

# Rough Neighborhood

Lil Rob

Yeah

I used to ride my bicicleta  
Down the calles of my town  
Oldies everyday, thats the way it was  
Those were the days, the crazy ones  
A lot people died that summer  
Its a bummer but shit happens  
Or rob them in a day and see ambulences from a distance  
A place where you'd find seringes  
And the drug use was tremendous  
Some say my town was surrendous  
Until the drug use was off the hinges  
My boarder brothers would have to run fast, dash  
And hop the fences  
Dont take that out of content homeboy,  
Cus we're all gente through my lentes  
But the migra would creep down, and sweep hard  
And take them all back to tj if they didnt have the green card  
The parke was the spot, it was hot  
And it was dealin in the street  
The heroine was a killer homeboy  
It had seven killings in a week  
It was a bad bash but they still had to have that,  
So it didnt stop me  
I'd come to the pad  
And sells all the merchandise til the jura cought'em  
We used to get shit for cheap homes, like 90% off  
Give homie a little feria for his fix  
And then he sped off

I was brought up, (i was brought up)  
In a rough neighborhood, (in a rough neighborhood)  
Where you learn more in the streets, (where the shit goes down homes)  
Than you learn in school

I was brought up, (i was brought up)  
In a rough neighborhood, (in a rough neighborhood)  
Where you learn more in the streets, (where you don't fuck around homes)  
Than you learn in school

It was cool walking to school  
See the vatos and the gatos itchin and twitchin, scratchin  
Havin a conversation with satin  
On the good one (on the good trip)  
I mean loaded off some good shit  
You might not believe it  
But ey homes this aint no bullshit  
My town was all brown man,  
The gente and the drogas  
People walking around fucked up, drugged up, lookin all sucked up  
But thats where I was brought up  
Where a lot of people shot up  
Got caught up and locked up  
Its not just sumthin that I thought up  
It was something that was happenin  
And I seen it with my own eyes eh  
La colonia, eden gardens californ I a

Got a little older  
And my blood got a little colder  
Started taggin up my plaquaso up on my barrio  
Up on my folder  
Me and homeboys we would walk the calles  
Lookin like soldiers  
With the chip on their shoulders  
The size of bolders, little lokesters  
Down to get down with the next town when they came around  
We be throwin chिकासos,  
We be spittin balazos

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It wasn't long before I got mine  
See I got shot at the stop sign  
Took a bala to the boca  
Got blood all over my ropa  
I lost a couple of homies  
I got some friends up in the pin  
But when they get out  
It seems like they go right back in again  
It all started out with crazy situations  
Juvinal all hall and probation  
Then get busted for violation  
That leaves a lifetime incarceration  
But my town went through some changes  
One thing will never change  
It made me who I am  
And I remain to stay the same

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