

Howard Jones

"I Reps"

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{*Pen whispers "I Reps" while DJ Clue is talking*}

(DJ Clue)

William nigga

Yeah!DJ Clue, Desert Storm, you know how we do things

Q-u-double-e- radio

And the question of the day,

Is who, and what you rep

Caller number 1, you on the line

[Verse 1 - Prodigy]

Ayo its P, big chunky 40 inch chains

I could fuck your woman, but I prefer brains

I could duff you out wit guns and bang

I'ma certified, bonofied, Mobb Nigga man

This ain't no '87 rap battle

This is 2001, bloodsport, nigga i'll get at you

This is criminal shit, I'm so infamous

I'm so gangsta, these niggas be nervous

When we pop up, ya knees lock up

Ya stomach catch butterflies

And ya heart pumps

Suppose to be scared, suppose to be 'warded

When you see me get the fuck out my way

Nigga I'm in here

And I ain't come for the glamour and glitz

I came to fuck you up bad, get drunk, and find me a
bitch

So where you at girl, holla at the kid

'Fore I slay one of these lame niggas in here, straight
up

(DJ Clue)

Yeah, Caller number two

You on the line

[Verse 2 - Queen Pen]

I got some raps for the streets

My niggas pack the heats

My soldiers on the corner crushin up green meat

For all the generations, and mothers ridin the trains

To work for y'all crackers, for that bullshit pay
I reps for my head that cops his weight
That take trips uptown just to cop his haze
I rep for them chicks givin brain in the rain
That ain't scared to be a freak, for the right pay
I gots to rep for my familys thats stricthen wit pain
For buryin they boys to soon for this game
I rep for my panthers thats locked away
And???sittin on deathrow countin down them days
I rep for y'all bitches that work lizzie bags
That sell hot shit, half price off of tags
I rep for them chicks that write they own shit
That live just like a live, to write they own shit
Its 2001 bitch, stop frontin
I rep for my baby mamas thats still walkin
I rep for them chicks collectin P.A.&Wic;
Up in the hair and nail spots makin off the book chips
I rep body snatchers, loyaly over passion
I'm married to B.S.bitch, ain't no question

(DJ Clue)

Caller number three, you on the line

[Verse 3 - Cam'Ron]

I rep money dealers, girls step like, "Cam you rock a
lotta Prada"
Look to her and said, "bitch I'm bout the dollar", holla
I don't like it anyways, I feel escadas hotter
One get her, get her, good dog, got her, got her
Cam is in a Lincolns Clipse
Jakes hate belevdere, now y'all drinkin the shit
Please, oh my god brother, followin is not gutter
Its a major trend setter for you cock suckers
Insurance on my diamonds, my rocks covered
If I'm wit a bitch, believe me I do not love her
I'ma rap like a doobie and spliff
My Uzi a click, yeah I did a movie a flick
But I step to the director like, "look I'm not bitchin"
Understand this homeboy, I'm not snitchin
Killa Cam still be back in the hood
Back where I should, plus I can't act that good
I could cook that coke, get them figures
I could bust that gat, strip some niggas
No homo, cause my life ain't no motion picture
Motion trigger, I open livers, cock the pump
Pop the trunk, I drive em to the ocean nigga
Peal em apart, let em know you dealin wit sharks

Killa, P-Double, Queen Pen, Lee Low

(DJ Clue)

Yeah, DJ Clue
You know how we do things
Q-U-Double E radio
And the question of the day is
What you rep

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