

Lil Rob

"Back In The Streets"

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(I'm back in the streets)

Yeah yeah, I'm back in the streets, man

(And every girl that I meet)

And every girl that I meet

(They ask the same question)

They're always askin' me the same thing

(And I tell them every time)

And I tell them every time

That I'm just gone for a while but I'll always be back

I'm back in the place where we get so absurd

Liquor in a brown bag laid on the curb

Where a lot of good things and bad things occur

I know what time it is, homey what's the word?

I kick back on the valley with my eyesight blurred

All up in the alley, swiggin' Thunderbird

Selling rocks on sidewalks, long walks to detox

A place where we creep, don't sleep and we sweep the
street blocks

Moox on the beats that make the streets, rock

I'm up in the corner hittin' some grifa

Spittin' some game hopin' to hit this weeza

Still in one piece and I'm back in the streets, I'm

(I'm back in the streets)

I'm back in the streets

(And every girl that I meet)

Every girl I meet

(They ask the same question)

Always askin' me

(And I tell them every time)

Just gone for a little while but I'll always be back

I'm, back on the calles, and I'm twice as bad

I still do the same thing, my bumper still drag

Lay it down on the ground right down on the ave

All my homeboys pass, see Lil Rob, got a brand new
bag

Stuffin' the cuff up, haters watch it watch it jump up
When I cruise by, everybody sayin' whassup?
Hey good to see you again, homey where you been?
I've been around the bend where I ain't got no friends

But, I'm back, in town and I love these streets
Brand new Nike's on my feet, walk on the concrete
Ey girl, I only leave 'cause I have to
And when I'm gone I'm thinkin' I got streets to get back
to, I'm

(I'm back in the streets)
I'm back in the streets
(And every girl that I meet)
Every girl I meet

(They ask the same question)
Always askin' me
(And I tell them every time)
Just gone for a little while but I'll always be back

I know every shortcut, I know every path
No matter where I go, I know I'll be back
Anywhere on the map doesn't really matter where I'm
at
I'll be on the Camino posted up, with my people

In a rag top, pancake on the blacktop
Imagine this back drop, the lifestyle I can't stop
Heinas, homies, liquor and oldies
Can't leave the pad the hurras waitin' for me

I'm buzzed and I'm on drugs, people ask me why I do it
And I tell 'em just because, it's just marijuana
I do what I please, no need to be discrete
It just feels good, to be back in the streets, I'm

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(And every girl that I meet)
Every girl I meet

(They ask the same question)
Always askin' me
(And I tell them every time)
Just gone for a little while but I'll always be back

(I'm back in the streets)
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