

So Many Styles

Lil Rob

Giving you a selection of perfection
No need to question why I leave these other vatos with manic depression
Missdirection, leaving them guessing and leaving them stressing
And leave them sketching their next lesson, did I mention I'm not resting
Until they feel my aggression, my profession is positive
Competative and negetive, leave holmes sedated like a sedative
Hypnotize, mesmerize, I got more swirls in my eyes, swirls in my eyes
You're getting sleepy, trying to stay up and it's burning your eyes
Hurting your eyes, look at all the fear in your eyes, tears in your eyes
You keep on screaming but they still ain't even hearing you
Guys begging for attention, attention
Homey I was writting rhymes back in seventh grade in detention
I have to send those fools back to the drawing board
Ten seconds of your song and I'm already bored
Making me snore, I won't be listening to that no more
You vatos make me not want to listening to rap no more
Hoping you don't have no more
[Chorus]Rolas in progress, Lil' Rob the sick one
Got so many styles homeboy, go ahead and pick one
I've got plenty of them, I've got many of them
Pick which one you like and ride with any of them
Rolas in progress, Lil' Rob the sick one
Got so many styles homeboy, go ahead and pick one
I've got plenty of them, I've got many of them
Pick which one you like and ride with any of them
Simon, you brought more time but what you saying
Quit saying the same thing over, it's over
My rhymes are tighter and wiser as I get older
Look over your shoulder, I'm colder than Porter
Way of life like a solar system

Can't take the heat then get your ass out the kitchen
You got three minutes to make your distance
'cause I'm blowing up this motherfucker and everything in it
Beginning to finish it, ain't nobody the sinnest
And you fucking hynas acting like you're a highness
You were a ten, with your attitude minues six
Now you're just a four, stupid whore I'd fuck on the floor, bitch
Who in the fuck do you think you are, walking around like some kind of star

It feels good, real good, when you take that fucking feeling too far
Oh man, Lil' Rob all up in the canton
When I'm on the microphone they call me Ese Patron
Someone stop me, nuh-huh nuh-huh leave me alone
I'm feeling good, I'll feel this way until the thrill is gone
[Chorus]Hey I can't trust nobody, not even a fucking friend of me
I've gotta treat you as if you may become my worst enemy
People using my name and shit, bitch leave me out of it
Patience, had a little bit but I just ran out of it
Just like my respect for you, it's hard being me
I could tell you a million times but you still ain't hearing me
You need to open your fucking eyes 'cause you still ain't seeing me
My style's firme, homey there ain't no beating me, no defeating me
They call me selfish, oh well greedy
Ain't nobody gonna take care of me but me
You said that they said something thing, you said that I said something
Making something out of nothing, Lil' Rob don't say nothing
Ain't that something, how they think this is a fun thing
Time to fucking end you, make you a fucking done thing
You do dumb things, no explanations for your actions
Actions speak louder than words, don't say a word motherfucker
[Chorus]

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