

Mr. Capone-E

"My Turn 2 Represent"

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Yeah, Yeah
Thats right
Its the gangster Capone the one and only
Smashin on you punk suckaz
Its my turn ese
My turn to represent this gangster shit
Everybody talkin that they know representing and
putting it down they cant do it like this
And telling where im coming
Its time for me to let you know
Whose really running the street ese
Ora

[Verse 1:]

Im from the west coast bitch keep the record straight
Got jumped back in 88
Gangbangin is my fate
Change head with a duck tail
In my back i got a la raider hat
With creased dickies that match
Beach cruiser riding on the handle bars
With a 25 i might be jacking a get away car
Boulevard nights fights at the park that spark
After the gun plays some moms arm got broken apart
Bad news tattoos feel the skin of a sinner
Killa calis most wanted muthafuka when i enter
Representing the blue badana bitch
The only way that i hold when im packing these clips
Riding lows staying looser like Don Dope
Im Running them up you Fuckin Bitches this is the west
coast
Anybody smasher for the dead president
You had to your turn to shine now its my time to
represent

[Chorus: x2]

I represent southside
Blue rag
Gangbang
In a cadillac
Fuck that stay strappd
My turn to shine

One time
Southside for life
My turn 2 represent
All you fake rappers can take a hike

[Verse 2:]

I heard the west coast shit was dead what you want me
to do
Muthafucka just pull me some dreads
Hell naw keep it southsiding bitch
Im the last man standing still act a bitch
Im in a low 64 rag top to the floor
So when you see my bald head you better hit the fuckin
floor
Bullet, bullet, bullet hit ya slugz keep coming
NWA but i hear it 100 miles away
Cali weed with that cali greens
Still holding a 40 oz. just strictly for my streets
I aint from compton but they got surenos over there
In every other varrio you better watch out beware
west coast dr.dre gotta put this on the map
And if it dont happen i'll still be smashing in a cadillac
Fuck that im ridin and gliding in the avenue
America's nightmare all dressed up in blue

[Chorus: x2]

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[Verse 3:]

Open your muthafuka dont get your car pulled
Cause when you to the county better made that you too
Im in my zone so you better call me classy
Im like 30 bomb dome without the hydraulics
Keepin it old school bumpin into gangster oldies
Gangster homies muthafucka just pass me the 40
Im the kiddnapped so i cant be stoped
And if theres a problem the little homies gonna straight
bust
Givin a fuck modern day gangster living
Im bowler state so you know im straight winning
Hoodrats on my dick so i tapp that ass
Im in that habitat with these piss and nabs

44 mans and if ya get out alive
The gangsters are back its the year 2005
And in 2006 we running this bitch
We dont stop this gangster shit and that what i
represent

[Chorus: x2]

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