

Benzino

"Reppin Y'all"

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feat. Made Men

[Benzino]

Uh, yo (We!)

Uh-uh, uh uh uh

Uh-uh, uh uh uh

Uh-uh, uh uhhh!

Mr. Gzus, Twice Thou

Ray Benzino!

I spit that thug shit, the whole world wanna bang to
Amazin, Mr. Benzino from the Made Men
Half Peurto Rican, half black, still blazin
Steel bangin on the handle of my gun
I be Hangman (Hangman), Mr. Bang-bang man
Catch you in your hall, while you Mr. Slang-thang man
Fold you up like a bangy pair of Guess jeans
I guess you know what I mean, 9-15
Be the murderer, niggas that I be rollin with
Control shit, we thirty dirty deep Bonie clique
Light that blunt, burn that hash, keep it movin yo
(Made Men catch wreckin anybody studio)

[Twice Thou]

Your days are numbered nigga (what?) you better
bounce

Got thirty-two rounds in my twenty ounce
Blue nickel, new pistol performs in the physical form
Squeeze slugs 'til the gun jam, any mission I'm on
Black leather doo-rag, two Mags with speed loaders
I'm a weed smoker, my cylinder spins, chillin ya mens
Loudmouth niggas catch it the worst, for example
I'll shoot the shit out of you -- and ya man too
Leave ya bodies in the gutter, cut up for the
streetsweeper

Hack you the fuck up with a meat cleaver, retreat nigga
Take a seat dog, while we bang to this beat dog
Or pose, I'll pump holes in ya meat dog

[Chorus]

To city kids and pretty bricks, saditty chicks

Hood rats and them killa cats, we reppin y'all
For niggas that's locked for 'ricks
GD's on blocks that got nine's to spit, we reppin y'all
These streets that be keepin it real, throwin money in
ya grill

Strapped with the steel, we reppin y'all
To niggas that's gettin mil's, playin ball
All my ladi

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