

Unknown

"Back in the Streets"

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[Lil Rob]

{"I'm back in the streets"}

Yeah, yeah I'm back in the streets man

{"And every girrrrrrrl that I meet"}

And every girl that I meet

{"They ask the same question"}

They're always askin me the same thing

{"And I tell them everytiiiiiiiiime.."}}

And I tell them everytime, that I'm just gone for a while

But I'll always be back

I'm, back in the place where, we get so absurd

Liquor in a brown bag laid on the curb

Where a lot of good things and bad things occur

I know what time it is, homey what's the word?

I kick back on the valley with my eyesight blurred

All up in the alley, swiggin Thunderbird

Selling rocks on sidewalks, long walks to detox

A place where we creep don't sleep and we sweep the
street blocks

Moox on the beats that make the streets, rock

I'm up in the corner hittin some grifa{?}

Spittin some game hopin to hit this weeza

Still in one piece and I'm back in the streets, I'm

[Chorus: Lil Rob] + {sped up samples}

{"I'm back in the streets"} I'm back in the streets

{"And every girrrrrrrl that I meet"} Every girl I meet

{"They ask the same question"} Always askin me

{"And I tell them everytiiiiiiiiime.."}}

Just gone for a little while

But I'll always be back

[Lil Rob]

I'm, back on the calles, and I'm twice as bad

I still do the same thing, my bumper still drag

Lay it down on the ground right down on the ave

All my homeboys pass, see Lil Rob, got a brand new
bag

Stuffin the cuff up, haters watch it watch it jump up

When I cruise by, everybody sayin whassup

Hey good to see you again - homey where you been?
I've been around the bend where I ain't got no friends
But, I'm back, in town and I love these streets
Brand new Nikes on my feet, walk on the concrete
Ey girl, I only leave cause I have to
And when I'm gone I'm thinkin I got streets to get back
to, I'm

[Chorus]

[Lil Rob]

I, know every shortcut, I know every path
No matter where I go I know I'll be back
Anywhere on the map doesn't really matter where I'm
at
I'll be on the Camino posted up, with my people
In a ragtop (yeah), pancake on the blacktop
Imagine this back drop, the lifestyle I can't stop
Heinas, homies, liquor and oldies
Can't leave the pad the hurras waitin for me
I'm buzzed and I'm on drugs - people ask me why I do it
And I tell 'em just because - it's just mari-huana
I do what I please, no need to be discrete
It just feels good, to be back in the streets, I'm

[Chorus] - 2X

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