

B.G. Knocc Out

"I Rep"

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(West, west, west, west, siiide, nigga)

Verse #1

I rep that west, but a lot of yall niggas comin' wack
They want me to bring it back and I accept that test
So I'm sorta like a savior, with hits I'm gon ??
And I'm never slackin' off 'cause I gets it in major
My flavor is so undeniable (yeah)
That I'm bound to kill these MCs in threes, I'm liable
To get to cappin', you think it's only rappin'
But I'm known for pistol packin', it really gets a crackin'
What's happenin',
Whatch yall really want to do
Yall talk a good thang but we really comin' through
Big thangs when we aim
Leaving things slain
Blood guts and brains, for thinking it's a game
Insane or suicidal, I have yet to figure (yeah)
To make you pop off we disrespect you nigga
Like "fuck you fuck yourself" sound from the TEC
Run at E then hit the deck 'cause everythang gettin' wet
Okay corral, we can shoot it out
In L.A. we hold court in the street, fuck a trow
When I keep the bird on me, to pack it is a habit (why?)
'Cause I would rather die than not have it (yeah!)

Chorus

?? shots, guillotines, rifle scopes, red beams
L.A.'s very crazy, 'cause daily it's a murder scene
Gun shells ??, body parts, yellow tapes, dirty birds
High speed chases runnin' from the chase

Verse #2

You niggas pack guns for show and tell, we ??
Ask me why gangbangin's in my DNA
Burn you then sell a pistol
Never throw the heat away
Actin' like you ready to die, shit you can leave today
Hey Zeus ??
Now you two are treein', let your family mourn you
I'm from that place where they live at the hardest
All of those that couldn't cope they were dearly

departed
Talkin' shit you must be clearly retarded
Don't ask about Osama, he was clearly a martyr
You thinkin' ?? must be dippin' that water
If you ever fuck with me I'll fuck around and put a clip in
your daughter, yeah
Leave the body for the corner to chock it out
Too late to talk it out so fuck what you talkin' 'bout
Got murder on my mind (yeah), ya life is on the line
(yeah)
Once my hand clench that iron then somebody die
You thinkin' death as a way to escape
But I will walk in your wake and put two in your face
Dirty cop wanna take me in, he's viewin' the case
Put him in the casket with you, bury you in the ??, nigga

Chorus

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