

# Street Dayz

Lil Rob

Up in the morning, I start with a joint  
Unloaded my cuete with hollow points  
These vatos says, "He's coming for me"  
You fucking pussy, I'll believe when I see  
Hey, why do ride to the bone  
When you know that you not, so just leave it alone

Ratas, run and tell  
Drug dealers on corners, ready to sell  
Hey, I'll take a sac  
Not cause the vato gots bomb ass weed  
Never in classrooms, never in books  
He was out in the calles, running from crooks

As soon as night time rolls around  
I finally lay the bomba down  
Runnin' to the pad, grab something to drink  
In the troka, into the street  
Up to the corner and round the bend  
And tell my ruka to jump in

Put the 45" into the box  
I got to hear something that's really hot  
With the one I love, I'm making romance  
It's guaranteed that I get in her pants  
I know it sounds wrong  
Talkin' 'bout on my street days

Remember when I used to kick back with the homies  
Drink somethings right down the street  
And tokin' tokin' monsters  
Smokin' 'bout a pound of weed  
Talkin' about my street days and all my street ways  
Keeping it hot like heatwaves, listen to the guitar the key plays  
Watchin' out for 5-0's, on the corner drinking like winos  
There's nothing I will change about my street days

Put the 45" into the box  
I got to hear something that's really hot  
With the one I love, I'm making romance  
It's guaranteed that I get in her pants  
Kissin' her body from head to toe  
Round, and round and round, we go

Lil Rob in control  
Deliverin' from the days of ol'  
Control almost  
Deliverin' from the days of ol'  
Lil Rob, rock and roll  
The feeling is there, body and soul

Ya estuvo