

Bringing It Back

Lil Rob

[Fingazz {Fingazz *slowed down*}]
"Next to the Pacific, to be specific"
"Right next to the Pacific, to be specific"
"Right next to the Pacific, to be specific"
{"Right next to the Pacific, to be specific"} --] Lil' Rob

[Verse 1: Lil' Rob]

Got static
Like on my 45"s, handles static with .45's (Yeah)
Chicano gangster life (That's right)
I got three dots
It took three shots to put three vatos in the place, I mean, their plots (Yeah)
Thought they were bad motherfuckers
I guess they're not (Fuck that)
I'm up in this, and I'm a give it what I got
And if I fail
Dust it off and give it one more shot
I'm in a laid out
Chevy in the parking lot
You dawgs don't bite
But you sure do bark a lot (It's all you do)
Yeah
My Range is wide like my gangster wife (Yeah)
And those are white
Like my gangster nights
Are fucking tight (That's right)
I like the freaks that come out at night
I'm from the west, you know, the left
Where it feels so right

Pre-Chorus: Lil' Rob

I'm bringing it back
And I'm a rep the west like this (And I won't quit, shit)
I know they ain't expectin' this (I'll handle it)
It couldn't be that homeboy, yes it is
I'm bringing it back (That's right)
I'm bringing it back (Simon)

Chorus:

[Both] I'm bringing it back
[Fingazz] Bring back, bring back, the west, the west
[Lil' Rob] Bring it back now
[Fingazz] But, the west, just never left
[Lil' Rob] Never back down
[Fingazz] Bring back, bring back, the west, the west
[Lil' Rob] Homeboy
I'm bringing it back (That's right)
I'm bringing it back (Simon)

[Verse 2: Lil' Rob {Fingazz in background}]

They call me Lil' Rob, homie (Lil' Rob)
But I'm doin' it big
I'm fuckin' sick like a stylist, I'm splittin' your wig (Splitting your wig)
Rhymes blow your brain back, I know it already did (Already did)
If it hasn't, it's about to fuckin' flip your lids
Still roll on thirteen inch Dayton's with the two chron knock off (Uh hun)

The bow tie
Dayton stand, don't accept no knock offs (That's right)
I take it out
And go bust the shots off (Yeah)
Vatos want some pedo
Then I'm bustin' shots off
Gone through crosswalks
Vibrate the streets
Like Fingazz
Vibrates his teeth
When he's working the talkbox {Yeah}
We're getting sick with it
They say, "That song is sick
The beat is tight (That's right)
And I love the way he's spittin'"

Repeat Pre-Chorus & Chorus

[Lil' Rob & Fingazz]
I'm bringing it back

[Lil' Rob]
The west coast
Right next to the Pacific Ocean
The west side
Yeah
The left side

Hook: Lil' Rob {Lil' Rob *slowed down*}
Right next, to the Pacific
To, to be specific
That, that's where we kick it
Where, where we get wicked
Flick, the switch and dip it
Lift, it up and tip it
Pack, the bomb and grip it
Take, the mic and rip
Right next, to the Pacific
To, to be specific
That, that's where we kick it
Where, where we get wicked
Flick, the switch and dip it
Lift, it up and tip it
{I come from the west coast, you know, San Diego, Los Angeles}

Repeat Pre-Chorus & Chorus

[Fingazz]
Bring back, bring back, the west, the west (Hey)
But, the west, just never left (Hey)
Bring back, bring back, the west, the west (Hey)
Ooh, ooh, ooh, I'm bringing it back