

Billy Joel

"Represent"

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[A.G.]

Aww yeah, the A to the motherfuckin G is back
Word to the motherfuckin Goodfellas
I got two of my boys here, newest members of the
D.I.T.C.
Speak up

[Big L]

Yo this the Big motherfuckin L from 139 and Lennox
y'knahmsayin?
Sayin whassup to Showbiz & A.G. cause they got it goin
on!

[D'Shawn]

Yo this the baldheaded assassin, D'Shawny Thunder
Representin with my peoples Diggin in the Crates
Peace to my brothers on 1-2-9, Uptown

[A.G.]

Aww yeah, knahmsayin? Look out
D.I.T.C. in e-motherfuckin-effect; LETHAL!

("I'm the calm one, but my crew is sorta sick")

[A.G.] Yeah, Big L is the first to represent

[Verse One: Big L]

Yo, on the mic is Big L, that brother who kicks flav God
Known for sendin garbage MC's to the graveyard
I pack a gat and not a slingshot
Step to this and get a ass-whoopin like Rodney King got
Or get beat to your death like Cochise
My laws is no peace, fuck the police
MC's be braggin about cash they collect
but them chumps is like Ray Charles
cause they ain't seen no money yet
Trash rappers I tax and spark
I be wettin niggaz up like water rides in Action Park
A nigga stuck me, and that ain't funny son
So I got money Dunn, they wet him and his honey bun
Cause phony faggots I froze, it's a fact
I flip fast on foes with fabulous fantastic flows

L is the rebel type, I'm rough as a metal pipe
Fuck a Benz, cause I could pull skins on a pedal-bike!
Props, I got the most, no MC comes close
Coast-to-coast, shows I host, foes I roast
Adios, I'm ghost

("I'm the calm one, but my crew is sorta sick")
[A.G.] Grab the mic D'Shawn, because you gotta
represent

[Verse Two: D'Shawn]

Yo, street corners in New York is the place this nigga
stand
With a machete I'm a crazy Eddie Scissorhands
Born with such a thirst to kill
I can tap 200 quarters from a \$50 bill
Cuttin bitch-niggaz down with a hundred pound axe
like I was raised by psycho-crazed lumberjacks
So in a battle I be stabbin
Choppin MC's like trees, piece-by-piece buildin cabins
I'm a maniac magician, abra cadabra
Makin pain appear cause I'ma grab a
rusty chain to make a noose; to choke your ass so hard
you're spittin' fuckin' Adam's Apple juice
So come check the magic show by D'Shawn
And witness the way I put you to death with a magic
wand
Turnin your home to a casket
Turn your wife into a widow and your son into a bastard
Cause I love to keep MC's sufferin
Beggin for big, heavy bags of Bufferin
Baseball battin 'em, splattin' 'em
So many homicide records, my cases went platinum
D'Shawn is nice
Known for givin out headcracks, without touchin dice
Just pain and punishment from the Boogie Down
Bronxter
D'Shawn the maniac street monster

("I'm the calm one, but my crew is sorta sick")
[A.G.] It's time to get funky, so you better represent
("I'm the calm one, but my crew is sorta sick")
[A.G.] C'mon Lord Finesse, cause you gotta represent

[Verse Three: Lord Finesse]

It's the F-I-N-E-double-S-E, don't play or stress me
Cause that shit don't impress me
I make papes off the shit I create, and then dictate
So get your motherfuckin shit straight
I got skills and I'm hard to kill
So y'all bitch-ass rappers better chill and just guard

your grill
Y'all grab a mic and always gettin hype
Talkin bout fuckin niggaz up When you can bearly beat
your dick right
So stop ridin my dilznick
Cause I can still kick the ill shit on the motherfuckin real
tip
Hit like Foreman when I'm brawlin
Those who think I'm fallin, I'll play your monkey-ass like
a organ
I got crazy niggaz in the city 'noid
Got mad bitches, but it's not cause I'm a motherfuckin
pretty-boy
I'm ruthless, I'm not on that goody-goody tip
That shit played out with that Beat Street/Electric
Boogie shit
I'll stomp any rapper that you have compete
If they ass is weak, they better chill and grab a seat
And go 'head with they master plan
Stevie Wonder probably see me 'fore half you rappers
can
You can't hang and you're fallin fast
You rappers that's trash better dash and start haulin
ass
Cause I'm out to wreck shit
Fuck up a show, collect my dough and step off with a
bad bitch
Spectators always have the best time
When they come to a show and hear a funky Lord
Finesse rhyme
I'm out to get bigger, lounge and make rich figures
You'll never catch Finesse associating with bitch niggaz
I work overtime when it's time to go for mine
Crab-ass rappers, don't even front cause ya'll know the
time
So it's time for me to step
Peace to Showbiz & A.G., and I'm off to the left

("I'm the calm one, but my crew is sorta sick")
[A.G.] When my crew gets sick, you know I gotta
represent
("I'm the calm one, but my crew is sorta sick")
[A.G.] When my crew gets sick, you know I gotta
represent

[Verse Four: A.G.]

Check-check-check it; A to the G is gonna wreck it
On stage, on my record, so nigga don't forget it
I'm the man - the One-Man-Band is on my right hand
("His name is Show nit-wit, so get with the program")
I take a hit from the buddha blessed

Turn my hat to the back, now let's see who's the best
I like my pockets fat, never ever flat
Niggaz wanna jack, my .45 ain't havin that
Hoes get no dough, so why try?
You think it's gonna be a hit 'n' run? Wrong, it's a drive-
by
Niggaz catchin tantrums
Because your girl's never safe around the Midnight
Phantom
They predicted I'ma fall?
They must be down with Michael Jackson cause that shit
is "Off the Wall"
You don't believe me, ask that brother Show
(Snatchin hotties, grabbin hotties, lettin mothafuckers
know)
You come wrong if you don't come strong
"YOU BETTER CATCH WRECK!" Motherfucker, I made
the song
Styles will vary, they won't carry over
Don't fuck with no Devil, I'd rather marry Oprah
Yeah, you got it, I'm pro-black
And my skills are so phat, I pay my dues, I don't owe
jack
You bite my style, I can spot it
Tryin' real hard to get it, you can forget it, because you
don't got it
And my skills are excellent
Diggin' in the Crates and it's time to represent

("I'm the calm one, but my crew is sorta sick")
[A.G.] Big L and D'Shawn, yeah they had to represent
("I'm the calm one, but my crew is sorta sick")
[A.G.] Lord Finesse and A.G., yeah we had to represent

("I'm the calm one, but my crew is sorta sick")
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