

Lil Rob

"Brown Side"

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[Lil' Rob:]

Simon

It's ya boy, Ese Lil' Rob

That's right

Yeah, I been doin' this for a while now, man, so

I guess you could say that I'm a

[Hook: Nasty]

[scratching]

[Lil' Rob:] "Veteran in the rap game, call me a
veterano"

"Veteran in the rap game, call me a veterano"

"Veteran in the rap game, call me a veterano"

"Veteran in the rap game, call me a veterano"

[Verse 1:]

I wear a brown bandana

Representin' brown pride, homie

Comin' from the brown side, homie

Ask around if you don't know me, know me

I'm west coastin' it

That's how I'm flowin' it

Hey, pass me the joint, you're not the only one that's
smoking it

I like black rap, and I'm bump white rap too

I like for them to hear me

And say, "I like that dude

That dude got flow, where's he from?

D-I-E-G-O"

Cross the border by T-juas, where they've been

Servin' heat rocks

Bumpin' out the beatbox

Long walks from detox

Cause we don't stop til we see spots

A lot of yellow, blue and

Green dots, don't be shot

Same way when we box

Don't try to run, because my Nikes will outrun your

Reebox

The barrio

The neighborhood, that's where we come from

Brought up with pride, and there ain't nothing that we
run from
They say we can't
But
I know we can
Soy Chicano, Mexican-American

[Hook]

[Chorus: Lil' Rob]
I'm from the brown side
That's where I'm at
No matter where I go, I know I'm always welcomed back
To the brown side
That's where I stay
San Diego across the border by T.J.

[Verse 2:]
They call us crabs in the bucket, fuck it
Used to bump it, in the bucket
Gotta do the best with, what we're stuck with
Now I bust it
And represent my city
Even [?] that my people
That are in the struggle with me
I come from a
Place where the paint bend
Flakin' off the wall
Livin' off the wall like handball, and I'm tryin' not to fall
Knockin' on the door til I knock it down, ain't nothin'
gonna stop it now
Doce diez y ocho
Got it all up in the pocket, now
With more tricks
Up my sleeve
Than I need
On my temper, you can the steam from my blood
When I bleed
I smoke weed
With no seeds
Keep the swag, in your bag
I'm a spoiled California boy, don't even want a drag of
that
Take it, you can have it back
Lookin' for me
You'll find me in the brown side
Kickin' back
In my habitat
Sittin' on the bench with my back against the fence
The homeboys and the heinas
That's what I represent, and I'm a

[Hook]

[Chorus]

[Verse 3:]

I've been

Microphone grippin', but can I flip it, just take a listen

And I'll rip it

And I don't

Have to lie

Just to kick it

I'm the sly

Slick and wicked, ain't got no time for little kid shit

You vatos aren't gonna do shit, never done shit, never
will

Shit

Let 'em all talk, that's what it is, that's all it is

They claim their word is solid as a rock

Well homeboy, they don't know what solid is

S'hopin' to call it quits

You vatos are counterfeits

I call it as I see it, that's the boy, I'm callin' this

I don't know what the problem is

You see the same people

On the way to the top

Back down to where the bottom is

No jales, huey

There's no need to act that way

Some of these vatos are gangster, and have the right
to rap that way

Shaved head, bandanas

Tatoos

And a mouthpiece

Rockin' the mic in white Nikes, a white T-shirt and some
Khakis

I know you see me when I'm rollin' through the brown
side

For the west, to the east, to the north, to the south side,
it's brown pride

And I'm a

[Hook]

[Chorus]

[Lil' Rob:]

Lil' Rob

That's right

Twelve Eighteen

From the brown side of town

Yeah
There's a brown side of town in every city, man
I see it
That's right
Little brown pride, for the brown side
Cause I'm a

[Hook]

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