

Young Sicc "Represent"

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feat. Knightowl

[Young Sicc]

Oh yeah

Back up in the house for that Y2K shot

Young Sicc aka Frank Nitty

With my dog Knightowl

What's up dog

Keeping it real baby

You know what I'm saying

We're gonna show you fools how to represent

Represent that Dago style

Killer Cal style, baby

[Young Sicc]

Well it's that E-double S-E represent to the fullest

The mic is like a nine homeboy, don't make me pull this

Trigger if you figure that you can hang with us

Ese Sicc in the brain, click click, shoot 'em up shoot 'em
up, bang bang

Be ready to throw them thangs and drop them bombs
on ya

And this is how we do it in that Southern Killafornia

G's carry rags and represent your true colors

And if you ask me it feels good to be that Mexican
brother

I handle my own and mind my own

But if you try to step you best believe it's going to be
going down dog

Dropping bombs, stomping fools like King Kong

Take my steel-toes off your head and then I'm gone

So just recognize and watch your little step

Or be like American Me and catch that sharp shank to
your neck

But I ain't trying to trip, just letting you know where I
stand

Coming sick with this shit and representing Mexicans

[Chorus x2: Young Sicc]

Represent like it ain't no thang

Represent staying true to the game

Represent when we're out just hanging, banging,
swanging
Represent that neighborhood gang

[Knightowl]

Better believe I represent reality, my street mentality
Will bring the pain, so don't get caught up in the game
The life I lead was not exactly what I chose
Hanging out on corner and drinking brew with winos

Smoking on the lala, the sound of fucking valas
Through the night up in the city where it's wicked, Dago
where I kick it
G's all around me, mobbing through the county
Don't ever step and try and cross the line or you will
find me
Got my boy Frank Nitty going off on your committee
You wanna get brave, we'll give that ass an early grave
Little youngsters throwing up their shit
And ain't knowing I'm a G
I'm part of the reason shit goes down up in the SD
We represent this to the fullest, and I'm quick to pull a
jale
Me vale madre, chinga tu madre
The loc'est of them all, I'm guaranteed to make you fall
Victim all up in the ghetto cuz I wear the fucking metal
baby

[Chorus x2]

[Young Sicc]

I represent everywhere I go and where I be at
Creased up Levis, Chuck Taylors and that San Diego
hat
That grey pulled over sweater, Mexicans sticking
together
Through tough situations, any kind of weather
Rolling in Impalas, Regals and Cadillacs
Homies got that San Diego tatted on their backs
And even on their arms, head and the chest
But this is how we do it on that wicked ass West
G's come out the pen, they're all sleeved up
So approach the wrong G and watch that ass get beat
up
I'm only duece-one but got family that taught me well
And they got all kinds of stories to tell, laying low like a
shell
Avoid sand getting kicked up in your face
You recognize or get put in your place
I always stay quiet and listen to what my family had to
say

And thank 'em that I got to live to see another day

[Chorus x2]

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