

Fischer-Z

"Represent"

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Intro:

G'yeah, how we gon' get on this one? (Westside)
Uh, my homey Bird in the house (N-O-T-R in the house)
I said da foes in the house (There's pork in the house)
MC Eiht in the house, g'yeah
And this how we gettin down (The new style in the house)
To the West, my Gz, to the West
To your chest, my Gz, to your chest

We puttin it down
from block to block, to scale this town
>From crooked cops to, dope spots, all around
Uhh, hot poles to six folds of strawberries
Hood's tight like Fort Knox, runnin thru military
Attitudes, don't even try it, Tek 9's
AK's, will be stored in a riot
Quiet as kept, we creep, put you to sleep
No bull-essin, dirty ass Mac 11's keep spittin
Killers they cheat *?that they ass?*
Punk one-times gaffle to my homey Tiny T's battle ground
187's, 211's is for the paper
No kiddin, caps get peeled in the city
E's bringin you the bomba
Ragtops we sell, oh, from Compton to Alandra
Cruisin in my 6-tre wit Eazy-E
Blunt smokin, tryin ta dash from the C-P-D
Do or die for the wicked Westside, who's the best?
Fake the West as I pound it on my chest
Compton is where we do it all day
G'yeah, bitch, oh why you come my way?
"Get Revenge" is the motto
Crack sacks to, pull jacksta, down St.Ives bottles
Representin

G'yeah come on, uhh
To the West, my Gz, to the West
(Uhh, g'yeah, puttin it down for 9-6)

Homies, we're county bound, wit the hot 9's
One-time slam my face to the ground
Hot girls can you set you up
Hollow points, hit the car when, them Compton Gz bust
(Who) can't stand my definition?
Murders I wrote, gats I tote, is my daily day mission
Kids get caught up in the rapture
Wit the murderous styles that they after
Young guns, dumpin to keep it pumpin, gots ta leave
sockin
Keep dem 9 mill's rockin
No place is this place I dwell, cross every states
House Compton cell mates
Tossed souls get torn
1-5-9, I represents us the day I was born
Musta been my destiny
Blast to the face so they won't get the best of me
To make a big fat grip (grip)
Land of the, sunshine, Tek 9, we steady dip
Come test me, don't wanna do it, I keeps it jumpin
.44 Mag will definitely keep you stumpin
We back again
Them killers from the C-O-M-P-T-O-N
I'm representin

G'yeah, (Where we goin?)
To the West, my Gz, to the West (To where?)
Uhh, to your chest, my Gz, to your chest (So waddup?)
To the West, my Gz, uhh
Compton all day, Compton all day
G'yeah (come on, uhh, come on, uhh)

Our motto's "Do or Die", we specialise in
hittin switches and dumpin fools in ditches
If it's on, it's on, regulatin
Player hatin, run your organisation like a poem
Put that down like James Brown, I got'cha
Hey fool, I shot ya
Domes get delivered on platters
Hot heat from under the seat, fools you better stagger
My Uzi weighs a tonne
Stomp and claimin Compton from, g'yeah, day one
Sometimes I got to thank God
for puttin me in the middle of the land, where homies
buck and sqwab
For life, Compton for life and not for this rap
Stay true to the streets, so Gz get it straight
It just got to be that way
For my Gz that's, why everyday
sneaks around, to put the buck down
Compton 24/7, g'yeah, stay the hell down

We clown on the daily
Others try and fade the West but they must be crazy
I'm representin

G'yeah (Hey, come on)
To the West, my Gz, to the West
Uhh, to your chest, my Gz, to your chest
And we ain't sayin no names, uhh
Compton, uhh, g'yeah
Buck em down, buck em down
Buck em, brrrgh, uhh

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