

# Lil' Rob, No Future In It

Lil Rob, yeah  
It's kinda fucked up man  
All these kids wanna be grown up  
"Gangsta Gangsta" and all that kinda shit  
Yeah I'll be honest wit'chu eh  
You smoke marihuana dawg but that's about it  
It's better to cut loose eh y'know?

(Lil Rob)  
Chamaco's on the calle livin la vida loca  
Eleven years old, experimenting with drogas  
Smoke a little weed, snort a little coca  
I'll just try it one time homey to see que onda  
It's so addictive and they get so addicted  
Becomes a habit they gotta have it and they can't kick it  
There's nothin funny about bein a druggie  
I know a lot of people fucked up, became a junkie  
Used to dress clean started lookin kinda bummy  
True what they say you can learn a lot from a dummy  
You get wrapped up in it, like a mummy  
Next thing you know you're in your hefa'a purse stealin her money  
And you got it so bad, if you ain't got it you go mad  
Won't stop until you get a toetag  
Somebody please, gimme just a minute homey  
To let them know that there ain't no future in it homey

(Chorus: Lil Rob)  
We like to get all fucked up y'know, homes?  
{&quot;There ain't no future in it homey&quot;}  
We do drugs 'til we're all sucked up y'know, homes?  
{&quot;There ain't no future in it homey&quot;}  
I smoke weed cause it grows from a seed but that other shit  
{&quot;There ain't, no future, in it&quot;}  
Cauae if it makes you scratched and bleed, twitch and shit  
{&quot;Homey I ain't fuckin with it&quot;}

(Lil Rob)  
Hey homes just like Mrs. Jones, we both know  
that it's wrong but it's much too strong to let it go  
Some do, some don't, the ones that don't are fucked  
Always end up stuck in a rut  
In love with the drug, do sick shit for a fix  
Too many good people ended up in that mix  
They scratch and they twitch, they stand and they sit  
But they can't sit still, the drug's the chill pill  
They do what they do, and I'll let 'em be  
Cause in reality they ain't botherin me  
Even though it's kinda fucked up to see  
I can only feel lucky, that that isn't me  
But you know it coulda easily been  
It's not like it wasn't around all over the town  
People lookin for the drogas, their head in the ground  
Another overdose, another body was found

(Chorus)

(Lil Rob)  
I don't have to prove to you what I been through  
Just lettin you know I seen and what I been into  
We'd go out, we'd stay late 'til the day breaks  
We'd be in Cisco drinkin and huffin spraypaint  
Sparkin it up, pointin the spray plate  
Gettin fucked up 'til we can't see straight  
Hit the calles to go start some havoc

And go gangbangin in my homeboy's Maverick  
I remember, bumpin some ace fly  
My cuete's loaded and so am I  
And you could tell by the look in my eyes  
That I ain't givin a fuck homeboy, we live to die  
But that was just the thing to do at the time  
Get together, get high, and go pull some crimes  
But the truth is, you've got a fucked up mentality  
Bet, you're gonna get a fucked up reality, check

(Chorus)