

## Prodigy Blacck

### "What U Rep"

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[Prodigy]

Wha, what the fuck yo? Fuck yo?

Is it real? Really? ..

Teach y'all niggaz how to rap yo

Show y'all niggaz how to expose a sound

[Noreaga]

Spit on these cats nigga, spit on these cats what, what?

[Prodigy]

Fuckin dickblower.. (thug like what?)

Yo (yo!) At ease! Back where you supposed to be

P put it back where it's supposed to be

Supposedly, niggaz comin close to me

Trash rap niggaz can't fuck with the...

... exulted, affluent life style I kick

Calm shit that make your livest rep wanna harm shit

Don't be alarmed when the guns bang (why?)

It's only natural for my dunns to hurt some-thang

Cop a squat though, you might learn some-thang

We givin out back braces and arm slings

Reality rap, the only song I sing

Nuttin fugazi, strictly the real thing

Live in the flesh, my niggaz fresh out the pen

(When you see dem) When I see you dunn, new guns,  
money ain't a thing

(Money ain't a thing, nigga what, what?)

You could catch me in the clique, in the spot everyday

Nore guzzle the Crist', I down Chardonnay

Pardon me, 'fore you get knocked out the way

Everyday it's like a title fight take place (no doubt)

Aiyyo Nas - fuck that nigga just say? (What he say,  
huh?)

Aiyya Noyd, tell Manny P. to pass me the shank (shank  
nigga)

I think it's time to take 'em to the hood, let's play

Ese, I like it when it get that way

Chorus: Prodigy + (Noreaga)

So what you rep dunn?

(Iraq, where niggaz burst guns  
and everybody on the block pump junk  
So what you rep dunn?)  
Dunn the infamous, Q.B. houses  
Where niggaz stand out all night, and make thousands  
What you rep?  
(Iraq, where niggaz get buried  
And we fight dirty, and stay hungry  
So what you rep dunn?)  
Q.B., we like to blow faces  
And pop slugs in your illest nigga's rib cages

[Noreaga]  
Aiyyo, yo  
Stick it to you, black magic like voodoo  
They can't fuck with us, 'cause y'all cats straight doo-  
doo  
(You niggaz stink like shit)  
I'm from Iraq, home of the snakes  
Niggaz ain't got love for the jakes; do whatever it takes  
Climbin down terraces, and the fire escapes  
Yo we move money, money move me  
Yo I'm usually, livin it up (livin it up nigga what?)  
Gettin my dick sucked  
Bone a bitch in the butt, make her say what-what

[Prodigy]  
Now gun talk, do you speak the same language?  
For your sake, I hope so, let's rap a taste yo  
My shit spit like a retard, and plus boss  
I drool for the day me and you could face-off  
It gets gangster, when my clique step in the room  
We blow torches, and celebrate good fortune  
This is for my dunns who rest in coffins  
I wish y'all was, wish y'all was here

[Chorus]

[Noreaga]  
Yo what the deally P? Iraq, can buy out Q.B.  
And you know we smash the industry, negatively  
So fuck a good boy, I always been a foul hood boy  
Yo as a youth I had ring-worms, and all that shit  
A lil' dirt ball nigga, throwin dirt at ya clique  
Cause me an Aknel nigga ain't packed no bags  
We rather, be in the streets, sellin yellow mesc' tabs  
Cause where we from, muh'fucker yo the game don't  
stops  
Or we was, out thuggin yo we had chicken-pox  
Me Mus', Maze, Outlaw, +Final Chapter+ brigades  
It definitely get real, on stage

I ain't the Madd Rapper, but I'm mad at rap niggaz  
They're sellin records yo, actin like they clap niggaz  
Cause me and P. get money like L.S.G.  
While them cats small change like a E.S.3.  
Yo I'm still the same cat, that I used to be  
Often, I'm on tour with my rosaries  
Coastin, always hit 'em with the thug potion  
Look at you now, now you just full emotion  
Prankster height, my peoples like the gangster-type  
Queens niggaz like to shoot, ain't afraid to fight  
While y'all niggaz wear Pampers like the cradle type  
Mainly hype, thugged-out, shined with light

[Chorus]

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