

Lil Rob

"Can I Get A Twenty"

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Hey homeboy you got twenty bucks I could borrow
man?

Ah, you're broke huh?

Right on, that's cool man

Hey homeboy what about you holmes?

You always got some weed holmes

Can you spot me a twenty?

I'll pay you back ey

Come on, I'll pay you back guey

My Impala hasn't moved in weeks

Simon I'm feeling kind of shitty homeboy, this is weak

I gotta get a twenty to get me through the day

Because you all know I love it when I feel this way

Without my ride ese how am I gonna get by?

That's why I need a twenty holmes so I can get high

But everybody that I'm talking to, they claim is dry

I know you got some in there ese don't lie

That's the last time that I'll ever kick you down

What goes around comes around, I'll catch you on the
rebound

Next time I'm smoking and you wanna smoke

I'ma laugh like someone told a funny joke

Damn what a fucked up day

If I only had a twenty things would be ok

But no one wants to front me or let me borrow

I don't think I can wait until tomorrow, fuck these vatos

[Chorus x2]

I drive thirty down the highway

I got hydraulic fluid leaking down my driveway

I got a big chrome bill that I can't pay

Hey homeboy can I get a twenty, pay you back ey, pay
you back guey

Damn it's a fucking shame

All these silly levas wanna play these silly games

Trying to play Lil' Rob for a little lame

Had to run vato over like a fucking train, Goddang

Still didn't get none though

Why not? Because he really didn't have none bro

My bad, hey homeboy let me help you up
I know you don't have no weed, but you got twenty
bucks, that I could borrow
I'd gladly pay you back tomorrow
But if not then I'll pay you back the day that follows
'cause times are getting rough for this young Chicano
I don't think I can last another aÃfÂ±o, like a person
baÃfÂ±o
'91, '92, '93, '94, '95, '96, plus four more
That's how long I've been rapping, how could I let this
happen
If I had twenty bones holmes I wouldn't be asking

[Chorus x2]

Stranded with no place to go
Unless I take the bus, but I don't got no cambio
Thinking to myself what kind of friends are these
Obviously the kind that I'll never need
I'll see you later when you need a favor, remember
when
I needed twenty bones homeboy where were you then?
I'm about to take it old school and pull myself a beer
run
But they closed down the liquor store, I'm no where
near one
Ain't that a bitch, the day's almost over and I'm still
sober
Luck couldn't find me with a four leaf clover
I've got to find a way to make a grip
Or find some marijuana, roll a spliff and take a hit
I'll always find a way someway, somehow to make it
through
Got No One To Depend On, so you know I don't need
you
I got home, look what I found, a twenty bag of
marijuana
Just for me in my Chevy rag

[Chorus x2]

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