

# 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)