

# Microphone Rippin

Lil Rob

Hey man  
Hey, turn me up in the headphones  
I gotta feel this shit right here, man  
Hey Nasty, drop that beat, bro  
Yeah  
That's right  
That sounds good now  
Hell yeah  
Hey, check this out (Simon)

Ay chiggy-check it, I'm a wreck it for the homeboys, man (That's right)  
But that's alright because  
That's exactly what I am (That's what I am)  
They say my thang is  
Something they can't understand, ni modo  
I don't wanna sound like no other man  
I'm original, when most are fictional (Yeah)  
I smokin' on the  
Weed, with no seeds, I'm sick with it, this medical I wear my Khakis with the  
cuff and the crease And rather  
Die on my feet than  
Live on my knees  
Please (Please)  
I'm colder than zero degrees (Yeah)  
And I got more shine than my thirteen inch D's  
Dump the back corner, 63 on three  
Lil' Rob the Chicano on the T-O-P (Lil' Rob, yeah)  
I continue my flippin', microphone rippin' (Uh hun)  
Pacifico tippin', keep these fools trippin' (Yeah, come on)  
I'm on the creep, ain't got time for sleep  
Only got time to rob this beat and get it back to the street

I continue my flippin', microphone rippin'  
Pacifico tippin', keep these fools trippin'  
63 dippin', beautiful women  
You thought you had the last laugh, but The Last Laff is mine  
(2x)

Look  
I don't know what you thought, or what the fuck you thought I was (What you  
thought I was)  
When I heard you  
I thought that I come back just because  
For the fuck of it  
For the love of it  
My musica's  
A droga, mi vida loca, and I can't get enough of it (Can't get enough)  
I ain't goin' nowhere, you fuckin' vatos must be crazy  
I'll be scraping down the calles in my six-  
three, you can't miss me (Hey, you can't miss me)  
Might have the homies, or a couple heinas with me  
If the  
Shoe fits, wear it, and these zapatos fit me (Yeah)  
And it sure feel good just like they should (Like they should)  
Have a brand new pair of  
White on white  
Nike Cortez's stompin' through the hood

Soy Chicano, controllamos este ano  
They can't handle the truth because the truth is hard to swallow  
Like a jalo  
Vatos, they get malo (They get malo)  
You're barkin' up the wrong tree, please swing like a chango (Like a chango)  
And get your ass back in your caro  
We live for today, don't give a fuck about tomorrow

I continue my flippin', microphone rippin'  
Pacifico tippin', keep these fools trippin'  
63 dippin', beautiful women  
You thought you had the last laugh, but The Last Laff is mine  
(2x)

I heard  
They tryin' to make a comeback, well, fuck that (Fuck that)  
Heard you wanna  
Do what I do, guess what, I've, been there and done that (Been there and done that)  
And I'm a keep it goin', ain't no slowin' me down  
I'm holdin' it down like a switch when I drop my ride to the ground (That's right)  
I kick a sample, then I chop it, put some money in my pocket (Yeah)  
I call it feria, get it for flowin' like a faucet (That's right)  
Some people say I've lost it  
But you know I'm still sick  
It's a keeper, so I'm keeping some of that shit you hit the streets with  
That's bumpin'  
When you're only somethin' next to nothin'  
Shit, you better watch (Yeah)  
Who you fucking with (Watch who you fucking with, man)  
I'll cut you off like a DJ when he cuts it quick  
One time is one time too many, you fuck up, that's it  
You done with  
You're just another rapper to have fun with  
That doesn't do much  
For all them rappers that you run with  
Cause you are who you hang with  
La ultima risas mia  
Even laughin' in my other language (That's right)

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(2x)

That's right  
It's ya homeboy Ese Lil' Rob (Lil' Rob)  
Doce diez y ocho (That's right, Twelve Eighteen)  
Shoutouts to all my fans, man, for Califas (Yeah)  
To Pheonix (Vegas)  
To El Paso (That's right)  
Burque (Uh hun)  
That's right  
H-Town puts it down (That's right)  
For the west coast  
My homies in Colorado, man (To the east coast)  
Up in (?)  
You know what what I mean