

## Vince Gill

### "Represent"

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[Master P \*talking\*]  
(oh ooh) don't be scared  
haha, ain't no limit soldiers... (oh ooh)  
... til I D-I-E  
C-P-3 (represent it, ya heard me!) (oh ooh)

[Master P]  
Represent yo hood, boy, tell me where you from (oh  
ooh)  
We gon get this bitch crunked and we gon tear the club  
up  
Represent yo hood, boy, tell me where you from (oh  
ooh)  
We got this bitch crunked and we gon tear the club up

say - I don't give fuck nigga, he don't give a fuck nigga  
She don't give a fuck, we gon tear the club up  
say - I don't give a fuck nigga, they don't give a fuck  
nigga  
We don't give a fuck and we gon tear the club up

[Master P]  
I was born to be a hustler, they labeled me a dealer  
Say I grew up to be a killer, like my daddy Percy Miller  
Me and Cleo smoking weed, say the whole family  
cursed me  
C-Murder innocent, (ughh) but these niggas wanna see  
him hurt  
So fuck y'all Crease, he just wanna be famous  
He mad 'cause he dough and we some rich  
entertainers  
So represent yo hood, we back on the grind  
We gon get this bitch crunked like it's 1999  
So holla at me, whody, he's the one who b's  
Trow ya middlefingers up to the ponk police  
Than pass me the gumble, (oh ooh) We gon get it to  
the flo  
I ain't Lil Jon but I make them hoes +Get Low+  
And make them thugs say fuck y'all, ain't we gon touch  
y'all  
I'm just a predator that straight gon cut y'all

Grab it - than take me to the booth  
tell the DJ to play this 'cause he fucking with my lout

[Chorus]

Man - I don't give a fuck (oh ooh)  
We don't give a fuck (oh ooh)  
They don't give a fuck and we gon tear the club up  
Say - I don't give a fuck (oh ooh)  
We don't give a fuck (oh ooh)  
They don't give a fuck and we gon tear the club up

Fake niggas (buck em up)  
Fake hoes (buck em up)  
No Limit in this bitch (ughh) and we gone tear the club  
up  
Fake niggas (buck em up)  
Fake hoes (buck em up)  
No Limit in this bitch (ughh) and we gone tear the club  
up

[Master P]

So duck down, nigga, y'all ready be ready  
Me and Silkk come to this bitch, like Jason and Freddy  
Look at what y'all did, I was trying to be good  
Y'all made me leave the hills and come back to the  
woods  
I'ma blaze like Derreck Anderson, turn green like a  
hawk  
Wild out in the club and make a nigga pop that crunk  
I'm a No Limit Soldier, the party is in the crew  
They may take my gold tooth but they can't fuck with  
my tattoos  
I got a good heart, some bad friends, thats why we  
grap ten  
But a nigga ain't scared to die, do life in the pen  
Real niggas don't change when they hit the fucking  
block  
Nigga, free C-Murder, come back so I got ya  
I'ma ride with my niggas, I'ma die with my niggas  
I ain't roll I light em, so I'ma get high with my niggas  
And my cousin came home from jail, man, that boy say  
he changed  
He a motherfucking liar, heard he rollin with the Feds

[Chorus]

Man - I don't give a fuck (oh ooh)  
We don't give a fuck (oh ooh)  
They don't give a fuck and we gon tear the club up  
Say - I don't give a fuck (oh ooh)  
We don't give a fuck (oh ooh)  
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[Silkk]

Say you, whody, naw nigga I ain't talk on rap  
Bring it to ya crip, let him live let him talk about that  
I'd rather turn my back on em, than get the gat for em  
I got the game all twisted, nigga, lets twist it back for  
ya  
They label me a gangsta, thats how I was, thats how I  
will be  
And it's simple, I can't let no bitch nigga kill me  
For real, P - Fo real we  
Live a hell of a life-style but we still creep  
Got a couple niggas go, but we still deep  
Now I got a movie for y'all niggas, who like to act  
I'm great with my hands, I'm like Roy Jones with a gat  
I'm real a - great hussler, I'm a hyke with rap  
(Master P: Nigga, we going triple platinum) Treu, I'ma  
aight with that  
Been in the east and the west, laid back with the  
players  
(...) and P.Miller jump off all type of flavours  
You know - yeah, I turn my back to them haters  
I got a lot to say to them fake pigeons, but I get back to  
em later  
Now I just - gotta be real with it, left the project but I still  
visit  
Fuck rappers that wanna fuck with my cousin, he still  
can get it  
So don't make me have to touch you - cut your five  
fingers off  
Four I gotta keep the middle, now tell em "fuck you"  
And scream (oh ooh) if you know you the hardest  
If I ain't the one fighting, I'm just trying to get the fight  
started

[Chorus]

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