

## Mc Eiht "Represent"

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[Intro:]

G'yeah, how we gon' get on this one? (Westside)  
Uh, my homey Bird in the house (N-O-T-R in the house)  
I said da foes in the house (There's pork in the house)  
MC Eiht in the house, g'yeah  
And this how we gettin down (The new style in the house)  
To the West, my Gz, to the West  
To your chest, my Gz, to your chest

We puttin it down  
from block to block, to scale this town  
From crooked cops to, dope spots, all around  
Uhh, hot poles to six folds of strawberries  
Hood's tight like Fort Knox, runnin thru military  
Attitudes, don't even try it, Tek 9's  
AK's, will be stored in a riot  
Quiet as kept, we creep, put you to sleep  
No bull-essin, dirty ass Mac 11's keep spittin  
Killers they cheat \*?that they ass?\*  
Punk one-times gaffle to my homey Tiny T's battle ground  
187's, 211's is for the paper  
No ..... kiddin, caps get peeled in the city  
E's bringin you the bomba  
Ragtops we sell, oh, from Compton to Alandra  
Cruisin in my 6-tre wit Eazy-E  
Blunt smokin, tryin ta dash from the C-P-D  
Do or die for the wicked Westside, who's the best?  
Fake the West as I pound it on my chest  
Compton is where we do it all day  
G'yeah, bitch, oh why you come my way?  
"Get Revenge" is the motto  
Crack sacks to, pull jacksta, down St.Ives bottles  
Representin

G'yeah come on, uhh  
To the West, my Gz, to the West  
(Uhh, g'yeah, puttin it down for 9-6)

Homies, we're county bound, wit the hot 9's

One-time slam my face to the ground  
Hot girls can you set you up  
Hollow points, hit the car when, them Compton Gz bust  
(Who) can't stand my definition?  
Murders I wrote, gats I tote, is my daily day mission  
Kids get caught up in the rapture  
Wit the murderous styles that they after  
Young guns, dumpin to keep it pumpin, gots ta leave  
sockin  
Keep dem 9 mill's rockin  
No place is this place I dwell, cross every states  
House Compton cell mates  
Tossed souls get torn  
1-5-9, I represents us the day I was born  
Musta been my destiny  
Blast to the face so they won't get the best of me  
To make a big fat grip (grip)  
Land of the, sunshine, Tek 9, we steady dip  
Come test me, don't wanna do it, I keeps it jumpin  
.44 Mag will definitely keep you stumpin  
We back again  
Them killers from the C-O-M-P-T-O-N  
I'm representin

G'yeah, (Where we goin?)  
To the West, my Gz, to the West (To where?)  
Uhh, to your chest, my Gz, to your chest (So waddup?)  
To the West, my Gz, uhh  
Compton all day, Compton all day  
G'yeah (come on, uhh, come on, uhh)

Our motto's "Do or Die", we specialise in  
hittin switches and dumpin fools in ditches  
If it's on, it's on, regulatin  
Player hatin, run your organisation like a poem  
Put that down like James Brown, I got'cha  
Hey fool, I shot ya  
Domes get delivered on platters  
Hot heat from under the seat, fools you better stagger  
My Uzi weighs a tonne  
Stomp and claimin Compton from, g'yeah, day one  
Sometimes I got to thank God  
for puttin me in the middle of the land, where homies  
buck and squwab  
For life, Compton for life and not for this rap  
Stay true to the streets, so Gz get it straight  
It just got to be that way  
For my Gz that's, why everyday  
sneaks around, to put the buck down  
Compton 24/7, g'yeah, stay the hell down  
We clown on the daily

Others try and fade the West but they must be crazy  
I'm representin

G'yeah (Hey, come on)  
To the West, my Gz, to the West  
Uhh, to your chest, my Gz, to your chest  
And we ain't sayin no names, uhh  
Compton, uhh, g'yeah  
Buck em down, buck em down  
Buck em, brrrgh, uhh

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