

Lil Rob

"Somethin' To Relate To"

Visit "[Somethin' To Relate To](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Orale

What's up man

Back once again

Giving you somthing to relate to

I'm kicking back at my pad

Getting it through with my familia otra ves

It's time to bail out and get out of this mess

So they don't really like my ways

And they don't really give a damn about what I say

So I jump in the carrucha, keep trucha

I'm strolling through the town steady scraping the
ground

Now I'm lighting up the area

Some staring at me suprised I'm still alive

Cuz back in the day I got shot homey

Because we let the bullets fly

But that don't mean I'll lecture you how I almost died

Why did this chump survive, that's why I'm still alive

Lil' Rob con trunamos since 95

Ain't no stopping me now

Lil' Rob is on the prowl

Don't ask me how cuz I don't have to explain it

Don't ask me how cuz it's too complicated

For you uneducated vatos to learn

You try to creep up but you sleep cuz I'm rolling nine
deep

And to you vatos who disrepect me then want help from
me

You must be stupid, you're acting like a dummy with
the

[Chorus]

L-I-L R-O-B

B-R-O-W-N C-R-O-W-D

I'm the L-I-L R-O-B

B-R-O-W-N C-R-O-W-D

L-I-L R-O-B

B-R-O-W-N C-R-O-W-D

I'm the L-I-L R-O-B

B-R-O-W-N C-R-O-W-D

Dropping rhymes smoothly, oh man

It's Lil' Rob the vato with the Brown mind on his
shoulders
I've never done it, but I've seen more crystal than
Folgers
I guess you could say I've got my choice
Either get messed up or jumped, or I pay on the invoice
People buying up my vocals
Sometimes they're mellow and sometimes they're loco
Cruising through the Eastside, flip it to the B-side
Rolling with my primo, so watch the 63 glide
I've got my hyna on the side of me
She's on the right of me, and she's looking so damn
fine to me
Hey babe, come a little closer
So that Lil' Rob can hold ya
As I drop a little taste for my race
Oh yes, she left the marks of her lips on my face
Simon we're rolling, rag-top folding
We're cruising slow, the jura pulled us over for being
too low
They never fail to harrass us
Always pulling us over never ever will they pass us
I'm living life on the calle so let me tell it
If you don't know my name ese then let me spell it

[Chorus]

Hey man, I'm only twenty

Some people say "Lil' Rob get out the gang"
But then they say it like if it ain't no thang
But see, even if I say I don't claim
They still know my face and they still know my name
I see some vatos that I hate
But I won't hit them up because I'm trying to get my life
straight
But they decide to hit me up instead
I'm on their leva, they're the ones who want me dead
So um, what am I supposed to do?
It's time to show these fools
In the crazy life man their ain't no rules
And you gotta understand
I'm doing the same damn thing as any other man
You can call it gang violence or call in what you will
But even the most innocent man will kill
Stay still, as I drop shit reality
All the gente talking that petho cuz they just can't
handle me
Because I speak about the real, and how I feel

And I still kick back with the homeboys from the hood
But to the Man upstairs, I'm trying to do good

Yeah man, you gotta understand
You may call it a gang thing
But you'd do the same thing tambien
Right, giving you something to relate to

[Chorus]

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

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.