Keep It Real

Lil Rob

(Lil' Rob)
Watch-Ah There's a difference between fact and fiction
Pay close attention do more than Listen
Here what I'm telling you all these vatos be telling it
Claiming that they be having it
But really they anit having shit
Fuck all that bullshit that shit is kid shit
Keep talking shit bitch that's what your skill is
Fools are ridiculous just don't know when to quit
Can't spit like I can spit straight up be Maculent
Talented handle it Simon eh had my man that did
Feel so cold leave you frozen stiff like a manikin
Crazy like the bay that they named after a pelican
From pellet guns to Simi autos to automatic guns
To having funs to having funs to having fun in Cali sun
I love convertibles dog I had to have me one
You might know me from cruising around in my Cadillac
To pumps in the trunk the batteries on rack flip the switch on my lap
(Lil' Rob)(Chorus)(2x)
Keeping it real got the skills to pay the bills esse
A lot of you vatos out there don't know how it feels to keep it real esse
I do what I do when I do it
I'm keeping it real when I do it
Unlike you did, everything you did was stupid.
(Lil' Rob)
A lot of you vatos take a long time to bust a rhyme and ta
It be your drawing board and take some more time for real
Homeboy I never heard nothing weak
Can't believe that bullshit that be coming out the speaker
Its like who heard you and told you that you were good!
They lied to you, you can't rap but they said you could why?

What they do that, look what they done did made that shit talk
And beyond, fucking dumb kid I know where I'm from
I know what I've done I know what it takes to be number one
You vatos cross the line all the time dropping the dime
Your questioning I'm answering before your asking it
I know what I said whatever I said home boy I'm backing it
Backing lid, well you're a lying fucking sack of shit

Chronic shit? Got a fluffy giant sack of it
It's no accident when I'm packing it relaxing it kicking back and shit
I loss my mind I loss the time where'd it go
and but I go and lost track of it
(Chorus)
(Lil' Rob)
San Diego city I was brought up in
Home of Donovan car hoping and bum dropping
I'm getting numbers while I'm dragging bumpers
Scraping it up Juice I think I've got more than enough
In fact I think I got a little too much but never enough
Living life so rough and so tough I pick up the mic
Saves Que? I'm sick on the mic I'm sic on the mic
Your sounding like a bitch on the mic
I'm sick of my life but still kick the shit that you like
Just probably get a six-pack and kick it tonight
I'm tripping tonight feel straight up like picking a fight
Get wickie wicked tonight drug driven tonight
I'm going out of my headlight like little Anthony
Backing me days when he had tears on his pillow
Weeping like a willow it's Lil' Rob esse breaking it down
Gangster rolling no more mistaking the sound no mistakes are allowed
(Chorus)

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