

Bekker Hennie

"Representin South west"

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[Chorus]

Representin south west

Ain't nothin fake about it, Bout it, Bout it

[Verse 1: Pimp C]

Uh, When I was young, I used to want big rocks

Now I'm breakin 'em in the black 'rarri drop top

Wit the v-12 motor, So baby bend over

For the big cheese holder, Blowin on dolja

Tell me how ya feel when you see a pimp shinin

7 ave killer on my neckbone and diamonds

That was 20 karrats, How ya gon stop

If you was blazed on the 99 ave couldn't chop it

Speakin of the lead gun, This is bout a new one

Black on black thuggin mary, Buy mama the blue one

Ya saw me in the white one, That was for that big bun

And mary watches jus gave me a check for 2 million

Now we did the first half, Never sip the hen fast

Comin down franklin wit the bulletproof glass

You can pay for p, But i'ma smoke on the best

Cause that's how we do it in the south and the west

[Chorus 2x]

[Verse 2: Lil Big]

Ain't No room for no elites up in my big league

We monopolizing and prophisizing for bigger cheese

Strategies makin our fantasies realities

And business mentalities keep our pockets fat like
calories

It's time to get the mob a makeover

No more slangin cola, We major stakolas plannin
corporate takeovers

Callin the shots up from the skyscrapers, Pushin paper

Makin deals for millions gettin paid to sign players

This thang of ours changed the movies, Music, And
rappin

Supplying what they demanding, And it's rapidly
expanding

Worldwide, So make you witness

That the true definition of mob is money, Organization,

And the business
Who here? Big league players up from the west
State ya biz, Mafia ties is in effect
We connect, All of the dots between states, True
respect
For Lil Big, Yukmouth, And Pimp C

[Chorus 2x]

[Lil Big]

If you represent the south, Say ya heard me! [Ya heard
me!]

If you represent the west, Say what what what what!

If you represent the south, Say ya heard me! [Ya heard
me!]

If you represent the west, Say what what what what!

[Verse 3: Yukmouth]

Hollowtips bust out, Definite thugged out
Said it before, I wanted to own my own drug house
Ya dig it? Meal tickets and diamonds, Motherfuckers
still kickin and grindin
Niggaz hatin, Now doin it and shinin
Crackin spills shit reclinin in a range
Wit that woodgrain and tv screens, Video games ridin
Hey, Listen to me, Motherfuckers goin off ecstasy hatin
hennessy
.45 Automatic, No way ya get rid of me
Welcome to the city where niggaz act shitty
But toast ya freight knees wit dum dums, It's the ol ak
For niggaz who fled the cops, But they go our ways
Listen, Plus I'm signed to rap a lot, scrap a lot
Bust the gat a lot, Smoke, Slang crack a lot
Listen, Crazy shit, Westside! Westside!

[Chorus till fade]

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