

## **Rob G f/ Lil' Keke, Slim Thug**

### **"Reppin' My Block"**

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Chorus: Kane Beats

"Reppin' my block"

"Reppin'-reppin' my block"

"Reppin' my block

Let 'em know we in here"

"Reppin'-reppin' my block"

"Reppin'-reppin' my block"

"Reppin' my block"

"Put it-put it in the air"

"Put it in the air"

"Put-put-put it in the air"

"Reppin' my block

Let 'em know we in here"

"Put it in the air"

"Put, put it in the air"

"Reppin' my block

Let 'em know we in here" --> Rob G

[Verse 1: Rob G]

You know

The block repre-sentin'

Fin' to go and deliver

Cause my block

Fin' and

Enter

They number one contenders

Since the glock detri-mental

Like liquor to your liver

Hatin' on your agenda, remember, I be the winner

But real, what it gotta be, accept me or you're knockin'  
me

My city gon' follow me, MY HOOD IS SO PROUD OF ME

You never seen my mug mean (Ha ha)

I got that "I'm-the-shit"

Swagger like the H, straight, runnin' through my blood  
stream

Now I'm in the club, gettin' thirsty in a player way  
(YEAH)

Liquor like my Gatorade, I do this on a day to day  
(YEAH, AY!)

She lookin' good, I'm a holler, make her follow

Where I'm from, WE ONLY TURNIN' DOWN OUR  
COLLARS, throw a dollar  
TO THE DJ  
And when he play what I like  
Throw the dub with my left, and the H ON MY RIGHT  
It's Houston, south west S.W.A.T. to the TOP  
You ain't know this by now, JUST WATCH and see him  
reppin' my block

Repeat Chorus

[Verse 2: Lil' Keke]

H-Town monster, the city is where it's at  
Keep a rocket on my hip, and a storm on a hat  
Hershey Texas, South Park is 8100 villians  
From the tree  
Through the sunny and back  
Can get a minute  
My chain got yellow stones, it's green and cloverland  
Still can get a ounce of that good, just cause I know the  
man  
Birds fly south  
Must be winter or somethin'  
You can tell the whole world, that the Don is comin'  
South west Fourth Ward, them boys be ridin' red  
Low gangstas from Dead End, to nickel in Homestead  
Internationally known, the ghetto pass is still strong  
Go anywhere and get a gangsta on the phone  
From Houston to California  
Change your gear  
Rob G and Lil' Ke', now the cyph' in here  
Rep your city and your town  
Your hood and your block  
I'm from 713, that's where I screwed and chopped  
Young Don

Repeat Chorus

[Verse 3: Slim Thug]

My two middle fingers down are the two pokin' out  
(Hun)  
Dome tucked in, yeah, I'm reppin' my block  
H-Town, Homestead, north side, on the spot (Slim  
Thugga)  
Slim Thugga represent  
Everytime he step out  
I got glue on my ride, cause that's how my side roll  
(Roll)  
Braided up 'fro, so the whole city know (Know)  
That's it's north side, right, but H-Town, worldwide  
Lil' Keke

Southside  
Rob G  
Rep and ride  
Yeah, the Texas got it locked, so you haters keep hatin'  
(Keep hatin')  
D-Town, Saint An', ATX, we ain't fakin' (Naw)  
And all the way  
From the corporates, BMT to the top (Yeah)  
One thing about Texas, we be reppin' our block (We be  
reppin' our block)  
Eses got the work, street niggas keep the glock (Hah)  
We do this for the hood, this for my gangstas on lock  
(Hah)  
Put your sets, in the air, let me see what you claim  
Who gettin' the most change, rep for your block,  
mayne (Yeah)

Repeat Chorus

[Rob G]  
Reppin' my block

Visit [Rob G f/ Lil' Keke, Slim Thug](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.