

Coolidge Rita

"Represent"

Visit "[Represent](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Intro/Chorus: Lumberjack and Steady Flow

(Represent yo!) You know I represent (aight!)
(Represent yo!) Yeah, you know I represent (aight!)
(Represent yo!) I got to represent (aight!)
(Represent yo!) Daddy U represent

Verse One: Grand Daddy I.U.

Yo make way it's the U comin through with the one two
checka
The mic wrecka rippin mad hoes with the pecker
I crush punks to rubble, chop em like stubble
Give any MC trouble, Hittin Switches like E Double
Word to father, hot just like lava
Blowin up spots like Japs did Pearl Harbor
Refuse to pay dues I use da ooze
and kill off whole crews like Hitler did Jews
Now who's next to flex, bring it on
You figure my skill's gone then you dead wrong like
child porn
I'm game tight, so never take my name light
It's fright night, tearin that ass out the frame right
I flow steady like the sands in the hourglass
Droppin mad paragraph after paragraph
My staff is called Steady Flow
The Grand Daddy U, Kay Cee, Easy Rick, and Big Sno
And yo I get flam Hobbes word to grandpops
when my jam drops, you nibble my nuts like Lamb Chop
The scamp stops nevers, I demand props forever
Whatever's clever, cause I got my shit together

Chorus

Verse Two: Lumberjack

Drop your mic, shut the fuck up, and don't make a
sound
It's the Lumberjack rapper choppin wack niggaz down
Snappin necks with the vigor, break backs on the tracks
Got a punk nigga's blood on the blade of my axe

I tear off limbs, stompin like Tims, blendin in sendin in
smokin punk motherfuckers like stems
Step up, act like you want it you can get it in three ways
On the mic, with the hands, or from the twelve gauge
Ready to flex on all you wannabe ruffnecks
What's next, I'm givin your girlfriend rough sex
Like Underground I Get Around
And yeah I like SWV but I ain't tryin to go Downtown
So come meet the Grim Reaper, the Crypt Keeper
Got force and just like Bo\$\$ I gets Deeper
I'm sick of hearing you actors on wax
Claiming you're breaking backs, you niggaz is fakin
jacks
I lay you dead in the ghetto streets, your head and my
metal meets
You scream like steam when the kettle heats
So kid you better play the rear
Or like that five thousand dollar love seat
your ass is Outta Here

Chorus 2X (second time without Steady Flow)

Verse Three: Grand Daddy I.U.

Aiyyo the only remains is bloodstains spilled brains and
broke bones
You step in my face with the games you get smoked
homes
I come out blastin, doin your whole ass in fast and
it's Daddy U the smooth assassin
My name spells defeat to punks on the street
I pack nuff heat, my rhyme flow is fatter than cellulite
I got a master plan to blast a man
faster than niggaz can plea, it's disaster and
mayhem and havoc on the scene
You see what I mean, when I bust the sixteen in your
spleen
To get the third leg hoes beg
The skills are nastier than a fart after eatin a bald egg
And yo to be quite precise I'm might nice
I got more high priced hookers than Heidi Floess
Kid you better check my rep
Or quiet as kept, you catch a hole in your neck, so
watch your step

Chorus 2X (second time without Lumberjack)

Visit [Coolidge Rita](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

