

# Slow It Down

Lil Rob

Slow it down  
If I could go back I would slow it down  
If I could turn back I would slow it down  
If I could go back I would do it again  
Do it again  
Do, do, do it again  
Oaaaahh

Ain't got no time for no bullshit  
Gotta make moves quick  
If you snooze then you lose it  
Lay you down like my cheverlet  
After a day of play  
After I juice it  
Get stupid  
Hit the corner crooked  
Don't remember how I took it  
Don't remember how I made it  
I remember being faded  
Remember when I had more than anticipated  
Got intoxicated  
I almost got incarcerated  
Put my petal to the metal  
Hear me screechin' down the pavement  
I'm messy lil rob  
And I'm back up on the block  
In a rag top with a back drop not knowin' when to stop  
So I'm a keep on rollin' till the wheels are fallin' off  
And it might get a little crazy but nobody call the cops  
We got it under control  
We're on a gangsta stroll  
Watchin' out for the pigs on patrol  
Cause my homboys on parole  
My little homboys on probation  
Still gets a chance to change his life  
But right now it's incarceration that he's facin'

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See homboy vato down the block  
He told me vato got shot  
In the parking lot of the taco shop  
The towns been hot  
Been full of cops  
Been full of blacas  
I told them I don't really understand it homie  
Bumpin' this is for la raza  
Hit the switch like this  
It's your big end of the street  
Where I keep my cuete under my seat  
Where I keep on the creep

Where we go to the grave with the secrets we keep  
And I'm a always keep my word so that I'm able to sleep  
I'm bumpin' the beat when I heard her body talkin' to me  
I like what it's sayin' and I love what I see  
You're comin' with me  
Her body's cold and comfortable the whole  
So magicly now she's sittin' in my passenger seat  
We got it under control  
We rollin' low  
It's so slow I  
Hit the land yo and live my life in slow mo  
If I could do this one more  
Time again just tell me when so I can do it again

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See one of my homboys he's doin' good  
He started life over  
Another homboy not so good  
He slid now life's over  
He was supposed to be gettin' married  
In february  
Now he's in the coffin being carried at the cemetary  
Getting burried  
Take a hit of the joint and keep it cherry  
Cause this shit is gettin' heavy  
Like the chevy on 5 twentys  
And that's pretty heavy  
Tryna make that pretty penny  
Where there's plenty  
And I'll be damned if I ain't makin' any  
Comin' out stronger than many  
Many bolder than most  
We get sick with it  
Sicker than my flows; fuckin' gross  
The products was where I was brought up  
It's the bomb like a feline  
Tag my name on a street sign  
Throwin' up the peace sign  
Lookin' for a feline  
That's bad enough to be mine  
Fuck ya homboy; she fine  
So we gon' keep on rollin'  
Even if I don't know where I'm goin'

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