

Kik Tracee**"We Represent H-Town"**

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(*talking*)

Man, this motherfucking underground shit
Ain't ready for S.L.A.B. baby, we in here
It's that nigga Rick D baby, I'm in here with Trae
Guerrilla Maab, and the Girt mayn
Shitting on the spit mayn, it's going down 2003

[Hook]

Hey get down, lay down
Cause we got what it takes, to make you cakes and all
you bricks
Lay down, hate now
It's Girt Boys, S.L.A.B. and Trae, you know we gotta
represent
H-Town, whoa now
Don't beef with the team, we mean what we say so
Bitch slow down, whoa now
Nigga we'll put it in your face, get it straight

[Poppy]

We Guerillas, you niggaz is chimps
And we too tall, to deal with you shrimps
By the way I'm a playa, boo-wow when I fill you with
shrimp
Respect my gangsta chick, cause you dealing with
pimps
Hey I'm straying off of the subject, if you don't feel
S.L.A.B
The Mack'll have you feeling Trae, off of your stomach
That's Trae from the Tre pound, off of your stomach
We go platinum, I'm hitting Trae out for the hundreds
Some of you hate, to see us niggaz get paid
And that's probably why we got bad blood, like niggaz
with AIDS
This game ain't sweet, but y'all got licorice ways
The truth hurt, you don't want me to finish this phrase
do you

[Unique]

Aw naw, Trae up in this bitch
And tear the walls down, I thought I told you befo'

Hey back down, 'fore a nigga Mack drown
You in a pool of blood, and let me tell you something
else
Mack rounds, leave a nigga back down
On the ground, cause he choose to thug
That popcorn shit, bout to drown out
Call me ringmaster, cause I'm calling clowns out
On some pimp shit, smacking you sluts
On some square shit, snatching your nuts
And boys better, get it right
'Fore I hit em right, in they fitted right
Between the letters, put it on your mind you get it right
Say, let me slow it down
So you can keep up, Unique I hold it down
Like Will and C-Note
You niggaz can't tell me, you don't feel what we quote
U-nique, bastard child
Ignorant slow swagger, nasty smile
Grit Boys, ain't no concern what you bragging bout
Like MLK on Sunday, nigga slabbed out

[Trae]

I do' ran up on a nigga, and spit it sick on all you faking
niggaz
Hell-i-fied when I click on niggaz, that be on my dick
ass niggaz
I'm telling you I'm a lunatic, but my name ain't Nelly
I be the one, to hit the block and let off five in your belly
One deep and swanging a Chevy, Slow Loud And
Bangin' I'm packing
Bad ain't to know niggaz stacking, them niggaz need
to quit rapping
Haven't you heard of my team, with a red beam
And it's cocked, with a four pound that I'm packing
I make a heavyweighter drop stop and roll, trying to get
away from the Maab
Niggaz tripping, they think I'm slicking they ass out of a
job
And I know I'm too hard, so you niggaz finna see
I'm a nigga with attitude, that these haters don't wanna
meet

[Hook]

[Scooby]

Fuck you, and the rest that hate
Grit Boys rep the H, got heat that'll melt your face
You must got breath, to waste
Fuck that shit, my niggaz trying to get some cake
Hey, Girt Boys came to win
Got the rap game, caving in

Nigga I ain't your friend, Scoob don't know y'all niggaz
So, he let the chamber spin
Then, get back to my do'
Get stacks from my hoe, bitch crack on the low
I'm telling y'all niggaz
Any chit-chat, guns'll blow whoa
Oh, can't forget B and Trae
Y'all niggaz don't need to play, might just bleed today
The Maab in this bitch, so drop to your knees and pray

[Archie]

We know, none of y'all niggaz want it with Arch'
I'll have the paramedics screaming, that they losing
your heartbeat
Cause damn, I've been waiting a long time
To show you cock sucker motherfuckers, I work with
this chrome nine
And fuck who you came with, cause all y'all faking
You need to peep game, and realize what y'all facing
I keep them hogs waiting, for any altercation
I let the bullets rush through your team, like Walter
Payton
I get it done right, nigga MJ style
I'll give you 42 shots, in one night
And yeah I let the Mach spit, and make you
Bitch niggaz back down for fucking with Arch, S.L.A.B.
and Grit bitch

[Lil B]

You boys better move around, back-back
'Fore I grab the black gat, busting shots that'll make
your blood splat
Feel that Grit, S.L.A.B. and my kin folk Trae
Shooting game to you busters, we hustles for pay day
Gotta get it come back with it, it don't quit
Lay you down, 'fore you fuck around and get your wig
split
Young Guerillas that's after scrilla, haters you gotta
love it
Push and shove it, you think I'm bluffing big trucks I'm
dubbing
Plus fo' still known, to tack a hater toe
Representing H-Town, whenever you hear me flow
Lil B, also known as By-Bo
Get out of line, I'll be busting like a crooked po-po
Fa sho a nigga gleam, better yet a nigga shine
Bled blocks for stocks, on the corners of Grape Vine
When you see a nigga, chunk a deuce or move around
Third Coast finest, making you chumps lay it down

[Jay'Ton]

Make way for the Jay'Ton, he next to bat
With a gat and a pack, that'll heat up your back
Do my dirt and burn off, you wankstas getting tossed
Swanging the boulevard, till the laws getting lost
Hit the block and set up shop, for fiends that need
rocks
Just quick it if you wanna, then I'm knocking your ass
off
Like Lennox Lewis, candy blue on the Buick
If it's fast then I Screw it, I gotta stay true to it
It's the S-L-A-B, I got it tatted on my arm
15's be beating, like I be busting at Sadaam
17 years old, a gangsta I know
If a nigga out of line, I'm wrecking him like a flow

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