

My Turn

Lil Rob

You know everybody's talkin about me and shit right now
Y'all wonder what I'm gonna do next
Well check it out

The more people that love me.. the more people that hate me..
But I ain't trippin I just do what I do
Keep it true to myself, you can't break me

Everybody wants to know what Lil Rob is soundin like
The same way as always, homey, dy-no-mite
They say, out of sight well then out of mind
Well I'm out of sight but I'm in yo' mind and I don't mind
Homey, I'm just tryin to keep with the times
Spit rhymes that are always on time, and try to climb
They wanna hate on me for stupid-ass shit
Pay them no mind, can't believe they're doin that shit
I can't believe they're even cool with that shit
Supposed to be crazy homeboys and talk like a bitch
If you're not - the kind of homey I could pull a crime with
Then you're not - the kind of homeboy I could bust a rhyme with
And you're not - the kind of homeboy I associate with
What'chu got bitch, I won't even negotiate with, shit

The more people that love me.. the more people that hate me..
But I ain't trippin I just do what I do
Keep it true to myself, you can't break me (it's my turn)
I'm shootin for the top of the world
Can I make it to the top of the world, hell yeah (it's my turn)
I'll see you at the top of the world
I'll be waitin at the top of the world

- You can't stop me!
I always continue to do my thing
No matter, what you do no matter what you bring
You're mad at me, for what? Cause I'm tryin
to open the door so you can come up too you stupid fuck?
Come on homey, I'm as real as they come
Take a little bit of Pepsi mix it up with some rum
The kind of man to offer you a drink
And hold a conversation with you to see how you think
But uhh, somethin tells me that you're bluffin me homes
That you're not, who you seem to be don't fuck with me homes
Cause nowadays I can see you comin a mile away
And I don't like your style eh (okay)

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- God damn!
I gotta deal with everybody else puttin me down
I've been puttin in work for as long as I've been around
Just because I was brought up on the brown side of town

I rap with an accent and I got my own sound
Ey fuck it homey, I am who I am
One proud Mexican, {?}en mi criste penaten{?}
Lowridin down the avenue, doin what it is I do
Whether it appeals to you I gotta keep it real with you
How could I expect you to respect me any other way
Can I get a "si mon" (si mon), can I get an "orale" (orale!)
Andele, there we go
Shouts out to all my gente from here to Me-ji-co (whoa)

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I'll be waitin at the top of the world
You got somethin to say, keep that shit to yourself mayne
(It's my turn)
You don't like me, don't play it, simple as that
(And, I, just, don't, stop)
(See, you, at, the, top) That's right
You can do what you do I'll do what I do
(And, I, just, don't, stop)
(See, you, at, the, top)
(And, I, just, don't, stop)
(See, you, at, the, top)