

That's When I'll Stop

Lil Rob

Hey ladies, who you come to see?
Is it the L-I-L to the R-O- to the B
"Lil Rob", say it for me loud.
How come I say my name so much?
Because I'm proud like the impressions
Along with Curtis Mayfield too ...
I'm so proud of you

You know the jam, I'm the oldie man
Some say that I'm the oldie man
Who can make a rap jam
Without fucking up the oldie jam

I always am, and I always will be
That one you love to hate
Lil Rob now still be
People wanna kill me
Over all this rap shit
Can't get over that shit
Now they want me in a casket
Rumor has it, that I'm one of the baddest
Lil vato raperos with rhymes that are massive,
Gigantic, and deeper then Atlantis
You wanna be like me homie,
You better fucking practice.

When the birds no longer use their wings to fly,
That's when I'll stop, stop, stop, stop, stop...
When the rain drops stop falling from the sky,
That's when I'll stop, stop, stop, stop, stop...
When old Broadway changes to Fifth Avenue,
That's when I'll stop, stop, stop, stop, stop...
When mathematicians find that one plus one isn't two,
That's when I'll stop, stop, stop, stop, stop...

Been doing this a long time
Now I'm busting strong rhymes
Know about the thin lines
Trying to keep shit in line
And I know it's my time
for some reason I'm not trying
But with out my music out
Homie, I'm slowly dying
That's something I know they want
Something that I don't want
Lil Rob the nickname
The nickname they forgot

Yeah he used to bust raps
And make people clap
Everyone's got their albums out
But where's his at
He said it'd be out long time ago
He said that a long time ago
Where'd all the time go
Can't see that like a blind-fold
Hey have you seen me Mr. Husseiney

Say that I'll be back
But that's my disappearing act.

When the birds no longer use their wings to fly,
and the rain stops falling from the sky,
and old Broadway changes to Fifth Avenue,
When mathematicians find that one plus one isn't two.
That's When I'll stop.

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Remember when I was younger I would hunger
For the chance to be a star
Here we are, how bizarre, how far will a take
Will I make it, have I already made it
What'd you think about my album after you played it?
Was it good, was it bad, was it bad, meaning good?
I could take this to the top ese, I really could.

We need more Mexicans on CD
More Mexicans on TV.
Never forget where I come from
And that's what keeps me
Who I am, aw man its you again
The man up in the mirror,
The only lil vato that I fear
Sometimes I don't like to see you, don't like to be you.
Wishing on a star for all the things that I could re-do
See through, all you, are you, who you
Said you claim to be last time that you came to me
Or maybe you just came to see
If Lil Rob was still dropping it
Fuck yeah, there ain't no stopping it

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