

XTC

"Represent"

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Represent, represent!! (repeat 4X)

Straight up shit is real and any day could be your last in
the jungle

Get murdered on the humble, guns'll blast, niggaz
tumble

The corners is the hot spot, full of mad criminals
who don't care, guzzlin beers, we all stare
at the out-of-towners (Ay, yo, yo, who that?) They better
break North

before we get the four pounders, and take their face
off

The streets is filled with undercover, homicide chasin
brothers

The D.A.'s on the roof, tryin to, watch us and knock us
And killer coppers, even come through in helicopters
I drink a little vodka, spark a L and hold a Glock for
the fronters, wannabe ill niggaz and spot runners
Thinkin it can't happen til I, trap em and clap em
and leave em done, won't even run about Gods
I don't believe in none of that shit, your facts are
backwards

Nas is a rebel of the street corner

Pullin a Tec out the dresser, police got me under
pressure

Represent, represent!! (repeat 4X)

Yo, they call me Nas, I'm not your legal type of fella

Moet drinkin, marijuana smokin street dweller

who's always on the corner, rollin up blessed

When I dress, it's never nuttin less than Guess

Cold be walkin with a bop and my hat turned back

Love committin sins and my friends sell crack

This nigga raps with a razor, keep it under my tongue

The school drop-out, never liked the shit from day one

cause life ain't shit but stress fake niggaz and crab
stunts

So I guzzle my Hennesey while pullin on mad blunts

The brutalizer, crew de-sizer, accelerator

The type of nigga who be pissin in your elevator

Somehow the rap game reminds me of the crack game
Used to sport Bally's and Gazelle's with black frames
Now I'm into fat chains, sex and Tecs
Fly new chicks and new kicks, Heine's and Beck's

Represent, represent!! (repeat 3X)

No doubt; see my, stacks are fat, this is what it's about
Before the BDP conflict with MC Shan
Around the time when Shante dissed the Real Roxxane
I used to wake up every mornin, see my crew on the
block
Every day's a different plan that had us runnin from
cops
If it wasn't hangin out in front of cocaine spots
We was at the candy factory, breakin the locks
Nowadays, I need the green in a flash just like the next
man
Fuck a yard God, let me see a hundred grand
Could use a gun Son, but fuck bein the wanted man
but if I hit rock bottom then I'ma be the Son of Sam
Then call the crew to get live too
with Swoop, Hakim, my brother Jungle, Big Bo, cooks
up the blow
Mike'll chop it, Mayo, you count the profit
My shit is on the streets, this way the Jakes'll never stop
it
It's your brain on drugs, to all fly bitches and thugs
Nuff respect to the projects, I'm ghost, One Love

Represent y'all, represent!! (repeat 4X)

One time for your motherfuckin mind
This goes out to everybody in New York
that's livin the real fuckin life
And every projects, all over
To my man, Big Will he's still here *echoes*
The 40 side of Vernon
My man Big L.E.S.
Big Cee-Lo from the Don
Shawn Penn, the 40 busters
My crew the shorty busters
The 41st side of Vernon posse
The Goodfellas
My man Cormega, Lakid Kid
Can't forget Drawers, the Hillbillies
My man Slate, Wallethead
Black Jay, Big Oogi
Crazy barrio spot (Big Dove)
We rock shit, Ph.D
And my man Primo, from GangStarr

(Ninety-four real shit y'all, Harry O!)
Fuck y'all crab ass niggaz though...
(Yeah, bitch ass niggas! *etc.*)

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