

Hard Times

Lil Rob

Born in the hood, I'm a O.G. gangsta
My Poppa Was A Rolling Stone, rock-n-roll gangsta
There's a war on the streets
Like the war in Iraq
Viva la raza, bring our gente back
Hard time on the front line, A.K.'s and tech nines
Soldiers comin' home
Half dead and half blind
Diein' for what?
I'm a drug cause
Six hundred and seventy, 'round soldiers lost
That's some bullshit
Like the war on the streets
Young ones diein' over some twenty year old beef
Cholo shot back, hood's still up to no good
Now he's doing 25 up in the real hood
Life in the pen
With no real friends
Just shut the fuck up and cough for the men
Raza, wake up
It's my job
Slow Pain, the O.G., with the homie Lil Rob

Man, I know this vato talkin' this and that
About where he from, and about where he's at
How gangster he is, and how he's bustin' cap
You need to kick back, homie, just relax
And take a chill pill, for real, pull down the steel
And put ya fists up, when it's time to get, I'll
The grill from the chest, mano a mano
Somos Chicanos
Somos hermanos

What up, loco, it's the real O.G.
Lil Rob got my back, when I'm ballin' in the S.D.
Packin' a chrome
I'm a sign like a cellphone
Loc'ed After Dark like the homie Tone Loc
Bang
Bang
And I burn rubber
Trey sit back to a stolen Hummer
When I'm dippin' out
In my brown Impala
The brown super hero, hold it down for the raza
Yeah

Yeah
To all the soldiers livin' hard times
My heart goes out
That's why I write lines
From the cora, hun
We speak ahora
And drop those gangsta hits we call rolas
This is for the homies and for the cholas
You know Mexicanos got the chrome pistolas
It's all about the green

The white
The red
This Mexicano sets the west coast trend

Hey, what's happenin', man
It's ya homeboy Ese Lil Rob
That's right
Thanks for pickin' up the Mextape
Twelve Eighteen Uncut
For the streets
For the Calles
That's right
Put it down for the brown side of town
That's right
I say what's up to everybody out there, doin' they thang