy gato, Lil Rob's a sick vato

(Chorus)

(Lil Rob)

I love palmetas, que onda Linda, son grisa  
When it comes to sex I'm triple X like my camisa  
Whassup mija? Como te llamas?  
Make her hot like a blunt, try lay her down on the calmate  
Vollada, nothin like a fine Me-xi-cana  
Shakin {?}, somebody open the ventana  
Mira, it's la vida makin mojidas  
{?}, see you when I see ya  
I'm all for comin in often, runnin trippin

The six-three Impala felt like coppin somethin you popped  
off at the mouth but you ain't poppin nothin  
Why the fuck you vatos wanna be startin somethin?  
I'm loco, I'm goin psycho, but I can't let the mic go  
I can't let the mic go whoa, that was a typo  
Sounds tight though homey done spit it again  
I'm in it to win, the reason why I did it again  
I'm representin

(Chorus)