

## Somethin' 2 Relate 2

Lil Rob

Orale  
What's up man  
Back once again  
Giving you something 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  
'cause 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 'cause I don't have to explain it  
Don't ask me how 'cause it's too complicated  
For you uneducated vatos to learn  
You try to creep up but you sleep 'cause 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

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  
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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 crytal 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

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  
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L-I-L R-O-B  
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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 'cause 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

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