

Somethin' 2 Relate 2

Lil Rob

Orale
What's up man
Back once again
Giving you something to relate to
I'm kicking back at my pad
Getting it through with my familia otra ves
It's time to bail out and get out of this mess
So they don't really like my ways
And they don't really give a damn about what I say
So I jump in the carrucha, keep trucha
I'm strolling through the town steady scraping the ground
Now I'm lighting up the area
Some staring at me suprised I'm still alive
'cause back in the day I got shot homey
Because we let the bullets fly
But that don't mean I'll lecture you how I almost died
Why did this chump survive, that's why I'm still alive
Lil' Rob con trunamos since 95
Ain't no stopping me now
Lil' Rob is on the prowl
Don't ask me how 'cause I don't have to explain it
Don't ask me how 'cause it's too complicated
For you uneducated vatos to learn
You try to creep up but you sleep 'cause I'm rolling nine deep
And to you vatos who disrespect me then want help from me
You must be stupid, you're acting like a dummy with the
[Chorus]L-I-L R-O-B
B-R-O-W-N C-R-O-W-D
I'm the L-I-L R-O-B
B-R-O-W-N C-R-O-W-D
L-I-L R-O-B
B-R-O-W-N C-R-O-W-D
I'm the L-I-L R-O-B
B-R-O-W-N C-R-O-W-D
Dropping rhymes smoothly, oh man
It's Lil' Rob the vato with the Brown mind on his shoulders
I've never done it, but I've seen more crytal than Folgers
I guess you could say I've got my choice
Either get messed up or jumped, or I pay on the invoice

People buying up my vocals
Sometimes they're mellow and sometimes they're loco

Cruising through the Eastside, flip it to the B-side
Rolling with my primo, so watch the 63 glide
I've got my hyna on the side of me
She's on the right of me, and she's looking so damn fine to me
Hey babe, come a little closer
So that Lil' Rob can hold ya
As I drop a little taste for my race
Oh yes, she left the marks of her lips on my face
Simon we're rolling, rag-top folding
We're cruising slow, the jura pulled us over for being too low
They never fail to harrass us
Always pulling us over never ever will they pass us
I'm living life on the calle so let me tell it
If you don't know my name ese then let me spell it
[Chorus]Hey man, I'm only twenty
Some people say "Lil' Rob get out the gang"
But then they say it like if it ain't no thang
But see, even if I say I don't claim
They still know my face and they still know my name
I see some vatos that I hate
But I won't hit them up because I'm trying to get my life straight
But they decide to hit me up instead
I'm on their leva, they're the ones who want me dead
So um, what am I supposed to do?
It's time to show these fools
In the crazy life man their ain't no rules
And you gotta understand
I'm doing the same damn thing as any other man
You can call it gang violence or call in what you will
But even the most innocent man will kill
Stay still, as I drop shit reality
All the gente talking that petho 'cause they just can't handle me
Because I speak about the real, and how I feel
And I still kick back with the homeboys from the hood
But to the Man upstairs, I'm trying to do good
Yeah man, you gotta understand
You may call it a gang thing
But you'd do the same thing tambien
Right, giving you something to relate to
[Chorus]

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