

San Diego

White Iron Band

What's up ese
It's your homeboy
Lil' Rob
Representing my city to the fullest
San Diego, Southern California
That's where I'm from, simon
S-A-N D-I-E-G-O representado con Mano Lopalo
Mi pa mi lado, Chicano liempo creased down with the wrinkles
Bet you get them tingles when you listen to my singles
Mi cate, pelonsito con marijuanito
Got one hand on my cuete and the other on my pistol
Siempre listo, mijito en todo
I'm one bad motherfucker from the wrong side of town ese, mi moto
Pero no me jolles, but I still enjoy this
Lil' Rob controla, fucking up this rola like a bomba on the boulevard
Cruising with the 45's, got my loaded .45's still living this Crazy Life
I lay low like a Chevrolet, Chevrolet
And I bust my rhymes and they come away, come away
And I been many places but it's not the same though
L-I-L R-O-B, S-A-N D-I-E-G-O
[Chorus]S-A-N D-I-E-G-O, E-G-O
San Diego
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S-A-N D-I-E-G-O, E-G-O
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S-A-N D-I-E-G-O, E-G-O
San Diego, Southern California
Though my town ain't what it used to be
It still means everything to me
I used to have dreams to be, something is what it made of me
Nothing like I used to see, drug deals everyday homey
Overdoses? Yeah usually, but the streets was so damn good to me
Pain the walls with graffiti, all the vatos acting rough with me
So rough so tough with me, pinche juras handcuffing me
They never left me alone, just 'cause I was pelon
And because of my skin-tone, fuck that must be 'cause I'm chingon

And I tell it like it is, my shit's bad damn right it is

Can't believe how tight it is, like baby Jennifer Lopez
Leaving all you fools so please, knowing you can't fuck with this
Say that you don't like my shit, your fucked and now you're stuck with it
I know that you're bumping it, on the down low you be loving it
I'm the baddest one Brown-raggin it, catch me on the street Brown-baggin it
This one's for my city where I learned my flow
S-A-N D-I-E-G-O, San Diego
[Chorus]I always say stay down for the Brown
But don't let no one get you down, don't frown
Ready for showdowns, I got more sold than MoTown bumping in your town
Who's got the flows now? Who's running the shows now?
The wicked wicked Lil' Rob got's it all under control now
Go now, if you know what's good for you
But you're one of those vatos that likes to talk away
If you had any sense you'd swallow your foolish pride homey and walk away
The other way, oh by the way I fly away back to my four corner room
Like my song 4 Corner Room, tripping out like I was on shrooms
I sit and look at the colorful things, evil, good or whatever it brings
Spread my wings and fly away again, Lil' Rob the San Diegan
Let me know when you want to play again, play again
Maybe next year on the Fifth of May again, May again
But until then keep up with Lil' Rob year round
And I'm promising you the crystal clear sound of a Mexican
But it's time for me to go rest again
It's time for me to go but I'll be back to flow
Remember my name, Lil' Rob
Know where I'm from, San Diego
[Chorus]That's right
That's the way we do it
San Diego, Southern California
Yea, 1904
That's right
San Diego

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