

Now They Dont Ask

Lil Rob

[Lil' Rob]

Remember every year, before the fair
We'd gather up the homeboys and we were always there
To go down, it was sort of like tradition
The first day, always had to get a fist in
It's funny thinking back cuz we were only kids then
Sixteen years old, sitting at the Sheriff station
Detained, what's your nickname, what gang you claim?
It's the same as last year officer, it's all the same
Lil' Rob had fun while it lasted
Who would have thought at eighteen I'd get blasted
Once in the face, got a taste of the bullet
And that's on the real, I got the scars to prove it
I don't have to prove shit, that ain't no bullshit
I did what I did, and that's the way I used to do it
Eighteen with the bullet, living my life foolish
The day I saw my mom cry was the day I lost my coolness

[Chorus x2: Frank V (Lil' Rob)]

Cuz now they don't ask where you're from no more (Where you from ese?)
They just roll along side and pump slugs in your car door (Fuck it homeboy)
So I don't ask nothing either (Trucha)
I just reach under my seat and heat em up with my heater

[Frank V]

Before you see me retire
You'll see gun fire
From a big barrel
Desert Eagle, not a sparrow
Ese you don't know me for shit, so stop thinking that
Liquor got you pumped up, you need to stop drinking that
Cuz ese we kill for real, try and feel
Before they find your remains on my Coupe Deville grill
I'm still crazy after all these years
All these beers, all the blood, sweat, and all these tears
That were shed, for all the homies that are dead
Fell victim to lead, I could give up, but instead
I rode that much harder when I'm out on the bricks
For every one they take of mine, I'm taking out six bitch
Starting off with you, then killing the rest of your punk ass crew
So you better run fast
Cuz those Low Pro Gangsters got some shells for that ass

[Chorus x2]

[Royal T]

Six in the morning, haters at my door
Fresh Nikes squeeking by the bathroom floor
Out my back window, I made my escape
Haters know I'm in my loof from the fresh mixtape
They try to rush my spot
Try to take what I got
I'm Royal T and my heater stay hot
.45 to be exact
Three clips in the mack
Bust shot after shot while I'm under attack

[Yogi]

I used to sport Cortez with my black cascade
In Junior High, hella high, getting the bad grades
Always squabbling with them fools from around the way
Cross your clique out and I leave my name
Four door Caprice Classic, semi-automatic
Don't get dramatic, fool I'll let you have it
Sweat on mi cara, bumping Santana
Jumping out the ranfla, fill you full of balas

[Chorus x2]