

Lil' Rob, So What You Wanna Do

(Lil' Rob)

Hey what's up baby
Yeah, they call me Lil' Rob
Yeah, that's me
Kicking back with my homeboy Royal T
And my homeboy Yogi
You know what I mean
San Diego's finest, you know what I'm saying
What's your name

(Lil' Rob)

Como te llamas, perdonan mis vapas
Donde estabas en toda mi vida
I've never seen a seorita more bonita
My name is Lil' Rob, nice to mean ya
Wish that I could eat ya, keep you to myself, to myself, to the side
You says lets hold off things for the ride, much obliged
You replied if you decide to see me again
Just give me a ring, I'm sitting for a frigging weekend
You're my freaky bona, cabrona, chichona, pinche nalgona
I've got what you want, and you've got what I want
We both like what we see, I like the way you love me
With you soft Brown skin, Mexican, big brown eyes
As I trip on with Mary Wells to that one guy, Miles Standby
When I tell you to jump you ask how high
Even if I expect you to fly, it's time for me to fly
But you tell me what's so good about good-bye

(Chorus x2: Lil' Rob)

I can't stick around, ain't got time to dick around
If you wanna get down let's get down, let's get down
(So what you wanna do)
I can't stick around, ain't got time to dick around
If you wanna get down let's get down, let's get down
(So what you wanna do)

(Royal T)

I blow hynas like golf reel, long and slow
Cuz I'm dangerous like a SEAL, when I get at a hoe
Guaranteed to get her wet like a walk in the rain
And after we stroke they be like "What's your name?"
I say "Mr. Sancho, the one hitter then quitter
The True Player baby, the puss go-getter"
See my Lex in eighteens, you know what that means
Another day, a few more hoes when I come up on the scene
Ain't no player in the streets who play the game like me
You tight? You might be, but like me? That's unlikely
Better hose it down cuz I holds that crown
And I never player hate because I hold my ground
They call me papi from San Diego to Puerto Rico
And everybody knows ain't no guarantee like Chico
Five minutes of converstation and that's all she wrote
Sipping Alize, puffing hydro smoke

(Chorus x2)

(Lil' Rob)

Let's get down, that's right
San Diego Clique
Don't act like you don't know us
Lil' Rob, Royal T, Mr. Yogi
Ponle

(Yogi)

Shave my head pelon for the get up and go look
Hit the avenue, I'm putting freaks in my phonebook
You know I just be chilling with my cousin Rancho
You wasn't trying to deal with me before my demo
But now you be screaming out "Papi, te quiero"
Trying to front like you got class, but you just ghetto
I love pretty things on the dance floor
Glitter on your chest, g-strings, and platforms
You know the type of babydoll that make your knees weak
Sipping mixed drinks, real super freaks
The type of broads like like to chill in Mexico
Acting stuck up, sporting them sexy clothes
Knew her when she was chica, mira que bonita
Now she's with amigas, me rolling with clickas
I'ma juela la jolita, what's up mamacita
I be trying to maintain, just chilling in my villa

(Chorus x4)