

Lil' Rob, When I Stop

Hey ladies, who you come to see?
Is it the L-I-L to the R-O to the B?
Lil' Rob, say it for me loud
How come I say my name so much? Because I'm proud
Like the Impressions along with Curtis Mayfield too
I'm so proud of you
You know the jam, I'm the oldie man, some say I'm the only man
Who can make a rap jam without fucking up the oldie jam
I always am and I always will be
That one you love to hate and later on I'll still be
People wanna kill me over all this rap shit
Can't get over that shit, now they want me in a casket
Rumor has it, that I'm one of the baddest
Little vato rapperos with rhymes that are massive
Gigantic and deeper than Atlantis
You wanna be like me? Homey you better fucking practice

(Chorus)

When the birds no longer use their wings to fly
That's when I'll stop stop stop stop stop
When the rain drops stop falling from the sky
That's when I'll stop stop stop stop stop
When Old Broadway turns to Fifth Avenue
That's when I'll stop stop stop stop stop
When mathematicians find that one plus one isn't two
That's when I'll stop stop stop stop stop

Been doing this a long time, now I'm busting strong rhymes
Know about the thin lines, trying to keep shit in line
And I know it's my time, for some reason I'm not trying
But without my music out homey I'm slowly dying
That's something I know that they want
Something that I don't want
Lil' Rob the nickname, the nickname that they forgot
Yeah he used to bust raps and make people clap
Everybody's got their albums out, but where's his at?
He said it'd be out a long time ago, he said that a long time ago
Where'd all the time go? Can't see, like with a blind-fold
Hey have you seen me, Mr. Whodini
Say that I'll be back, but that's my disappearing act
When the birds no longer use their wings to fly
And the rain drops stop falling from the sky
And Old Broadway turns to Fifth Avenue
When mathematicians find that one plus one isn't two that's when I'll stop

(Chorus)

Remember when I was younger
I would hunger for the chance to be a star
Here we are, how bizarre, how far
Will I take it, will I make it, have I already made it
What'd you think about my album after you played it
Was is good, was it bad, was it bad meaning good
I can take this to the top ese, I really could
We need more Mexicans on cd, more Mexicans on tv
Never forget where I come from, and that's what keeps me
Who I am, aw man it's you again, that man up in the mirror
The only little vato that I fear
Sometimes I don't like to see you, don't like to be you
Wishing on a star of all the things that I could re-do
See through, all you, are you, who you, say you claim to be
Last time you came to me, or maybe you just came to see
If Lil' Rob was still dropping it
Fuck yeah, there ain't no stopping it

(Chorus)