

## Lil Rob

### "Microphone Rippin'"

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[Lil' Rob] Hey man Hey, turn me up in the headphones I gotta feel this shit right here, man Hey Nasty, drop that beat, bro Yeah That's right That sounds good now Hell yeah Hey, check this out (Simon) (Verse 1) Ay chiggy-check it, I'm a wreck it for the homeboys, man (That's right) But that's alright because That's exactly what I am (That's what I am) They say my thang is Something they can't understand, ni modo I don't wanna sound like no other man I'm original, when most are fictional (Yeah) I smokin' on the Weed, with no seeds, I'm sick with it, this medical {*\*inhale\**} I wear my Khakis with the cuff and the crease {*\*coughing\**} And rather Die on my feet than Live on my knees Please (Please) I'm colder than zero degrees (Yeah) And I got more shine than my thirteen inch D's Dump the back corner, 63 on three Lil' Rob the Chicano on the T-O-P (Lil' Rob, yeah) I continue my flippin', microphone rippin' (Uh hun) Pacifico tippin', keep these fools trippin' (Yeah, come on) I'm on the creep, ain't got time for sleep Only got time to rob this beat and get it back to the street  
Chorus: Lil' Rob I continue my flippin', microphone rippin' Pacifico tippin', keep these fools trippin' 63 dippin', beautiful women You thought you had the last laugh, but The Last Laff is mine Repeat Chorus (Verse 2) Look I don't know what you thought, or what the fuck you thought I was (What you thought I was) When I heard you I thought that I come back just because For the fuck of it For the love of it My musica's A droga, mi vida loca, and I can't get enough of it (Can't get enough) I ain't goin' nowhere, you fuckin' vatos must be crazy I'll be scraping down the calles in my six-three, you can't miss me (Hey, you can't miss me) Might have the homies, or a couple heinas with me If the Shoe fits, wear it, and these zapatos fit me (Yeah) And it sure feel good just like they should (Like they should) Have a brand new pair of White on white Nike Cortez's stompin' through the hood Soy Chicano, controllamos este ano They can't handle the truth because the truth is hard to swallow Like a jalo Vatos, they get malo (They get malo) You're barkin' up the wrong tree, please swing like a chango (Like a chango)

And get your ass back in your caro We live for today,  
don't give a fuck about tomorrow Repeat Chorus Twice  
(Verse 3) I heard They tryin' to make a comeback, well,  
fuck that (Fuck that) Heard you wanna Do what I do,  
guess what, I've, been there and done that (Been there  
and done that) And I'm a keep it goin', ain't no slowin'  
me down I'm holdin' it down like a switch when I drop  
my ride to the ground (That's right) I kick a sample,  
then I chop it, put some money in my pocket (Yeah) I  
call it ferria, get it for flowin' like a faucet (That's right)  
Some people say I've lost it But you know I'm still sick  
It's a keeper, so I'm keeping some of that shit you hit  
the streets with That's bumpin' When you're only  
somethin' next to nothin' Shit, you better watch (Yeah)  
Who you fucking with (Watch who you fucking with,  
man) I'll cut you off like a DJ when he cuts it quick One  
time is one time too many, you fuck up, that's it You  
done with You're just another rapper to have fun with  
That doesn't do much For all them rappers that you run  
with Cause you are who you hang with La ultima risas  
mia Even laughin' in my other language (That's right)  
Repeat Chorus Twice [Lil' Rob] That's right It's ya  
homeboy Ese Lil' Rob (Lil' Rob) Doce diez y ocho (That's  
right, Twelve Eighteen) Shoutouts to all my fans, man,  
for Califas (Yeah) To Pheonix (Vegas) To El Paso (That's  
right) Burque (Uh hun) That's right H-Town puts it down  
(That's right) For the west coast My homies in Colorado,  
man (To the east coast) Up in (???) You know what what  
I mean

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