

# That's When I'll Stop

Lil Rob

Hey ladies, who you come to see?  
Is it the L-I-L to the R-O- to the B  
"Lil Rob", say it for me loud.  
How come I say my name so much?  
Because I'm proud like the impressions  
Along with Curtis Mayfield too ...  
I'm so proud of you

You know the jam, I'm the oldie man  
Some say that I'm the oldie man  
Who can make a rap jam  
Without fucking up the oldie jam

I always am, and I always will be  
That one you love to hate  
Lil Rob now still be  
People wanna kill me  
Over all this rap shit  
Can't get over that shit  
Now they want me in a casket  
Rumor has it, that I'm one of the baddest  
Lil vato raperos with rhymes that are massive,  
Gigantic, and deeper then Atlantis  
You wanna be like me homie,  
You better fucking practice.

When the birds no longer use their wings to fly,  
That's when I'll stop, stop, stop, stop, stop...  
When the rain drops stop falling from the sky,  
That's when I'll stop, stop, stop, stop, stop...  
When old Broadway changes to Fifth Avenue,  
That's when I'll stop, stop, stop, stop, stop...  
When mathematicians find that one plus one isn't two,  
That's when I'll stop, stop, stop, stop, stop...

Been doing this a long time  
Now I'm busting strong rhymes  
Know about the thin lines  
Trying to keep shit in line  
And I know it's my time  
for some reason I'm not trying  
But with out my music out  
Homie, I'm slowly dying  
That's something I know they want  
Something that I don't want  
Lil Rob the nickname  
The nickname they forgot

Yeah he used to bust raps  
And make people clap  
Everyone's got their albums out  
But where's his at  
He said it'd be out long time ago  
He said that a long time ago  
Where'd all the time go  
Can't see that like a blind-fold  
Hey have you seen me Mr. Husseiney

Say that I'll be back  
But that's my disappearing act.

When the birds no longer use their wings to fly,  
and the rain stops falling from the sky,  
and old Broadway changes to Fifth Avenue,  
When mathematicians find that one plus one isn't two.  
That's When I'll stop.

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Remember when I was younger I would hunger  
For the chance to be a star  
Here we are, how bizarre, how far will a take  
Will I make it, have I already made it  
What'd you think about my album after you played it?  
Was it good, was it bad, was it bad, meaning good?  
I could take this to the top ese, I really could.

We need more Mexicans on CD  
More Mexicans on TV.  
Never forget where I come from  
And that's what keeps me  
Who I am, aw man its you again  
The man up in the mirror,  
The only lil vato that I fear  
Sometimes I don't like to see you, don't like to be you.  
Wishing on a star for all the things that I could re-do  
See through, all you, are you, who you  
Said you claim to be last time that you came to me  
Or maybe you just came to see  
If Lil Rob was still dropping it  
Fuck yeah, there ain't no stopping it

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