

Lil Rob

"Bringing it Back *"

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* different from the "Uncut For The Calles Mextape" version [Fingazz {Fingazz *slowed down*}] "Next to the Pacific, to be specific" "Right next to the Pacific, to be specific" "Right next to the Pacific, to be specific" {"Right next to the Pacific, to be specific"} --> Lil' Rob [Verse 1: Lil' Rob] Got static Like on my 45"s, handles static with .45"s (Yeah) Chicano gangster life (That's right) I got three dots It took three shots to put three vatos in the place, I mean, their plots (Yeah) Thought they were bad motherfuckers I guess they're not (Fuck that) I'm up in this, and I'm a give it what I got And if I fail Dust it off and give it one more shot I'm in a laid out Chevy in the parking lot You dawgs don't bite But you sure do bark a lot (It's all you do) Yeah My Range is wide like my gangster wife (Yeah) And those are white Like my gangster nights Are fucking tight (That's right) I like the freaks that come out at night I'm from the west, you know, the left Where it feels so right Pre-Chorus: Lil' Rob I'm bringing it back And I'm a rep the west like this (And I won't quit, shit) I know they ain't expectin' this (I'll handle it) It couldn't be that homeboy, yes it is I'm bringing it back (That's right) I'm bringing it back (Simon) Chorus: [Both] I'm bringing it back [Fingazz] Bring back, bring back, the west, the west [Lil' Rob] Bring it back now [Fingazz] But, the west, just never left [Lil' Rob] Never back down [Fingazz] Bring back, bring back, the west, the west [Lil' Rob] Homeboy I'm bringing it back (That's right) I'm bringing it back (Simon) [Verse 2: Lil' Rob {Fingazz in background}] They call me Lil' Rob, homie (Lil' Rob) But I'm doin' it big I'm fuckin' sick like a stylist, I'm splittin' your wig (Splitting your wig) Rhymes blow your brain back, I know it already did (Already did) If it hasn't, it's about to fuckin' flip your lids Still roll on thirteen inch Dayton's with the two chron knock off (Uh hun) The bow tie Dayton stand, don't accept no knock offs (That's right) I take it out And go bust the shots off (Yeah) Vatos want some pedo Then I'm bustin' shots off Gone through crosswalks Vibrate the streets Like Fingazz Vibrates his teeth When he's working the talkbox {Yeah} We're getting sick with it They say, "That song is sick The

beat is tight (That's right) And I love the way he's
spittin'" Repeat Pre-Chorus & Chorus [Lil' Rob &
Fingazz] I'm bringing it back [Lil' Rob] The west coast
Right next to the Pacific Ocean The west side Yeah The
left side Hook: Lil' Rob {Lil' Rob *slowed down*} Right
next, to the Pacific To, to be specific That, that's where
we kick it Where, where we get wicked Flick, the switch
and dip it Lift, it up and tip it Pack, the bomb and grip it
Take, the mic and rip Right next, to the Pacific To, to be
specific That, that's where we kick it Where, where we
get wicked Flick, the switch and dip it Lift, it up and tip
it {I come from the west coast, you know, San Diego,
Los Angeles} Repeat Pre-Chorus & Chorus [Fingazz]
Bring back, bring back, the west, the west (Hey) But,
the west, just never left (Hey) Bring back, bring back,
the west, the west (Hey) Oooh, oooh, oooh, I'm bringing
it back

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