

Too Much

Lil Rob

Too much, too much
They be talking too much, too much
Talking some of this and talking lots of that
But all they really wanna know is where the homie Lil Rob's at

You like that feel good music?
I got that feel good music
I feel good when I do it
Never lost it, never lose it
I like it with the clap and I like it acoustic
I can make em break, like with a pool stick
You can't hear me get a q-tip
They say I'm getting old holmes
Just thought I'd drop some new shit
Just for the fuck of it (baby)
It ain't really nothing homie
I'm just glad you're bumping it and loving it
Can't get enough of it
So rough, so tough with it
I just thought I'd come back one more time
Before I'm done with it
That's if I'm ever done with it
But I don't think that's possible
I told you once before
That I got lots of flow, got lots to go
You vatos need to stop it though

Estupido
In and out the studio
Hypocritical
Life support situation critical

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I'm right here
I'm right here
I'm right here
And I can see you in my rear-view mirror

Yeah rolling with a gangsta lean
Caddy full of gasoline
And I'm not stopping no time soon
Jump on in there's lots of room
But there's no room for dumb ones
The dumb ones gotta stay back
Way back like 8-track
They gonna need to face fact
The fact is you're the definition of what wack is
And there's only sometimes my ad-libs
That shit right here homie
I don't know what that is
What the fuck you doing dawg?
I been trying to ruin Rob
I didn't do nothing to no-body
I'm just that vato that they call to rock the party

And it don't stop and it won't stop
But that's the way it is though
Take a puff, huff the stuff and blow it out the window

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I'm right here
I'm right here
I'm right here
And I can see you in my rear-view mirror
(Til you disappear)