

# Lil' Rob, I Remember

I want you to sit back, close your eyes  
And think about all those wonderful times that we used to have here  
Now I know things aren't the way they use to be right now  
But they are going to get better some day  
And I know that...  
Ever since I was about 12 that's when they documented me  
A gang member let me tell you my autobiography  
Ay I can't let it to be frenetic, it must have been genetic  
To get in trouble with the law take when I break  
I'm strapped from the balls that's what I use to do  
Smoking a joint or two Lil' Rob getting a little blaze  
Welcome to my concrete maze, remember the days  
I remember going to school, we meet by the track smoking a sack  
With the vato I sold it too, get him stoned  
Then I jack it back, remember the guero use to look at us all  
Funny and strange, cause my pants was bigger then theirs  
But now they all wear them the same  
I used to get jealous, wondering why I didn't have the same rights  
Is it because I'm running up and down, eating Menudo, frijoles and rice?  
Someone explain to me, all of this insanity  
I'm not understanding you, never understanding me  
When a minority, gets their priorities straight  
We become the majority, inflate  
Incredible rate, controlling our fate  
Controlling our states, and I can't wait  
Remember you told me I would never amount to anything  
That I'll probably be on the streets sellin mota or methamphetamines  
So what? It made me an extra buck when I was shit outta my life  
You'd do the same thing homie if you were stuck  
And I remember, when times was easy  
That's what everybody says  
But not me, wicked ass times on S.D. streets  
But I still loved them (But I still love them)  
And had to have them. (And had to have them)  
And I remember! (Remember x3)  
Remembering the things we used to do  
The places we used to go  
And I remember kicking under the street lamps, smokin a J  
Hearing my Homie say, Homie pass the joint this way  
And this was everyday and every night was the same  
We didn't call each other by our first or last, but by nicknames  
Dreamer, Peewee, Oso Negro to name a few  
One passed away, rest in peace  
The others locked away in prison blues  
One of the things we use to do  
Can't nobody take it away from us  
We used to live life dangerous, time flew away like angel dust  
Never known as presentado levas  
Stay away from metiches, and chepas  
Talking mentiras, cause they can't beat us  
Mira Lil' Rob on his lowrider bicicleta  
Looking for muecas, beautiful like aztecas  
But when it comes to love, before the agony for the ecstasy  
What comes around goes around  
So baby don't mess with me don't be testing me  
Cause Lil' Rob be one of a kind original individual  
Unforgettable memorable indelible incredible inferable  
And I remember, when times was easy  
That's what everybody says  
But not me, wicked ass times on S.D. streets  
But I still loved them (But I still love them)  
And had to have them. (And had to have them)  
And I remember! (Remember x3)  
Remembering the things we used to do

The places we used to go  
Remembering the things we used to do  
The places we used to go  
Give all of my love to mi madre padre brother and sister  
And all of my sangre  
Enemies? Chale me vale verga estas afuera mirando padentro  
You wanna come in but you can't  
Cause we're not in love with no mensos  
Figuring it out like a pencil  
Treat one like a stencil  
Just when you think you've got a grip on life  
That's when you let go, ready set go  
It's a race to the finish and only the best gonna win this  
And I'm prepared to take it to outer limits or until it's finished business  
What is this? Gente becoming witnesses  
I don't know nothing, I don't hear nothing, I don't see nothing  
Something I learned as a kid  
Along with respect those who respect you  
Forget about the ones that will forget about you  
My recollection is a collection of a big section of mi vida  
Memories I need ya, like a junky needs his chiba  
I wish that I could go back and do it all over again  
But I know that that ain't happening, so I sit remembering  
And I remember, when times was easy  
That's what everybody says  
But not me, wicked ass times on S.D. streets  
But I still loved them (But I still love them)  
And had to have them. (And had to have them)  
And I remember! (Remember x3)  
Remembering the things we used to do  
The places we used to go  
I remember, remember