

Fanmail

Lil Rob

Hey, this one's for everybody
Everyone who's ever
Wrote me fanmail and never got a response
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Hey, this one's for everybody (Everybody)
Everyone who's ever
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I read your letters *Yeah)
Some even brought me to tears
I look back at my years like some of you have been lost
Like some of you have been found (Have been found)
I found this one letter
I remember cause I couldn't put it down
She said her mom was in jail
And so is she (So is she)
And she was on her own, and has no family
Her brother overdosed and he passed away, away
Back, and my music gets her through the day
She likes what I say (What I say)
The way I say it (Yeah)
Reminds her of back in the days, that's when it replays
Live for today (For today)
Think of tomorrow
She lives on Pain Avenue, across from Sorrow (Across from Sorrow)
She said, "Write back if you can
Sincerly yours, your number one fan, I am"

I never thought it would happen, this rappin' stuff
Now they're writin' letters cause they miss me
I never thought it would happen, this rappin' stuff
I was too used to packin' gats and stuff
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"Doce Diez y Ocho, what's happenin', man (What's happenin', man)
Me and my homeboys bumpin' music all day
Everyday (Everyday)
There ain't a song we don't play
My prima says 'Hi, ' and that she loves you always (Loves you for life, man)
So when's your next album comin' out
You're always pushing back the date, what's that all about
Don't trip (Don't trip)
I just can't wait to hear it, ese
Some over that neighborhood shit, that's what you need to spit (That's what
you need to spit)
Some more oldies for the homies (Yeah)
Let 'em know where we come from (Come from)
How we do things
We don't stop until we get it done
Let 'em know how we get down when the weekend comes (Get down, man)
I lowride just like you
I heard you have a '63, I wanna get myself a '62

Anyways

I know you're a busy man

I'm a homie and a fan, get back at me when you can"

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"Hey Rob, my name is Patrick, writin' from the park

Where it's nice in the day, but it gets crazy after dark (Crazy after dark)

Hey man, I go to a pretty bad school

But I like it a lot, and my teacher's pretty cool

My teacher's name is Mr. White

He wants to help us do right

And stay away from the gangster life

Not allowed to wear Cortez's or red and blue

We can't cut our hair shorter than a no. 2 (And that's true)

If we do

We're dropped

Then it's through

Oh yeah, they even drug test us, too

My homie wrote you

His name is Christopher

He thinks you're the best, and he's a Southern listener

How'd you start, when you learned to write raps (Write raps)

Just a couple questions, hopefully, you'll write back

But if you can't, hey man, I understand

You must be a busy man, no matter what, I'm still a fan"

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