

Lil Rob "Still Smokin'"

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This is the MCI operator
I have a collect call from..DREAMER
Who is an inmate in a California State prison
To accept charges press 5 now {beep}
Your call is being connected
Thank you for using MCI

ESE, CHOLO!

[Butt-head]
heh heh he?
Who?
Damn't, for the last time
There aren't any Mexicans here {hangs up phone}

[Lil' Rob]
It's the gangsta M-E-X-I-C-A-N
Back with the rhyme that'll blow your mind that you
wanna hear again
Because you can't get enough of the Brown Crowd
That is so rough and so tough
Crazy bad wicked the worst and when I'm through
When I rewind a verse
So you could go ahead and try to put me down
But I was told don't let no one get you down
And never wear a frown
It's Lil'' Rob the Chicano and proud one
Competition none {beat stops}
But wait I'm not done {beat resumes}
Fuckin it up like this especially for the Brown
So orale suvale in the Brown side of town

Yeah, it's for the Brown Crowd

Orale holmes, this is Lil'' Rob
Comin after you from San Diego, Southern Califas

Mexican gangster yeah that's the name of the jam
And it's to all those locos that like to gangbang
Because I do it when I have to when it's every fuckin
week
And always kickin it with my homies

But could swear they're always tweaking
But the only drug I use is marijuana
People tell me not to smoke it
But I'll smoke it if I wanna
Cause right now living in the fast lane
So tell me what's wrong with smoking a little bit of Mary
Jane
And when I fight I fight mano a mano
Por que simon I'm a down ass Chicano
I'll say it again I'm down for mine ese
Or laugh at you if you need a shank over a cuete
And then I'll call you a chavala
As I rock over the jam in my '62 Impala
And if you shoot you better kill
Cause if you don't and you won't
But then I will
You won't rest in peace you'll rest in pain
Why, because my mind clicks
To be insane in the brain
Simon I'm fuckin bad to the bone
And all I could say is don't fuck around holmes
Cause I'm a...

[Chorus 2x]

Mexican Gangster, (simon)
Mexican Gangster, (16 with a bullet)
Mexican Gangster, (born with the ways)
Mexican Gangster born with the badness

Yeah, it's for the Brown Crowd

Lil' Rob comin at you with my own style
You wanna know about me look me up in the gang file
And you will see just how I'm living
I didn't choose nothing because the choice wasn't
given to
A little vato going a little fuckin loco
Was just out of hand, not poco
Because all these vatos talkin shit about a homey
When they don't even fuckin know me
They said they kicked my ass, they say I got shot
But when I heard that I started laughing on the spot
Cause what the fuck is that all bout
They say I'm dead so I had to put this tape out
To let these levas know they're all about bullshit
And that these vatos got to quit while they're ahead
Before they look stupid
You say you don't talk shit but I know you did
So you put a filero to my neck you fuckin LEVA
What the fuck's next? A cuete to my head did I cry?
I'm not afraid to die and when I do I die with Brown

Pride

I got a pussy ass voice so you say
But you listen to it anyway
You say I can't rap but where the fuck are you
Just keep talking shit cause that's what little kids do
So remember this line for the first time
You do your thing holmes, but I'ma do mine
Now fuck that shit up holmes

Jump in the ride

Jump in the ride

First of all I like starting by saying Q-vo
From a little vato con respecto y por el tuyo
But much pride, jump in the ride
Side to side down el calle, we slide and ride
Hittin' the switch's, the paint job is stickin'
I'm your puppet in the tape deck because it's hittin'
You hear it from across town
No dejes que nadie te haga menos
Don't let no one get you down
Cause if they do, I'll be around gente
I'll turn your frown's upside down with my sound's
gente
Been doing this since I was 15 and live through night
Smoke another like Chech & Chong has a nice dream
Simon

Jump in the ride, bounce that ass side to side
(Jump in the ride) as this crazy cholo takes you
On another crazy cholo ride (Jump in the ride)
I don't really give a shit about what your saying bitch
(Jump in the ride) What time is it?

I got that A to the muthafuckin' K

Yeah, shell's stackin up, I shot about 30 rounds
And my 30 round clip, and you can even hear the
sound
Of the shell's when they hit ground
But you know there right down
Can't take chance's if you came to fuck around
Finger print's on the shell, life in the jail cell
With no bail, live the life in hell
So I proceed to be the sly, sticked, wicked
But when I get caught, in doing time, while putos get
shot
I'll say "It's nothin'" if you ask "It ain't shit"
I got punks, who you callin' punks, and they wanna
blast me
There only fear is when they're liven life crazy

They wanna keep me..from rappin' because it pay's me
Orale, that's what I say
Orale puto, that's what I say before I spray
All the fuckin' leva's and I cap, cap, cap
And I come back another firme rap, rap, rappin' tale
Everybody what dizzy, lined up some levas
And I just got rid of a couple
Right on the double, I'm nothin' but trouble
But when it comes to hyna's, I'm the one who likes to
cuddle
But right now, the shell's are stackin' up
I got my 30 round, and puto's are backin' up
I got the A-K in the trunk, for punks that wanna act
dumb
Fuck the 40 round clip, I got the 75 round drum
You vatos can't mean, now I don't give a fuck
Times don't mean shit, when my shells are stackin' up
I got my shell's stackin' up

I got that A to the muthafuckin' K

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