

The Villains in Blue

Lil Rob

It's a cold world, so my heaters stay hot
My shank stays sharp, don't make me stick in in your heart
Body snatcher, don't make me reach out and touch you
Fuck Royal T? Nah homey, fuck you
It's a new year time to get shit clear
Anybody cross me gonna quickly disappear
I'm still pimped out, still spit the shrimp out
Still gangsta boogie, still knock a simp out
Still hitting corners, still hitting switches
Still on the Low with some bad ass bitches
All loc'd out all dressed in blue
To the head to the fed and the you know who
Behind ten getting bent in my blue Navigator
Looking in my mirror at these fucking tail-gatters
From Dago to Japan I'm still the shit
To the one with more ice to get you frostbit

Everything you heard was true
About the villains in blue
Three deep in a rag 62
Hitting switches like bitches after the brew
And pulling homicides on snitches like you
(That's what we do)
(2x)

Everything you heard was real on the really
I drink like a fish and I pack a nine milli
Fuck them rumors man, I'll tell you the dilly
Yeah I went to jail cuz I slapped a bitch silly
Frank Villy, California's most hated
The last ten years I think I been underrated
Other rappers with half my skill got top bill
While I payed my own way just to rock the steel
But I ain't tripping just hoe ripping, dough flipping
If I don't got my nine then I'm .44 gripping
The year two-thou, there shall be no slipping
Just hysterical lyrical ass whippings
Keep on dipping, no time for tricking
The day's getting shorter and time keeps ticking
That shit was true that you heard about me
Motherfucking Mexican, motherfucker, Frank V

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I guess we all pay the agony for the extasy
I don't want anyone around me I don't nobody next to me
You understand? Yeah you know what I mean
Cuz I mean what I say, homeboy stay away
I'm in a class of my own and I hold my own
And I write my own shit, won't stop till I control shit
Lil' Rob be the bomba and everybody knows it

Case closed, Lil' Rob the man who closed it
Ferocious, explosive, when I grab the mic
You don't like daylight? I'll turn this motherfucker into night
I could do things you couldn't imagine
I'm guarenteed to be the last man standing and the last man laughing
Bigger balls than cannons, deeper than Grand Canyons
All up in this girl's ass like a g-string when she's tanning
I'm one of a kind, genuine, and that's ok though
Putting it down for Los Angeles y San Diego

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