

No Future In It

Lil Rob

Lil' Rob, yeah
It's kinda fucked up, man
All these kids wanna be grown up
Gangsta, gangsta and all that kinda shit
Yo, I'll be honest with you, man
You smoke marijuana dogg but that's about it
It's better to cut loose, eh, you know

Chamacos on the calle living la vida loca
Eleven years old experimenting with drogas
Smoke a little weed, snort a little coca
I'll just try it one time, homey, to see que onda
It's so addictive and you get so addicted
Becomes a habbit, they gotta have it and then can't kick it
There's nothing funny about being a druggy
I know a lot of people fucked up, became a junkie

Used to dress clean started looking kinda bummy
Do what they say you can learn a lot from a dummy
You get wrapped up in it like a mummy
Next thing you know you're in your hefa's purse stealing the money
And you got it so bad, if you ain't got it you go mad
Won't stop until you get a toetag
Somebody please give me just a minute, homey
To let them know that there ain't no future in it, homey

We like to get all fucked up, you know homes
(There ain't no future in it, homey)
We do drugs till were all sucked up, you know homes
(There ain't no future in it, homey)
I smoke weed 'cause it grows from the seed but the other shit
(There ain't no future in it)
As if it makes you scratch and bleed, twitch and shit
(Homey, I ain't fucking with it)

Hey, homes just like Mrs. Jones
We both know that it's wrong but it's much too strong to let it go
Some do, some don't
The one's that do are fucked, always end up stuck in a rut
In love with the drug
Do sick shit for a fix, too many good people ended up in that mix
They scratch and they twitch, they stand and they sit
But they can't sit still the drugs the chill pill

They do what they do and I'll let 'em be
'Cause in reality they ain't bothering me
Even though is kinda fucked up to see
I can only feel lucky that that isn't me
But you know it coulda have easily been
It's not like it wasn't around all over the town
People looking for the drogas, their head on the ground
Another overdose another body was found

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I dont have to prove to you what I been through
Just letting you know what I seen and what I've been into
We'd go out, we'd stay late till the day breaks
We'd be in Cisco drinking and huffing spray paint
Sparkin' it up, pointin' the spray plate
Getting fucked up till we can't see straight
Hit the calles to go start some havoc
And go gang banging in my homeboy's Maverick

I remember bumping some ace fly
My cuete's loaded and so am I
And you could tell by the look in my eyes
That I ain't giving a fuck, homeboy, we live to die
But that was just a thing to do at the time
Get together, get high and go pull some crimes
But the truth is you got a fucked up mentality
Bet, you are gonna get a fucked up reality check

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