

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)