

# Slow It Down (feat. Frankie J)

## Lil Rob

Slow it down  
If i could go back i would slow it down  
If i could turn back i would slow it down  
If i could go back i would do it again

Do it again

Do, do, do it again

Ooaaahh

1:

Ain't got no time for no bullshit

Gotta make moves quick

If you snooze then you lose it

Lay you down like my cheverlet

After a day of play

After i juice it

Get stupid

Hit the corner crooked

Don't remember how i took it

Don't remember how i made it

I remember being faded

Remember when i had more than anticipated

Got intoxicated

I almost got incarcerated

Put my petal to the metal

Hear me screechin' down the pavement

I'm messy lil rob

And i'm back up on the block

In a rag top with a back drop not knowin' when to stop

So i'ma keep on rollin' till the wheels are fallin' off

And it might get a little crazy but nobody call the cops

We got it under control

We're on a gangsta stroll

Watchin' out for the pigs on patrol

Cuz my homboys on parole

My little homboys on probation

Still gets a chance to change his life

But right now its incarceration that he's facin'

Slow it down

If i could go back i would slow it down

If i could turn back i would slow it down

If i could go back i would do it again

Do it again

Do, do, do it again

Ooaaahh

2:

See homboy vato down the block  
He told me vato got shot  
In the parking lot of the taco shop  
The towns been hot  
Been full of cops  
Been full of blacas  
I told them i don't really understand it homie  
Bumpin' this is for la raza  
Hit the switch like this  
Its your big end of the street  
Where i keep my cuete under my seat  
Where i keep on the creep  
Where we go to the grave with the secrets we keep  
And i'ma always keep my word so that i'm able to sleep  
I'm bumpin' the beat when i heard her body talkin' to me  
I like what its sayin' and i love what i see  
You're comin' with me  
Her body's cold and comfortable the whole  
So magicly now she's sittin' in my passenger seat  
We got it under control  
We rollin' low  
It's so slow i  
Hit the land yo and live my life in slow mo  
If i could do this one more  
Time again just tell me when so i can do it again  
Slow it down  
If i could go back i would slow it down  
If i could turn back i would slow it down  
If i could go back i would do it again  
Do it again  
Do, do, do it again  
Ooaaahh

3:

See one of my homboys he's doin' good  
He started life over  
Another homboy not so good  
He slid now life's over  
He was supposed to be gettin' married  
In february  
Now he's in the coffin being carried at the cemetary  
Getting burried  
Take a hit of the joint and keep it cherry  
Cuz this shit is gettin' heavy  
Like the chevy on 5 twentys  
And that's pretty heavy  
Tryna make that pretty penny  
Where there's plenty

And i'll be damned if i ain't makin' any  
Comin' out stronger than many  
Many bolder than most  
We get sick with it  
Sicker than my flows; fuckin' gross  
The products was where i was brought up  
It's the bomb like a feline  
Tag my name on a street sign  
Throwin' up the peace sign  
Lookin' for a feline  
That's bad enough to be mine  
Fuck ya homboy; she fine  
So we gon' keep on rollin'  
Even if i don't know where i'm goin'  
Slow it down  
If i could go back i would slow it down  
If i could turn back i would slow it down  
If i could go back i would do it again  
Do it again  
Do, do, do it again  
Ooaaahh

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>