

The Truth

Lil Rob

Hey, what's up? It's the homie Lil' Rob
Back to clear some shit up, you know
People be stealing my shit
And making money off it
And you know who you are

Hey, Mr. Postman?
Do me a favor
Deliver the letter
The sooner the better
Blew you vatos away, like a feather
Familia Records, chale, whatever
People don't know, and I'm not one to talk
But I gotta clear my name, for the shit that you drop
Little Rob "Still Smokin'" Homie, who the fuck you joking?
Burning raza with my name, use your brain, your insane
It's a shame and not a shay, to be a lame
Are you raza? No! Then change what you claim
Be proud of who you are, and not who you wanna be
I don't wanna work with you!
Why do you wanna work with me?
I'm not your artist!
So, forget it's on them
If they're not making you money
And you broke it's on them
But, to take the shit the way you did
You remind me of a jealous little desperate kid
No llores

No llores
You wonder why I broke left
If I woulda stayed
I woulda left broke (simon)

You wonder why I broke left (you wonder why)
If I woulda stayed
I woulda left broke (I woulda left broke)

No llores
You wonder why I broke left (you wonder why)
If I woulda stayed
I woulda left broke (simon)

You wonder why I broke left (you wonder why)
If I woulda stayed
I woulda left broke (And that's no joke)