

Lil Rob

"Brought Up In A Small Neighborhood"

Visit "[Brought Up In A Small Neighborhood](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Hey what's happening?
It's your homeboy Lil' Rob
Back with some more shit
You know I cruise my low riders
But I just can't find nothing to cruise to you know?
What happen to the good music?
All that oldies shit
This one's going out to everybody low riding
And need something to cruise to wacha

All you vatos take note, Lil' Rob ain't no joke
So wacha, Jump in my six-three Impala
Put down the top as I pull to the stop
Drop, roll, never can be to low
Simon I got low riders, hundred spoke wires
White wall tires four pumps jumps it higher
Than anything you've ever seen
Fucking mean fucking clean

Can't drive too fast or swerving
Slipping and dipping, that's what we call it
That's what you do when you've got Hydraulics
I sea-saw it front back side to side pancake it
We don't fake ese we just take it
Don't try to jack it bullet holes in your jacket
From my semi-automatic
What you thought ese we ain't got no pride?
Get ready to learn how we ride on the Southside

I was brought up
(I was brought up)
In a small neighborhood
(In a small neighborhood)
Where I'm cruisin'
(Were I'm cruisin')
My lowride's looking good
(My lowride's looking good)

Said I was brought up
(I was brought up)
In a small neighborhood
(In a small neighborhood)

Where we go cruisin'
(Were we go cruisin')
And it's all to the good

Orale, check this out

Got a Bombita, 4'9 Troqita
C H E V R O L E T, you don't know?
Forty-five player for all my oldies
Forty-five double M for all them phonies
Gots corner windows and the three fifty
Pedal to the metal I can take off like quickly
Shit, I could smoke 'em like my pistola

Like a Lil' Rob Rola my Troqa's the bomba
Naw it ain't painted, homes it's just primer
Back with some thirteens and a sun visor
It still looks mean though, it still looks clean though
See it on the website I'm drinking with my primos
WWW dot Lil' Rob dot com, I can cruise all day
And cruise all night long from sun down till sun up
I'll cruise my troqa, I'm a lowrider, I told ya, I told ya

I was brought up
(I was brought up)
In a small neighborhood
(In a small neighborhood)
Where I'm cruisin'
(Were I'm cruisin')
My lowride's looking good
(My lowride's looking good)

Said I was brought up
(I was brought up)
In a small neighborhood
(In a small neighborhood)
Where we go cruisin'
(Were we go cruisin')
And it's all to the good

Simon

Got a big body, F-L-double E-T double U
Double O D 1993 caddy
Extended A-Arms 'cause homes I play hard
Hop my carucha hopping down the Boulevard
Bumping some zapp jams, oldies or rap jams
Ralphy Pagan, S.O.S. or some yap bands
I'm the outstanding that's why they can't stand me
Three wheel standing hopping with smooth landings

Four racks a four-ton the more bounce the more fun
Keeping drinks in my ride if you bring 'em in
Guaranteed to spill some
I won't stop till I catch my trunk up on fire
Keep on hopping till I pop a tire
Pass the wire, and let it be known
I'll pay the chrome bill before I pay the phone
And that's when you know, that you're a lowrider
Got pride in my ride everybody else just admires

I was brought up
(I was brought up)
In a small neighborhood
(In a small neighborhood)
Where I'm cruisin'
(Were I'm cruisin')
My lowride's looking good
(My lowride's looking good)

Said I was brought up
(I was brought up)
In a small neighborhood
(In a small neighborhood)
Where we go cruisin'
(Were we go cruisin')
And it's all to the good

Visit [Lil Rob](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.