

## Lil Rob "Representing"

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Lil' Rob Representing Lyrics

Yeah what's happenin - wussup homes?

Yeah, it's ese Lil Rob

Representin where I'm from homes

San Diego, C.A.

That's right... c'mon

[Lil Rob]

I'm representin where I'm from San Diego, C.A.

With my nine treys, vatos that duck the sunrays

Put 18 on my sleeves, eighty-five degrees

with the coastal breeze and got my cuete close to me

I park my ride, and jump outside

Roll up a joint, light it up and get high

Cause we get lit, bet on pits to get rich

They lock jaw, we stand by with break sticks

I walk through obstacles you might, find impossible

Unstoppable and lots of flavor like a popsicle

Brought up in the barrio, medicine man

like {?} Caminos from one ol' vato

The big bad Cali fast land where it's sango weed

Smoke the grass and I don't mean the lawn

I mean the bomb chron', only the best

Filled up my chest with the mota from the Southwest

[Chorus 2X: Lil Rob w/ ad libs]

Representin where I'm from - where I'm from

San Diego, C.A. - all day

Ready or not here I come - here I come

So you vatos best stay out of my way - make way

[Lil Rob]

I always try to stay crisp and clean

Keep my lowriders lookin mean

Homeboy you can read it on my sleeves

It say Lil Rob also known as Mr. 1218

Ey let me at 'em let me get 'em hit 'em with a verse

Let me hit 'em with the truth homes cause that's where  
it hurts

I tuck the crossbars under the skirt  
You think I'm fuckin bad homeboy it's gonna get worse  
Still givin neighborhood parties, tumble between the  
chain link gates  
Hit the keg, grab the mic and celebrate  
Uno dos, uno dos, mic check one two  
Sick like the agua in Tijuana, I'm sick like the flu  
Tilt the brown bag, at the same time throw up the brown  
rag  
In a brown rag, let it down and let the back drag  
Until the back alley, grita la pare  
ese lil rob controlamos homie vas a ver,  
Bien pedo, pero estoy shrap like a filero  
And when I bust, I bust like pistolero  
Too much of a rush, I don't mean like a tecato  
Heavy gato, Lil Rob's a sick vato

[Chorus]

[Lil Rob]

I love hynitas, tienen una linda sonrisa  
When it comes to sex I'm triple X like my camisa  
Whassup mija? Como te llamas?  
Make her hot like a plancha, lay you down on the cama  
de Volada, nothin like a fine Me-xi-cana  
Shakin nalgas, somebody open the ventana  
Mira, it's la vida makin movidas  
olvidame y cuidate see you when I see ya  
I'm all for comin in often, runnin trippin  
The six-three Impala felt like coppin somethin you  
popped  
off at the mouth but you ain't poppin nothin  
Why the fuck you vatos wanna be startin somethin?  
I'm loco, I'm goin psycho, but I can't let the mic go  
I can't let the mic go whoa, that was a typo  
Sounds tight though homey done spit it again  
I'm in it to win, the reason why I did it again  
I'm representin

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