

Grant & Forsyth

"What I Represent"

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Intro:

Mmm, mmm, yeah, East coast, no doubt
Hip-hop is somethin you live, rap is somethin you do

Verse One:

Sorta distorted yo that's a fact
Bad news gave a nigga in the mind contact
I react on blues then use it within
Blend concious thoughts to make man mortal men
see right ways to shell out this thing hip-hop
I pledge O.C. will only season the crops
And never stop side drops or shot, I'm fiendin
Covering more ground than news on CNN
Being in the state of vast consumption in this game
it's like drugs only quantity is run throughout
Quality is walking through the valley of the reaper
True deceivers are coming through your receivers
Solid foundation to me is the true meaning of hardcore
We need a little bit more...

Chorus: 4X (layered on samples)

Love and affection

"What I represent is MC's gone mad" --> Q-Tip

Verse Two:

I'm living in the time where life be a buck
more worth than a child this rap shit suck
Very few or should I say a handful of MC's
Talk live, calling themselves kickin life, indeed
I listen and take a look around only seein who's
all about frontin and who's profilin
While my glock I had, guess what I forswaw
True for now I'm not surprised we didn't rise not at all
Too many clicks for dolo, weak hitting solos
My scrolls, they always paint visual photos
O.C. worth more than a million
Building nuff respect on the circuit of rap like Sicilians

You might see the b-boy when I walk New York
Crew of brothers recognized so I stopped to talk
Even the girls be hawkin sassi-fraskin askin
What's going on and am I still rapping
Things will change with hope galore
But when it comes to rap, we need a little bit more...

Chorus

Verse Three:

Big U hold your head and God bless your wife
Got your little baby girl so I know she's alright
I strike the mic anytime smashing yours
Word are wise with wisdom with the width of a wall
and way describe I prescribe antidotes
Curing, reassuring my lyrical notes
Make an impact a fact on the backs of men
Magnified to the fullest magnificent
Brilliant, my composition is efficiently prone
to set fire to a waste and char your ass to the bone
Figure, I trigger, bigger, bold bad men
Come against O you'll be walking away a sad man
Miles of red tape had me stunted for growth
but when I took off on wax I maxed the globe
Didn't happen so far, respect be just building
Watch for the devils in the forms of chameleons
Kick the raw slow down on the score
Think before you write or find yourself falling
Final calling, you're spreading infection
When it comes to rap, we need a little bit more...

Chorus

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