Call the cops

Karamel

(Lil' Rob)
Quando el dia se convierte a noche
Wacha las chiespas que volan del coche
Lil' Rob is un locote
Thought I was done? Fuck no
I won't let it go
See I made you what you are putos
And everybody knows
Don't try to hide what's so obvious
Without Lil' Rob around homeboy you got no audience
Your fucking fraudulent you lost your common sense
Not just a little bit but all of it
Heard you got an Album coming out Puto what'chu calling it?
Featuring Lil' Rob the way you sell some mother fucker
Check the bar codes the one's that scan but you ain't got those
Cause they're all mine you cross the wrong line
I'm an earthquake waiting to happen and your standing on my fucking fault line
Got some bullets in the cartridge do some damage to your cartilage
Dia de tu muerte silent like your cuete
Cause you wont shoot shit you bought that shit just for a sound prop
Click Click thats all you hear is Click Click and no shot
(Lil' Rob)(Chorus)
Somebody call the cops
Cause Lil' Rob won't stop
Somebody call the cops
Cause Lil' Rob won't stop
Somebody call the cops
Cause Lil' Rob won't stop
Somebody call the cops
Somebody call the cops
(Lil' Rob)
Hey fat boy you drop something
A fucking dime you fucking swine
Rather have my pride than run and hide
Thought you were a gangster
Thought you knew the rules
There's a fork up in your road puto
Which one you gonna chose?
Whichever way it is

Guaranteed your gonna lose
I know your move before you make it
Leaving you confused
How in the fuck do I know what I do

It's not that hard to find out info
Cause no one likes you
Everybody that I talk to
Wants to see your downfall
Knocking you out left and right
And I'm boxing southpaw
You run cause you're a rat
Not cause you're an outlaw
I just can't get over it
You couldn't be more of a bitch
Said nobody likes me? Shit
I don't like nobody
They're a bunch of backstabbers
Not to mention whack rappers
Where's all the real homeboys at?
I don't see none
Did you cut your ponytail puto so you could be one?
Take that mother fucker
(Lil' Rob)
Fool you just a phony
never was a homie
You are what you eat
Full of fucking baloney
Though your name is Tony
Your no, Tony Montana
Don't get brave like Atlanta
Won't exist just like Santa
I'm not even worried
About what you might do
I'll be waiting with a German
Named G-42
And that's some heavy artillery
You think your killing me
I know your fucking feeling me
Y saves que puto?
Let the fucking war begin
I guarantee that I won't stop until I fucking win
Smiling faces sometimes they don't tell the truth
Smiling faces tell lies and I got proof, the proof is you
What'chu gonna do when your covers blown

And your stupid fat asses are sitting all alone and
Karma comes to get'cha? Karmas just a bitch
Just like you, you have no fucking clue what I can do to you!
(Chorus)

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