

# Back In The Streets

Lil Rob

(I'm back in the streets)  
Yeah yeah, I'm back in the streets, man  
(And every girl 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 every time)  
And I tell them every time  
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

Moxx 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

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Every girl I meet

(They ask the same question)  
Always askin' me  
(And I tell them every time)  
Just gone for a little while but I'll always be back

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 Nike's 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

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Every girl I meet

(They ask the same question)

Always askin' me  
(And I tell them every time)  
Just gone for a little while but I'll always be back

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 rag top, 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 marijuana  
I do what I please, no need to be discrete  
It just feels good, to be back in the streets, I'm

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