

Slow It Down

Lil Rob

Slow it down
If I could go back I would slow it down
If I could turn back I would slow it down
If I could go back I would do it again
Do it again
Do, do, do it again
Oaaaahh

Ain't got no time for no bullshit
Gotta make moves quick
If you snooze then you lose it
Lay you down like my cheeverlet
After a day of play
After I juice it
Get stupid
Hit the corner crooked
Don't remember how I took it
Don't remember how I made it
I remember being faded
Remember when I had more than anticipated
Got intoxicated
I almost got incarcerated
Put my petal to the metal
Hear me screechin' down the pavement
I'm messy lil rob
And I'm back up on the block
In a rag top with a back drop not knowin' when to stop
So I'm a keep on rollin' till the wheels are fallin' off
And it might get a little crazy but nobody call the cops
We got it under control
We're on a gangsta stroll
Watchin' out for the pigs on patrol
Cause my homboys on parole
My little homboys on probation
Still gets a chance to change his life
But right now it's incarceration that he's facin'

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See homboy vato down the block
He told me vato got shot
In the parking lot of the taco shop
The towns been hot
Been full of cops
Been full of blacas
I told them I don't really understand it homie
Bumpin' this is for la raza
Hit the switch like this
It's your big end of the street
Where I keep my cuete under my seat
Where I keep on the creep

Where we go to the grave with the secrets we keep
And I'm a always keep my word so that I'm able to sleep
I'm bumpin' the beat when I heard her body talkin' to me
I like what it's sayin' and I love what I see
You're comin' with me
Her body's cold and comfortable the whole
So magicly now she's sittin' in my passenger seat
We got it under control
We rollin' low
It's so slow I
Hit the land yo and live my life in slow mo
If I could do this one more
Time again just tell me when so I can do it again

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See one of my homboys he's doin' good
He started life over
Another homboy not so good
He slid now life's over
He was supposed to be gettin' married
In february
Now he's in the coffin being carried at the cemetary
Getting burried
Take a hit of the joint and keep it cherry
Cause this shit is gettin' heavy
Like the chevy on 5 twentys
And that's pretty heavy
Tryna make that pretty penny
Where there's plenty
And I'll be damned if I ain't makin' any
Comin' out stronger than many
Many bolder than most
We get sick with it
Sicker than my flows; fuckin' gross
The products was where I was brought up
It's the bomb like a feline
Tag my name on a street sign
Throwin' up the peace sign
Lookin' for a feline
That's bad enough to be mine
Fuck ya homboy; she fine
So we gon' keep on rollin'
Even if I don't know where I'm goin'

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