

Lil Rob "Dttx Ese, Lil Rob"

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[DTTX]

Smash the dash, you know I'm all about the cash
I burn it up like hash, Low Pro staff
After that why don't you tell me who you thought it was
We just some felons, always keep bailing
There ain't no telling what we coming with next
Large amounts, break it off in sets, homey you know
Import to export, it's all affordable
Portable, transferring up to State, date current
Lil' Rob and me we like some Ceaser Lenos
Al Pacinos, John Gottis, Gambinos
Making hits for all you so called rap cliques
Who talking hella loud but you ain't really saying shit
We get it started, hot like fire
Keep 'em rolling like rims and tires, cut it up like
barbed-wire
We here to shine where it rain and ain't sunny
Cuz we all about our money, ain't a damn thing funny

[Chorus: DTTX (Lil' Rob)]

(D-double-T-X, Ese Lil' Rob)
We hitting licks, and roam with bomb bitches
If you don't know it's on, then I'll tell you that it's on
bitches
(D-double-T-X, Ese Lil' Rob)
No matter if the stakes are high
We gonna ride till the day we die
(D-double-T-X, Ese Lil' Rob)
We hitting licks, and roam with bomb bitches
If you don't know it's on, then I'll tell you that it's on
bitches
(D-double-T-X, Ese Lil' Rob)
We gonna shine where it rain, and ain't sunny
Cuz we all about our money, ain't a damn thing funny

[Lil' Rob]

L-I-L R-O-B from S-D
Dropping it with the D-double-T, X
Fool you need some Kleenex
Mocosos, babosos, you are like a nosto but you ain't
even coastal
Lil' Rob be the bomba, 2001 even more so

Keep trucha, I'll shoot ya
With a gang of raps man
Dropping way more bombs than the Gap Band
Old school like Pac Man
I pack jams, pulling a bunch of shit
A bunch of bumping shit, a bunch of shit you can't fuck
with
You'll find me three-wheeling it
Or with a Corona and a brown bag homey tilting it, and
killing it
And when I'm done I'll grab another one
Write you another hit cuz you can't get enough of 'em
You've loving em
Who be that vato that can rock the spot? Ese Lil' Rob
Who be that vato that just can't be stopped? Ese Lil' Rob
Ponle punk

[Chorus]

[DTTX]

We hitting licks, and roam with bomb bitches
If you don't know it's on, then I'll tell you that it's on
bitches
And we coming from out of bounds, so bare with me
Mi amigo, hit me with the steelo
Mero mero, listo with the filero
Harder than Heavy Metal and it's on till the dust settle
Keep it cracking from beginning to end
Perkilating, bubbilating, and hard core ministrating
You can't see Lil' Rob and me
We just some OG's flowing from the shores out of Cali
We in the mix, and floating a fly six
And ain't got no time for those haters and tricks
Let the clock tick, bout to explode, cold piece of work
Hear what I'm saying, knowing that we done did dirt
Cop a piece homey, what the deal
Infamous boss players, homey we keep it real

[Chorus]

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