

Get a Grip

Lil Rob

Alright
Yeah
Aye man

I can't trust nobody
Gotta watch these fools
Cuz half these fools just wanna go and cause some shit
Never know just what they'll do
So I keep a 22 just in case right on my hip it'll manage
Good enough to do the damage
Keep it loaded just like a sonar with an extra click
So before I reach for that clip
All these vatos need to get a grip

These pinche vatos don't like me
Vato never met me
Vato likes to talk though
Roll him up like a taco
Do him gatcho
Homeboy whats the problema
Put you're name on this balas
Scratch you're name off Leva
Fucking haters
You'd don't like me cuz my rap
Maybe cuz you can't put it down like this or like that and thats a fact
You got a long way to go before you fucking with me homes
S-A-N D-I-E-G-O
San Diego the city that I spit for
Puts it on the map ese what you talking shit for
Simon homey Imma get more
Keep it bouncing like a Fleetwood against a 64
We'll try a double talk and flip the script
Fuck around and get your lip slip real quick an shit
No need to hear that
I tilt my beer back
Until I'm spittin so hot so hot and it don't stop

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Vatos hasn't been out in a while
I hope he just forgets and gets out
Waits to long to come back
Gets left out
But that ain't happened homeboy
It's time to stress out
Cuz I ain't going nowhere
You got a problem
We can step out
If there's anything I learned from the brawl

It's the bigger they are
The harder they fall
And the smaller they are
The faster they run
But I won't run
Win or lose a little blood on my shoes
A couple bruise on my fist
Handcuffs on my wrist
Just for putting it down
And getting em up
Just like this
Homey get sick like sida
Out on the Calle
Living la vida loca
Where we get crazy on the daily
I remember being crazy even as a baby
I was chilling
A future microphone villain
I would pick it up
And spot on the mic
And call it a night

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Simon I used to know him
I don't know him no more
Yeah we kicked it
But I can't associate myself with bitches
Ratas or snakes
Phonies or fakes
One time is all it takes
There's no room for mistakes
Those are the breaks
I'm one of the greats
L-R the great 1218
The one they hate
And I'll be spittin'
Mic ripping until I can't no more
Giving all these silly suckas what they're asking for

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