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50 Cent "Who U Rep BaWit"

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[Verse 1 - Nas]

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Hats off, to da rich ones who flash and floss Pour some liquors out to my dogs trapped up north Reminisce on the deceased who no longer exist Only wishin' we could bring them back with songs like dis

Old flicks on us chillin' wit da old time click Holdin' nines, thoughts of death, not our lives we risk How it use to be, early morn, pumpin' in shifts Jakes wit pale faces in the night is the scariest They handcuff me, they knew my government and alias

Various calls were made up for awarin' us The D's in the marked vans and cabs In our land, hoodrats get stapped by niggas who forty Turnin' out young lady's and make them make thoughties

Got them coked out, the hood is bugged out Thug babies, famous in they strollers Before they walk they knew the hood talk It's in the air of New York So everybody'll pick em up, kissin em up Treatin' them like they own, in dis hood we call home

Fist fight till we grown and these guns come out Circle of life, it's kinda deep how we end out.

[Chorus]

Yo them niggas that wanted beef before Don't want no beef no mo Now that they know who I rep with **OB NIGGA!!!** Who I rep with QB NIGGA!!! (repeat)

[Verse 2 - 50 Cent] Ya'll niggas better sober up before ya'll speak to me, don't come at me high Last rapper that raised his voice to me, got japped in da eye Now if I say I'm gone get you, I'ma get ya On da strength of da inf, from long range I can hit ya You find out them niggas who wit ya ain't even wit ya

After da gem stars split ya, you need an MD to stitch ya Peep how I use words to paint pictures Peep how I got niggas with bodies askin' me for ten cents to got hit ya Look my name up in the law book, Curtis Jackson Known for creatin' action, by rapidly clappin' Nigga I stay strapped, so much I nickname gats Got a tech I call Tina, a nine I name Nina Two niggas went to see Allah afta they seen her This QB shit, bout to take me to da next level Next crib, next Benz, next bitch, next bezel. It's that real.

[Chorus]

[Verse 3 - Bravehearts] (Millennium Thug, Horse, Jungle, Wiz) Yo, aiyyo, who da fuck wanna war I got a four four, pierce ya'll niggas jaw You see me thugged out, iced out, Guinness Stout Hopin' out the Range wit da gun out Smack your man down, you ran off I was gonna hit him with two, I left some for you I put four, QB rugged and raw I got somethin' for these rap cats, fish held back gats Scope wit a beam on it, loc put your cream on it Shine don't scheme on it, I make your dream about it Forever, whatever whatever get gully Shots thru your leather and clothe, With your skelly off Break ya'll clowns off Yo hollow tips will flood your jacket, I don't give a fuck who you be Millennium Thug, now who da fuck want it with me.

I mastered the art of slap boxin' niggas in da dark QB's big man, Horse of the Bravehearts I'm da Sasquash of rap, collector of gats Testin' macks at your bulletproof vests and hats.

How bout that, guns bust off, I bust back When trucks backfire, I bust back How bout that, stomp a muhfuckin' rib out ur back Ya'll niggas ain't gangsta rap, ya'll click like Josey and the Pussycats When we come around da front, stop.

Uh huh, ya'll can't fuck around ya'll get dropped When guns pop, who's tellin' Twin barrel nines wavin' and yellin', QB NIGGA WHAT Two-time felon, straight to da melon, straight to da dome Send a nigga back, get da shells, go straight home Never slip, my +III Will+ to survive is so deep Can't sleep, cousin to death, makes me weak Pullin' triggers at my shadow, Bravehearts pop up Wiz, Jungle and Horse shot your block up.

[Chorus 2] Them niggas that wanted war before Don't want no war no mo Now that they know who I rep wit QB NIGGA!! Who I rep wit QB NIGGA!! (repeat)

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