

## Lil Rob

# "I Who Have Nothing (But I Have Respect)"

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I got somethin to get off my chest  
It's alright ey; cause after this, it don't exist

[Chorus 2X: Lil Rob]

I who have nothing, may have nothing  
But I still got something that you don't, you don't  
I who have nothing, may have nothing  
But I'll always have something that you won't, you won't

[Lil Rob]

Ey, what's happenin Primo, long time no hear from  
But you're all about bullshit and we don't wanna hear  
none  
So take your, fuckin drugs and your wannabe thugs  
And your junkie lil' bitch from the strip club and get  
FUCKED  
Still can't believe what the fuck you did  
Fuck my nino, no fuck you, your slutty wife and your kid  
Just a pain in the ass, that was some pains in my neck  
Around here, you ain't feared you get no fuckin respect  
So how's it feel not to be real, Mr. Big Man with the plan  
But the first to run when shit hits the fan, c'mon  
Who you tryin to kid with that gangster shit?  
Lil Primo, you can't even be a gangster bitch  
You must be {hiiiiigh} on your own supply  
Get some sick fuckin vatos, they done boned you dry  
And don't you cry, because we both know why  
You don't, you lie, sparks flyin like 4th of July, goodbye

[Chorus]

[Lil Rob]

Ey check this out  
Even if I could I don't wanna cruise the hood in  
Mercedes Benz  
Rather cruise a six-three convertible  
Hoppin down the block with all my friends  
The ones that don't care, whether or not I'm makin  
ends  
The ones that were there and never scared and down  
to do it all again  
I call you "The Great Pretender" cause your life is just

pretend  
I like the movie "Scarface" too but remember, he dies  
in the end  
And you're no Tony Montana either, you must have a  
fever or some shit  
You went crazy, you're sick, you just a dumbshit  
Fuck it, fuck you, fuck him too  
Fuck everyone who knows what you do, fucker is stuck  
with you  
What must I do? I thought your hermana was cool but  
fuck her too  
And this is all because of you  
Sad but true, talk shit about your dad  
Boy your kid's gonna be real fuckin glad to have a dad  
like you  
Hate to see him grow up, to be a man like you  
Or maybe I do, so he can fuck up your family too, man  
fuck you

[Chorus]

[Lil Rob]  
I continue to rap in the booth, guaranteed you're gonna  
be havin the blues  
Cause when someone's havin to lose it has to be you  
I drive the Caddy but I'm far from a baller  
I wear button-ups but I don't pop my collar  
I pop all lies like it's nada in the calle, not the Range  
It's not the same, you went insane, you ain't Gonzalez,  
changed yo' name  
The fuckin clique you claim is lame  
My shit is so heavy and true that you, couldn't pick it up  
with a crane

[Chorus] w/ ad libs

[Lil Rob]  
And that's familia  
Yeah I can only tell it how I see it ese  
Cause after this you don't exist  
Either you respect that or you can step back  
Cause after this you don't exist  
We'll be alright ey  
Cause after this you don't exist  
The last thing I do, take care of the familia man  
Cause after this you don't exist  
You can't come back no more  
You ain't welcome here man  
You brought it wrong ese

