

## King Kapisi

### "DTTX and Ese Lil' Rob"

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[DTTX]

Smash the dash, you know I'm all about the cash  
I burn it up like hash, Low Pro staff  
After that why don't you tell me who you thought it was  
We just some felons, always keep bailing  
There ain't no telling what we coming with next  
Large amounts, break it off in sets, homey you know  
Import to export, it's all affordable  
Portable, transferring up to State, date current  
Lil' Rob and me we like some Ceaser Lenos  
Al Pacinos, John Gottis, Gambinos  
Making hits for all you so called rap cliques  
Who talking hella loud but you ain't really saying shit  
We get it started, hot like fire  
Keep em rolling like rims and tires, cut it up like  
barbed-wire  
We here to shine where it rain and ain't sunny  
Cuz we all about our money, ain't a damn thing funny

[Chorus: DTTX (Lil' Rob)]

(D-double-T-X, Ese Lil' Rob)  
We hitting licks, and roam with bomb bitches  
If you don't know it's on, then I'll tell you that it's on  
bitches  
(D-double-T-X, Ese Lil' Rob)  
No matter if the stakes are high  
We gonna ride till the day we die  
(D-double-T-X, Ese Lil' Rob)  
We hitting licks, and roam with bomb bitches  
If you don't know it's on, then I'll tell you that it's on  
bitches  
(D-double-T-X, Ese Lil' Rob)  
We gonna shine where it rain, and ain't sunny  
Cuz we all about our money, ain't a damn thing funny

[Lil' Rob]

L-I-L R-O-B from S-D  
Dropping it with the D-double-T, X  
Fool you need some Kleenex  
Mocosos, vamosos, you are like a nosto but you ain't  
even coastal

Lil' Rob be the bomba, 2001 even more so  
Keep trucha, I'll shoot ya  
With a gang of raps man  
Dropping way more bombs than the Gap Band  
Old school like Pac Man  
I pack jams, pulling a bunch of shit  
A bunch of bumping shit, a bunch of shit you can't fuck  
with  
You'll find me three-wheeling it  
Or with a Corona and a brown bag homey tilting it, and  
killing it  
And when I'm done I'll grab another one  
Write you another hit cuz you can't get enough of em  
You've loving em  
Who be that vato that can rock the spot? Ese Lil' Rob  
Who be that vato that just can't be stopped? Ese Lil' Rob  
Ponle punk

[Chorus]

[DTTX]

We hitting licks, and roam with bomb bitches  
If you don't know it's on, then I'll tell you that it's on  
bitches  
And we coming from out of bounds, so bare with me  
Mi amigo, hit me with the steelo  
Mero mero, listo with the filero  
Harder than Heavy Metal and it's on till the dust settle  
Keep it cracking from beginning to end  
Perkilating, bubbilating, and hard core ministrating  
You can't see Lil' Rob and me  
We just some OG's flowing from the shores out in Cali  
We in the mix, and floating a fly six  
And ain't got no time for those haters and tricks  
Let the clock tick, bout to explode, cold piece of work  
Hear what I'm saying, knowing that we done did dirt  
Cop a piece homey, what the deal  
Infamous boss players, homey we keep it real

[Chorus]

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