

Mannie Fresh

"What I Represent"

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The, the underground, the, the underground
The, the underground, the, the, the underground
This is the, the underground, the, the underground
The, the, the underground, the, the underground

Now this one here for everybody out there off the top
This for the real slab swangas whipping dubs and
drops
For the real block huggers that's embracing the grind
And the three time fellas that be facing some time

For them real deep boys that be baking and serving
And them real hood hustlas that be shaking and
swerving
For them real cut throwers putting work in on the
average
And trill ass niggaz living they life like a savage

A lot of niggaz hold it down for they set it
And when the work comes easy and when the game
ain't ready
Niggaz they really rep they're neighborhood good or
bad
Niggaz that really be on the block throwing signs and
flags

Well, I'm here to represent for all the gangstas and the
thugs
And the underdog niggaz that ain't getting no love
For a nigga trying' to make a weight for him and his
crew
Just recognize, I'm representing for you, and nigga
that's on the true

I'ma sell my dope, I'ma bust my guns
I'ma fuck my hoes, I'ma stack my ones
What I represent?
(The, the underground, the, the underground)
What I represent?
(The, the underground)

I'ma smoke my good, I'ma sip my drink
I'ma grip my grain, I'ma drip my paint
What I represent?
(The, the underground, the, the underground)
What I represent?
(The, the, the underground)

Now, everybody wanna act like they already got it
made
With the houses and the cars and the bills all paid
Got a million in the bank and two million in jewels
But on the cool, life ain't like that for a lot of these fools

Lot of people in this world coming up pretty hard
Raised in project apartments, with no front yard
Had to share their clothes and shoes with cousins and
brothers
Never had they own shit, they had to share it with
others

I wasn't born with a silver spoon sticking out my grill
I was raised in the middle of the struggle on the real
Had some hard times in my life, trying to make ends
meet
Not to mention, trying not to fall victim to the streets

Against the odds, a nigga made it out the game
But that don't mean that I'm gunna forget about from
where I came
UGK ain't just a name, it's what a nigga is
I was there before I got in the biz and nigga that's on
the rizz

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Now people always be around when you shining and
balling
But they real hard to find when tough times come
calling

You got money, doing good, and they be all in your face
Then disappear like Sue Storm soon as you catch a case

It's like clockwork homeboy, the shit never fails
Soon as they think the party's over, everybody bails
Could a sworn they was your friends when your world was on shine
But soon as you get some time, outta sight, outta mind

It's a shame that some real ass niggaz took a fall
It's a shame how they treat you when you locked behind the wall
When your woman won't visit and your homie won't send you no flicks
Or come and see you, that's some cold ass shit

Well I miss my nigga, he was down for me
That's why I got the whole world screaming, "Free Pimp C"
And I'll be right here waiting when you touch back down
UGK we still holding the crown, kings of the underground

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