

# Still Smokin - Supermix Part 1

Lil Rob

This is the MCI operator  
I have a collect call from..DREAMER  
Who is an inmate in a California State prison  
To accept charges press 5 now {beep}  
Your call is being connected  
Thank you for using MCI

ESE, CHOLO!

heh heh he?  
Who?  
Damn't, for the last time  
There aren't any Mexicans here {hangs up phone}

It's the gangsta M-E-X-I-C-A-N  
Back with the rhyme that'll blow your mind that you wanna hear again  
Because you can't get enough of the Brown Crowd  
That is so rough and so tough  
Crazy bad wicked the worst and when I'm through  
When I rewind a verse  
So you could go ahead and try to put me down  
But I was told don't let no one get you down  
And never wear a frown  
It's Lil'' Rob the Chicano and proud one  
Competition none {beat stops}  
But wait I'm not done {beat resumes}  
Fuckin it up like this especially for the Brown  
So orale suvale in the Brown side of town

Yeah, it's for the Brown Crowd

Orale holmes, this is Lil'' Rob  
Comin after you from San Diego, Southern Califas

Mexican gangster yeah that's the name of the jam  
And it's to all those locos that like to gangbang  
Because I do it when I have to when it's every fuckin week  
And always kickin it with my homies  
But could swear they're always tweaking  
But the only drug I use is marijuana  
People tell me not to smoke it  
But I'll smoke it if I wanna  
Cause right now living in the fast lane  
So tell me what's wrong with smoking a little bit of Mary Jane  
And when I fight I fight mano a mano  
Por que simon I'm a down ass Chicano  
I'll say it again I'm down for mine ese  
Or laugh at you if you need a shank over a cuete  
And then I'll call you a chavala  
As I rock over the jam in my '62 Impala  
And if you shoot you better kill  
Cause if you don't and you won't  
But then I will  
You won't rest in peace you'll rest in pain  
Why, because my mind clicks  
To be insane in the brain  
Simon I'm fuckin bad to the bone

And all I could say is don't fuck around holmes  
Cause I'm a...

Mexican Gangster, (simon)  
Mexican Gangster, (16 with a bullet)  
Mexican Gangster, (born with the ways)  
Mexican Gangster born with the badness  
(2x)

Yeah, it's for the Brown Crowd

Lil'' Rob comin at you with my own style  
You wanna know about me look me up in the gang file  
And you will see just how I'm living  
I didn't choose nothing because the choice wasn't given to  
A little vato going a little fuckin loco  
Was just out of hand, not poco  
Because all these vatos talkin shit about a homey  
When they don't even fuckin know me  
They said they kicked my ass, they say I got shot  
But when I heard that I started laughing on the spot  
Cause what the fuck is that all bout  
They say I'm dead so I had to put this tape out  
To let these levas know they're all about bullshit  
And that these vatos got to quit while they're ahead  
Before they look stupid  
You say you don't talk shit but I know you did  
So you put a filero to my neck you fuckin LEVA  
What the fuck's next? A cuete to my head did I cry?  
I'm not afraid to die and when I do I die with Brown Pride  
I got a pussy ass voice so you say  
But you listen to it anyway  
You say I can't rap but where the fuck are you  
Just keep talking shit cause that's what little kids do  
So remember this line for the first time  
You do your thing holmes, but I'ma do mine  
Now fuck that shit up holmes

Jump in the ride  
Jump in the ride

First of all I like starting by saying Q-vo  
From a little vato con respecto y por el tuyo  
But much pride, jump in the ride  
Side to side down el calle, we slide and ride  
Hittin' the switch's, the paint job is stickin'  
I'm your puppet in the tape deck because it's hittin'  
You hear it from across town  
No dejes que nadie te haga menos  
Don't let no one get you down  
Cause if they do, I'll be around gente  
I'll turn your frown's upside down with my sound's gente  
Been doing this since I was 15 and live through night  
Smoke another like Chech & Chong has a nice dream Simon

Jump in the ride, bounce that ass side to side  
(Jump in the ride) as this crazy cholo takes you  
On another crazy cholo ride (Jump in the ride)  
I don't really give a shit about what your saying bitch  
(Jump in the ride) What time is it?

I got that A to the muthafuckin' K

Yeah, shell's stackin up, I shot about 30 rounds  
And my 30 round clip, and you can even hear the sound  
Of the shell's when they hit ground  
But you know there right down  
Can't take chance's if you came to fuck around  
Finger print's on the shell, life in the jail cell  
With no bail, live the life in hell  
So I proceed to be the sly, sticked, wicked  
But when I get caught, in doing time, while putos get shot  
I'll say "It's nothin'" if you ask "It ain't shit"  
I got punks, who you callin' punks, and they wanna blast me  
There only fear is when they're liven life crazy  
They wanna keep me..from rappin' because it pay's me  
Orale, that's what I say  
Orale puto, that's what I say before I spray  
All the fuckin' leva's and I cap, cap, cap  
And I come back another firme rap, rap, rappin' tale  
Everybody what dizzy, lined up some levas  
And I just got rid of a couple  
Right on the double, I'm nothin' but trouble  
But when it comes to hyna's, I'm the one who likes to cuddle  
But right now, the shell's are stackin' up  
I got my 30 round, and puto's are backin' up  
I got the A-K in the trunk, for punks that wanna act dumb  
Fuck the 40 round clip, I got the 75 round drum  
You vatos can't mean, now I don't give a fuck  
Times don't mean shit, when my shells are stackin' up  
I got my shell's stackin' up

I got that A to the muthafuckin' K