

From Dago To La

Lil Rob

Frank V, coming straight out of Los
Yeah

Lil' Rob, representing my city San Diego, Southern Califas

Once again it's on, coming back at that ass with another hit (Simon)
Straight out of Low Profile Records
Let's drop this shit, a little something like this

I got some shit to make them all stop hating
I got some dick to make you and that bitch stop waiting
And I got a trick that'll make you fall in love
And you can have that bitch for just a couple of dubs
Frank V is on some sick shit, some fat shit
Some wait, a Latin rapper can't rap like that shit
I been payed, been laid
You just been sprayed with some shit that I just made
No fade, bald headed fuck it keep your credit
My shit's clean, supreme unleaded
Lowride all day, hit the pad grab the Porsche
Hit the ranch, ride the white horse full force
Look for me in the Source, you'll be a looking motherfucker
But look at the bank, you might see big Frank
Cashing a check or two, that's what the hell I do
You don't like how I'm living, well fuck you

Its all good from Dago to LA
Frank V and Lil' Rob making that major pay
In a Caddy coupe, 64 rag Chevrolet
We drink tequila straight, man fuck that tanqueray
(2x)

Let me do things my way, get the fuck out of my way I'm coming like this
With a twist like No Twist, everybody wishes they could flow like this
Lil' Rob be the sickest
Little vato representing the city of San Diego to the fullest
Bullshit, is what you be giving me, but you can't get rid of me
Lil' Rob (Lil' Rob), without me there will never be
Anything good to listen to ey
At least thats the way I see it homeboy, what about you ey (the same way)
I like to play from Saturday to Saturday
From month to month from year to year like the Fifth of May to the Fifth of
May, ole
And I put that on the hairs of my chiny-chin-chin
You don't want to begin, something that you can't fin-ish
What you partners thought I'd be gone, what's wrong
You don't like my song, can't please everyone, but you ain't anyone
You ain't nobody, Lil' Rob rocking it just for a little while
So let me do things my way, my way Lil' Rob style style

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I be that vato, who got you on the stage

Mr. Sancho, returning your lady's page
Now you're in a rage, pissed off and disgusted
That's why I ain't got to lady, (why not) can't be trusted
Vatos hooked on hoes like China White without being stepped on
That's why I kicked the habit and then kept on
It's hard enough these days to make cash and win
Without a bitch asking me were the fuck have I been
Franky Baby is too clean for that, too payed for that
I'm a genuine player, not bitch made like that
My shit sells 'cause it's tight, raid like that
But don't keep it at home, 'cause pigs run raids like that
It's still put down like it should be
From SD to that big bad 213

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