

## Lil Rob "Keep It Real"

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(Lil' Rob)

Watch-Ah There's a difference between fact and fiction  
Pay close attention do more than Listen  
Here what I'm telling you all these vatos be telling it  
Claiming that they be having it  
But really they anit having shit  
Fuck all that bullshit that shit is kid shit  
Keep talking shit bitch that's what your skill is  
Fools are ridiculous just don't know when to quit  
Can't spit like I can spit straight up be Maculent  
Talented handle it Simon eh had my man that did  
Feel so cold leave you frozen stiff like a manikin  
Crazy like the bay that they named after a pelican  
From pellet guns to Simi autos to automatic guns  
To having funs to having funs to having fun in Cali sun  
I love convertibles dog I had to have me one  
You might know me from cruising around in my  
Cadillac  
To pumps in the trunk the batteries on rack flip the  
switch on my lap

(Lil' Rob)(Chorus)(2x)

Keeping it real got the skills to pay the bills esse  
A lot of you vatos out there don't know how it feels to  
keep it real esse  
I do what I do when I do it  
I'm keeping it real when I do it  
Unlike you did, everything you did was stupid.

(Lil' Rob)

A lot of you vatos take a long time to bust a rhyme and  
ta  
It be your drawing board and take some more time for  
real  
Homeboy I never heard nothing weak  
Can't believe that bullshit that be coming out the  
speaker  
Its like who heard you and told you that you were good!  
They lied to you, you can't rap but they said you could  
why?  
What they do that, look what they done did made that  
shit talk

And beyond, fucking dumb kid I know where I'm from

I know what I've done I know what it takes to be number  
one

You vatos cross the line all the time dropping the dime  
Your questioning I'm answering before your asking it  
I know what I said whatever I said home boy I'm  
backing it

Backing lid, well you're a lying fucking sack of shit  
Chronic shit? Got a fluffy giant sack of it  
It's no accident when I'm packing it relaxing it kicking  
back and shit

I loss my mind I loss the time where'd it go  
and but I go and lost track of it

(Chorus)

(Lil' Rob)

San Diego city I was brought up in  
Home of Donovan car hoping and bum dropping  
I'm getting numbers while I'm dragging bumpers  
Scraping it up Juice I think I've got more than enough  
In fact I think I got a little too much but never enough  
Living life so rough and so tough I pick up the mic  
Saves Que? I'm sick on the mic I'm sic on the mic  
Your sounding like a bitch on the mic  
I'm sick of my life but still kick the shit that you like  
Just probably get a six-pack and kick it tonight  
I'm tripping tonight feel straight up like picking a fight  
Get wickie wicked tonight drug driven tonight  
I'm going out of my headlight like little Anthony  
Backing me days when he had tears on his pillow  
Weeping like a willow it's Lil' Rob esse breaking it down  
Gangster rolling no more mistaking the sound no  
mistakes are allowed

(Chorus)

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