

Lil' Jon "Rep Yo City"

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Rep yo city, rep yo city, rep yo city, fuck that shit
Rep yo city, rep yo city, rep yo city, fuck that shit

My niggaz run this bitch
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Cut loose motherfucker, go back, go hard
In the club motherfucker, go back, go hard
In the truck motherfucker, go back, go hard
Throw it up motherfucker, go back, go hard

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We thirty deep, we bleed the block
We milk the Ave. for damn near everything the Ave. got
We do the fools, we act a nut
We set it off up in this bitch and tear the club up

What it do? What it is? Pimp Juice
Got a car with the cups in the trunk
For the thugs and broads with the G-string drawers
Up in here, straight break it all off

Where the dig dogs at?, what city or set you claim?
Fame, X.O., several drinks of champagne
Hustlers in the game trying to maintain, lost your chain
Out of control, we so cold

I'm on another level, went head up with the devil
I never been a sucker, I always been a rebel
What's your stomping ground? What turf you from?

What's your city playboy? Mine 94591, "Vallejo", that's
all I yell
Speaking of yell, I hope I don't have to go back to
slanging llello
We fucking around, my niggaz out there in Oakland, D-

Town
Put it down from my house all the way to your house
Back to the fucking South

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Could it be the way that I be repping, for my niggaz
Could it be the way that Petey Petey, for my niggaz
Show a nigga love, you need to be reaching down
Pulling your goddamn shirt up, that's love

Wherever you live, wherever you from, wherever you
call your home
Wherever you lay your goddamn Kangol down
motherfucker
Wherever you check your cheese, turn C.R.E.A.M., make
that butter
Wherever your ass got lots of fat for all that goddamn
trunk

Y'all niggaz don't understand the seriousness of what
Petey be saying
I took an unknown piece of land and planted, a
goddamn flag
Say, "I didn't, motherfucker I'd die for this"
I've done my goddamn thing, I brought my folks in this
summer bitch

Hot Atlanta, the Bay Area, y'all niggaz don't want no
noise
With Lil' Jon and the Eastside Boyz, y'all niggaz don't
want no shit
With E-40 and The Click, you can say what you want
homeboy
It'll always be what it is

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From the land of the trill, where the vanity's real

And your man'll be peeled or at least branded,
goddamn it we ill
More horror than Amity ville, no sorrow, hand me the
steel
Your tomorrow I can't even feel, ought to be planning
your will

UGK ain't dropped in a while, but still we stoppin' your
smile
Keeping boppers in file, standing on top of the pile
And you'll get popped with a smile, this ain't about
shopping in style
This about syrup and candy paint, you see us chopping
for miles

Out the black and the 'Lac, swingers clap and if they
take your flax
You'll get smacked for your packs, paper stacks
And you'll crack-back your back
Hold up, they got game to sell you, from drugs to
paraphernalia
Guns that'll never fail you, ask Rollie B, he'll tell you

Memph', Tenn representer, Orange Mile nigga
Symbol of the South, legendary rhyme spitter
From Memphis to Mississippi, deep off in the woods
From ATL to MIA, deep off in the hood

Twankies on coupes, money making sluts
You tripping if you ain't got 22's on your truck
Dogs in the yard, pistol on the seat
Sticky rolled up for them blunt monkey freaks

My nigga Earl hollered, Big Ball got it popping
Smoked me a couple, hit the studio and dropped it
For all my dawgs who keep it G and keep it crunk
Represent yo city, let them know where you from

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