

Can't Keep A Good Man Down

Tommy Castro

Yeah, it's your homeboy Lil' Rob
It was once said that you can't keep a good man down
That's why I'm back, Simon, that's right
L I L R O B, remember me, it's me
That vato hardcore on your memory
Temporarily had a commission
Now my mission is to keep you wishing
That I was gone, what's wrong?
Fear what you know, loco with the flow
And if you didn't know, now you know, oh no
Pelon, chingon, cholo, solo
Always rolling in my low rider ese, how low? As low as it goes
Clothes always creased, dressed up nice and neat
Always fucking up my beats and always fucking up my sheets
Take a seat and learn that I just can't be burned
Though I'll burn you like a lenio, you can't fuck with me, mental
Eso mero, you better believe it, homey
They'll be bumping my shit in forty years just like an oldie
Listen over here, over there, what's that sound?
Lil' Rob, can't keep a good man down
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Lil' Rob
What's up ese, it's your homeboy Lil' Rob coming back at you
Letting you vatos know they can't keep a good man down
Those who know don't talk and those who talk don't know
So remember that shit the next time you're questioned ese orale
The world is my stage, got you trapped like a cage
Act your age not your shoe size, where the fucks the truth lie?
You act like a shoo-fly but don't bother me
You claim that you're the bomba but no to me
It's a shock to me you'd even want to talk to me
The one you can not see, trying to find out everything like Barney
Chismosa, that's what you are to me

They say keep your enemies close but I want you far from me
Farther than the eye can see like in another galaxy
Like where another planet be, anywhere but next to me
Lil' Rob got some new shit and I know you won't like it
Lil' Rob got some new shit and I hope you don't like it, ponle
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Lil' Rob
Why must it be like this, P L A Y at your own risk
You better stop what you're doing like a breaker when he poses
Break your ass like noses
Better take the time to smell the roses
I swear it's magic how I have it, better grab it
I know the gato's in the bag because I bagged it
I sell so much shit right off the shelf, homey just relax
It's your homeboy Lil' Rob, ese I'll be back
Smoke another sack and make another track to make my feria stack
They only push me forward when they think they set me back
Even fools that don't know me wanna get me back
Imagine that, even if I'm not wanting it homey I'm having that
Still live on my Natural High, wickie wicked slick the sly
Fuck it up regularly, ain't nobody better than me
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