

# Lil Rob, Dttx Ese, Lil Rob

(DTTX)

Smash the dash, you know I'm all about the cash  
I burn it up like hash, Low Pro staff  
After that why don't you tell me who you thought it was  
We just some felons, always keep bailing  
There ain't no telling what we coming with next  
Large amounts, break it off in sets, homey you know  
Import to export, it's all affordable  
Portable, transferring up to State, date current  
Lil' Rob and me we like some Ceaser Lenos  
Al Pacinos, John Gottis, Gambinos  
Making hits for all you so called rap cliques  
Who talking hella loud but you ain't really saying shit  
We get it started, hot like fire  
Keep 'em rolling like rims and tires, cut it up like barbed-wire  
We here to shine where it rain and ain't sunny  
Cuz we all about our money, ain't a damn thing funny

(Chorus: DTTX (Lil' Rob))

(D-double-T-X, Ese Lil' Rob)

We hitting licks, and roam with bomb bitches  
If you don't know it's on, then I'll tell you that it's on bitches

(D-double-T-X, Ese Lil' Rob)

No matter if the stakes are high  
We gonna ride till the day we die

(D-double-T-X, Ese Lil' Rob)

We hitting licks, and roam with bomb bitches  
If you don't know it's on, then I'll tell you that it's on bitches

(D-double-T-X, Ese Lil' Rob)

We gonna shine where it rain, and ain't sunny  
Cuz we all about our money, ain't a damn thing funny

(Lil' Rob)

L-I-L R-O-B from S-D

Dropping it with the D-double-T, X

Fool you need some Kleenex

Mocosos, babosos, you are like a nosto but you ain't even coastal

Lil' Rob be the bomba, 2001 even more so

Keep trucha, I'll shoot ya

With a gang of raps man

Dropping way more bombs than the Gap Band

Old school like Pac Man

I pack jams, pulling a bunch of shit

A bunch of bumping shit, a bunch of shit you can't fuck with

You'll find me three-wheeling it

Or with a Corona and a brown bag homey tilting it, and killing it

And when I'm done I'll grab another one

Write you another hit cuz you can't get enough of 'em

You've loving em

Who be that vato that can rock the spot? Ese Lil' Rob

Who be that vato that just can't be stopped? Ese Lil' Rob

Ponle punk

(Chorus)

(DTTX)

We hitting licks, and roam with bomb bitches

If you don't know it's on, then I'll tell you that it's on bitches

And we coming from out of bounds, so bare with me

Mi amigo, hit me with the steelo

Mero mero, listo with the filero

Harder than Heavy Metal and it's on till the dust settle

Keep it cracking from beginning to end

Perkilating, bubbilating, and hard core ministrating

You can't see Lil' Rob and me  
We just some OG's flowing from the shores out of Cali  
We in the mix, and floating a fly six  
And ain't got no time for those haters and tricks  
Let the clock tick, bout to explode, cold piece of work  
Hear what I'm saying, knowing that we done did dirt  
Cop a piece homey, what the deal  
Infamous boss players, homey we keep it real

(Chorus)