

## Vanessa Paradis

### "Rep Yo City"

Visit "[Rep Yo City](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[Intro: Lil' Jon]

Ahh!, ahh!, ahh!... ahh!, ahh!, ahh!

Ahh!, ahh!, ahh!... ahh!, ahh!, ahh!

[Chorus: Lil' Jon & the Eastside Boyz] + (Petey Pablo in background)

Rep yo city!!! (what!), rep yo city!!! (what!)

Rep yo city!!! (what!, fuck that shit!, what!), rep yo city!!! (what!)

Rep yo city!!! (what!), rep yo city!!! (what!, fuck that shit!)

My niggaz run this bitch! (nah hoe!!) (hey!)

My niggaz run this bitch! (nah hoe!!) (hey!)

My niggaz run this bitch! (nah hoe!!) (hey!)

My niggaz run this bitch! (nah hoe!!) (hey!)

[Verse 1: Lil' Jon & the Eastside Boyz] - (repeat 2X)

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!!!

[Verse 2: E-40]

We thirty deep (thirty deep), we bleed the block (bleed the block)

We milk the Ave. for damn near everything the Ave. got (Ave. got)

We do the fools (do the fools!), we act a nut (act a nut)

Set it off up in this bitch and tear the club up!

What it do?, what it is? Pimp Juice (Pimp Juice)

Got a car with the cups in the trunk (in the trunk)

For the thugs and broads with the G-string drawers

Up in here, straight break it all off (break it all off)

Where the dig dogs at?, what city or set you claim?

Fame, X.O., several drinks of champagne (champagne)

Hustlers in the game trying to maintain, lost your chain

Out of control, we so cold (so cold)

I'm on another level (another level)

Went head up with the devil (with the devil)

I never been a sucker (been a sucker)

I always been a rebel (been a rebel)

What's your stomping ground? (stomping ground?)  
What turf you from? (turf you from?)  
What's your city playboy? (what's your city?) mine  
94591  
Vallejo! (Vallejo!) that's all I yell (that's all I yell)  
Speaking of yell, I hope I don't have to go back to  
slanging llello (slanging llello)  
We fucking around (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!

[Chorus: Lil' Jon & the Eastside Boyz] + (Petey Pablo in  
background)

[Verse 3: Petey Pablo]

Could it be the way that I be repping (why?!), for my  
niggaz  
Could it be the way that Petey Petey (ride!), for my  
niggaz  
Show a nigga love (love!, raise up motherfucker!!)  
You need to be reaching down pulling your god damn  
shirt up, that's love!  
Wherever you live, wherever you from, wherever you  
call your home  
Wherever you lay your God damn 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 God damn  
trunk  
Y'all niggaz don't understand the seriousness of what  
Petey be saying  
I took an unknown piece of land (and planted), a God  
damn flag  
Say I didn't (did!), motherfucker I'd die for this  
I've done my God damn thing, I brought my folks in this  
summer bitch  
Hot Atlanta!, the Bay Area!, y'all niggaz don't want no  
noise (noise!)  
With Lil' Jon & the Eastside Boyz (Boyz!)  
Y'all niggaz don't want no shit (shit!)  
With E-40 & The Click (The Click!)  
You can say what you want homeboy (homeboy!)  
It'll always be what it is (hey!)

[Chorus: Lil' Jon & the Eastside Boyz] + (Petey Pablo in  
background)

[Verse 4: Bun B]

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

And your man'll be peeled or at least branded, God  
damn it we ill  
More horror than Amityville, 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 stoping 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  
paraphenalia  
Guns that'll never fail you, ask Rollie B, he'll tell you

[Verse 5: Eightball]

Memph', Tenn representer (uh), Orange Mile nigga  
(yeah)  
Symbol of the South, legendary rhyme spitter (uh huh)  
From Memphis to Mississippi, deep off in the woods  
(uh)  
From ATL to MIA, deep off in the hood (yeah)  
Twankies on coupes (yeah), money making sluts  
(what?)  
You tripping if you ain't got 22's on your truck (uh)  
Dogs in the yard (yeah), pistol on the seat (uh)  
Sticky rolled up for them blunt monkey freaks  
My nigga Earl hollered (what's up?) Big Ball got it  
popping (that's right)  
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

[Chorus: Lil' Jon & the Eastside Boyz] + (Petey Pablo in  
background)

Visit [Vanessa Paradis](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.