

Lil Rob**"Form The Sd To H-Town"**

Visit "[Form The Sd To H-Town](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(feat. Lucky Luciano)

[Lucky Luciano in cellphone:]

Yeah

The Playa Made Mexican in here, representin'

Know what I'm sayin'

Lucky Luciano, puttin' it down

My nigga, Lil Rob, know what I'm talkin' about

[Lil Rob:]

Kick 'em off

[Verse 1: Lucky Luciano]

Y'all grindin' famous, all about our paper

Lil Rob and Lucky Lu', puttin' it down for the gangstas

(Yeah)

And the players gettin' paid

Distributin' thangs (Uh)

Hit the highway, trunk full of cocaine

Cook a brick and make two, then put the stamp back on it

My bad, I'm only hungry, had to step out on it (Hah)

H-Town rider

Screens and a visor

Pass me my lighter, 'tigue with the diamond

Lucky Luciano, I'm a Texas pimp (Yeah)

I eat steak and shrimp, until it make me rich (Biotch)

Fifth wheel fallin', this some real ballin'

Cadillac crawlin', '84 flossin'

Shinin' gold grin, Playa Made Mexican (What)

Catch 'em at the tele with a yella and a friend (Uh)

Rocks on my neck, bops on my dick

I been wreckin' for a while, I can't stop this shit

[Break: Fingazz]

[scratching]

"From S.D. to H-Town"

[scratching]

"From S.D. to H-Town"

[scratching]

"From S.D. to H-Town"

"Lucky Luciano, Lil Rob, that's the breakdown (Yeah)"

[Verse 2: Lil Rob]

Jump in the 'Llac

I'll be right back, I gots to go (I gots to go)

And do that shit, these vatos find to be impossible

(Yeah)

Lil Rob, the remarkable

Comin' back with an arsenal (That's right)

Stickin' flames, don't you mix up with all these lames

(With all these lames)

See my life, this ain't no game (Heh)

I can still get

Insane in the brain

Some things'll never change, I'm still the same (Still the same)

In my khakis, in a white-tee, in my Nikes (Yeah, yeah)

And it might be (Uh huh)

Know what is, they wanna be, just like me (Just like me)

Put it down for the brown, from S.D. to H-Town

Lucky Luciano, Lil Rob, that's the breakdown (Yeah,
that's the breakdown)

We break it down, it might be hard for you to take it
down

So hard

Our life at calles stay, I'm scrapin' down (Yeah)

The bass is bumpin', and we're always, into somethin'

Puttin' cracks up, on the wall, where cucarachas crawl
(Yeah)

We stand tall

With our heads up, and they don't fall, no, not at all

I thought you saw, I keep on shinin' just like Armor-All

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