

Rough Neighborhood

Lil Rob

Yeah

I used to ride my bicicleta
Down the calles of my town
Oldies everyday, thats the way it was
Those were the days, the crazy ones
A lot people died that summer
Its a bummer but shit happens
Or rob them in a day and see ambulences from a distance
A place where you'd find seringes
And the drug use was tremendous
Some say my town was surrendous
Until the drug use was off the hinges
My boarder brothers would have to run fast, dash
And hop the fences
Dont take that out of content homeboy,
Cus we're all gente through my lentes
But the migra would creep down, and sweep hard
And take them all back to tj if they didnt have the green card
The parke was the spot, it was hot
And it was dealin in the street
The heroine was a killer homeboy
It had seven killings in a week
It was a bad bash but they still had to have that,
So it didnt stop me
I'd come to the pad
And sells all the merchandise til the jura cought'em
We used to get shit for cheap homes, like 90% off
Give homie a little feria for his fix
And then he sped off

I was brought up, (i was brought up)
In a rough neighborhood, (in a rough neighborhood)
Where you learn more in the streets, (where the shit goes down homes)
Than you learn in school

I was brought up, (i was brought up)
In a rough neighborhood, (in a rough neighborhood)
Where you learn more in the streets, (where you don't fuck around homes)
Than you learn in school

It was cool walking to school
See the vatos and the gatos itchin and twitchin, scratchin
Havin a conversation with satin
On the good one (on the good trip)
I mean loaded off some good shit
You might not believe it
But ey homes this aint no bullshit
My town was all brown man,
The gente and the drogas
People walking around fucked up, drugged up, lookin all sucked up
But thats where I was brought up
Where a lot of people shot up
Got caught up and locked up
Its not just sumthin that I thought up
It was somthing that was happenin
And I seen it with my own eyes eh
La colonia, eden gardens californ I a

Got a little older
And my blood got a little colder
Started taggin up my plaquaso up on my barrio
Up on my folder
Me and homeboys we would walk the calles
Lookin like soldiers
With the chip on their shoulders
The size of bolders, little lokesters
Down to get down with the next town when they came around
We be throwin chिकासos,
We be spittin balazos

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It wasn't long before I got mine
See I got shot at the stop sign
Took a bala to the boca
Got blood all over my ropa
I lost a couple of homies
I got some friends up in the pin
But when they get out
It seems like they go right back in again
It all started out with crazy situations
Juvinall hall and probation
Then get busted for violation
That leaves a lifetime incarceration
But my town went through some changes
One thing will never change
It made me who I am
And I remain to stay the same

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