

# Call The Cops

Lil Rob

Quando el dia se convierte noche  
Wacha las chiespas que vuelan del coche  
Lil' Rob is un locote  
Thought I was done? Fuck no  
I won't let it go  
See I made you what you are putos  
And everybody knows  
Don't try to hide what's so obvious  
Without Lil' Rob around homeboy you got no audience  
Your fucking fraudulent you lost your common sense  
Not just a little bit but all of it  
Heard you got an Album coming out Puto what'chu calling it?  
Featuring Lil' Rob the way you sell some mother fucker  
Check the bar codes the one the scan well you ain't got those  
Cause of The wrong mind you cross the wrong line  
im an earthquake Ready to happen and your standing on my fucking fault line  
Got some bullets in the carriage do some damage to your cartilage  
Dia de tu muerte silent like your cuete  
Cause you wont shoot shit you bought that shit just for a sound prop  
Click Click that's all you hear is Click Click and no shots

Somebody call the cops  
Cause Lil' Rob won't stop  
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Hey fat boy you drop something  
A fucking dime you fucking swine  
Rather have my pride than run and hide  
Thought you were a gangster  
Thought you knew the rules  
There's a fork up in your road puto  
Which one you gonna chose?  
Whichever way it is  
Guarantee your gonna lose  
I know your move before you make it  
Leaving you confused  
How can the fuck do I know what I do  
It's not that hard to find out info  
Cause no one likes you  
Everybody that I talk to  
Wants to see your downfall  
Knocking you out left and right  
And I'm boxing southpaw  
You run cause you're a rat  
Not cause you're an outlaw  
I just can't get over it  
You couldn't be more of a bitch  
Say nobody likes me? Shit  
I don't like nobody  
They're a bunch of backstabbers  
Not to mention whack rappers  
Where's all the real homeboys at?

I don't see none bitch you cut  
Your pony tail Puto so you could be one

Fool you just a phony  
never was a homie  
You are what you eat  
Full of fucking baloney  
Though your name is Tony  
Your no, Tony Montana  
Don't get brave like Atlanta  
Won't exist just like Santa  
I'm not even worried  
About what'chu might do  
I'll be waiting with a German  
Named G-42  
And that's some heavy artillery  
You think your killing me  
I know your fucking feeling me  
Y saves que puto?  
Let the fucking war begin  
I guarantee that I won't stop until I fucking win  
smile'n faces sometimes they don't tell the truth  
Smile'n faces tell lies and I got proof, the proof is you  
Whatchu gonna do when your covers blown  
And your stupid fat asses are sitting all alone and  
Carmen comes to get'cha? Carmen's just a bitch  
Just like you, you have no fucking clue what I can do to you!

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