

# 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]