

Microphone Rippin'

Lil Rob

[Lil' Rob:]

Hey man
Hey, turn me up in the headphones
I gotta feel this shit right here, man
Hey Nasty, drop that beat, bro
Yeah
That's right
That sounds good now
Hell yeah
Hey, check this out (Simon)

[Verse 1:]

Ay chiggy-check it, I'm a wreck it for the homeboys, man (That's right)
But that's alright because
That's exactly what I am (That's what I am)
They say my thang is
Something they can't understand, ni modo
I don't wanna sound like no other man
I'm original, when most are fictional (Yeah)
I smokin' on the
Weed, with no seeds, I'm sick with it, this medical [inhale]
I wear my Khakis with the cuff and the crease [coughing]
And rather
Die on my feet than
Live on my knees
Please (Please)
I'm colder than zero degrees (Yeah)
And I got more shine than my thirteen inch D's
Dump the back corner, 63 on three
Lil' Rob the Chicano on the T-O-P (Lil' Rob, yeah)
I continue my flippin', microphone rippin' (Uh hun)
Pacifico tippin', keep these fools trippin' (Yeah, come on)
I'm on the creep, ain't got time for sleep
Only got time to rob this beat and get it back to the street

[Chorus: Lil' Rob]

I continue my flippin', microphone rippin'
Pacifico tippin', keep these fools trippin'
63 dippin', beautiful women
You thought you had the last laugh, but The Last Laff is mine

[Chorus]

[Verse 2:]

Look
I don't know what you thought, or what the fuck you thought I was (What you thought I was)
When I heard you
I thought that I come back just because
For the fuck of it
For the love of it
My musica's
A droga, mi vida loca, and I can't get enough of it (Can't get enough)
I ain't goin' nowhere, you fuckin' vatos must be crazy
I'll be scraping down the calles in my six-
three, you can't miss me (Hey, you can't miss me)
Might have the homies, or a couple heinas with me

If the
Shoe fits, wear it, and these zapatos fit me (Yeah)
And it sure feel good just like they should (Like they should)
Have a brand new pair of
White on white
Nike Cortez's stompin' through the hood
Soy Chicano, controllamos este ano
They can't handle the truth because the truth is hard to swallow
Like a jalo
Vatos, they get malo (They get malo)
You're barkin' up the wrong tree, please swing like a chango (Like a chango)
And get your ass back in your caro
We live for today, don't give a fuck about tomorrow

[Chorus x2]

[Verse 3:]

I heard
They tryin' to make a comeback, well, fuck that (Fuck that)
Heard you wanna
Do what I do, guess what, I've, been there and done that (Been there and done that)
And I'm a keep it goin', ain't no slowin' me down
I'm holdin' it down like a switch when I drop my ride to the ground (That's right)
I kick a sample, then I chop it, put some money in my pocket (Yeah)
I call it feria, get it for flowin' like a faucet (That's right)
Some people say I've lost it
But you know I'm still sick
It's a keeper, so I'm keeping some of that shit you hit the streets with
That's bumpin'
When you're only somethin' next to nothin'
Shit, you better watch (Yeah)
Who you fucking with (Watch who you fucking with, man)
I'll cut you off like a DJ when he cuts it quick
One time is one time too many, you fuck up, that's it
You done with
You're just another rapper to have fun with
That doesn't do much
For all them rappers that you run with
Cause you are who you hang with
La ultima risas mia
Even laughin' in my other language (That's right)

[Chorus x2]

[Lil' Rob:]

That's right
It's ya homeboy Ese Lil' Rob (Lil' Rob)
Doce diez y ocho (That's right, Twelve Eighteen)
Shoutouts to all my fans, man, for Califas (Yeah)
To Pheonix (Vegas)
To El Paso (That's right)
Burque (Uh hun)
That's right
H-Town puts it down (That's right)
For the west coast
My homies in Colorado, man (To the east coast)
Up in (?)
You know what what I mean