

## Fanmail

Lil Rob

Hey, this one's for everybody  
Everyone who's ever  
Wrote me fanmail and never got a response  
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Hey, this one's for everybody (Everybody)  
Everyone who's ever  
Wrote me fanmail and never got a response  
I read your letters \*Yeah)  
Some even brought me to tears  
I look back at my years like some of you have been lost  
Like some of you have been found (Have been found)  
I found this one letter  
I remember cause I couldn't put it down  
She said her mom was in jail  
And so is she (So is she)  
And she was on her own, and has no family  
Her brother overdosed and he passed away, away  
Back, and my music gets her through the day  
She likes what I say (What I say)  
The way I say it (Yeah)  
Reminds her of back in the days, that's when it replays  
Live for today (For today)  
Think of tomorrow  
She lives on Pain Avenue, across from Sorrow (Across from Sorrow)  
She said, "Write back if you can  
Sincerly yours, your number one fan, I am"

I never thought it would happen, this rappin' stuff  
Now they're writin' letters cause they miss me  
I never thought it would happen, this rappin' stuff  
I was too used to packin' gats and stuff  
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"Doce Diez y Ocho, what's happenin', man (What's happenin', man)  
Me and my homeboys bumpin' music all day  
Everyday (Everyday)  
There ain't a song we don't play  
My prima says 'Hi, ' and that she loves you always (Loves you for life, man)  
So when's your next album comin' out  
You're always pushing back the date, what's that all about  
Don't trip (Don't trip)  
I just can't wait to hear it, ese  
Some over that neighborhood shit, that's what you need to spit (That's what  
you need to spit)  
Some more oldies for the homies (Yeah)  
Let 'em know where we come from (Come from)  
How we do things  
We don't stop until we get it done  
Let 'em know how we get down when the weekend comes (Get down, man)  
I lowride just like you  
I heard you have a '63, I wanna get myself a '62

Anyways

I know you're a busy man  
I'm a homie and a fan, get back at me when you can"

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"Hey Rob, my name is Patrick, writin' from the park  
Where it's nice in the day, but it gets crazy after dark (Crazy after dark)  
Hey man, I go to a pretty bad school  
But I like it a lot, and my teacher's pretty cool  
My teacher's name is Mr. White  
He wants to help us do right  
And stay away from the gangster life  
Not allowed to wear Cortez's or red and blue  
We can't cut our hair shorter than a no. 2 (And that's true)  
If we do  
We're dropped  
Then it's through  
Oh yeah, they even drug test us, too  
My homie wrote you  
His name is Christopher  
He thinks you're the best, and he's a Southern listener  
How'd you start, when you learned to write raps (Write raps)  
Just a couple questions, hopefully, you'll write back  
But if you can't, hey man, I understand  
You must be a busy man, no matter what, I'm still a fan"

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