

## **Dr.alban**

### **"Represent"**

Visit "[Represent](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

Yeah, What (repeat 7x)

Lil' Flip, David Banner, Three Six Mafia  
Houston Texas, Mississippi, Memphis Tenn. what?

[Lil' Flip]

They told me I can't talk about ice no more  
But they ain't tell me I can't start another fight no more  
I get it crunk in the club, niggaz get drunk in the club  
When I perform me a hoe, niggaz get jumped in the club  
But I'm used to that shit, so it ain't no need to run  
And just because you gotta gun don't mean that's the only one  
So if you came here to chill nigga, just chill and shit  
Cuz you ain't gotta act like that I know you feelin' this shit  
I bet, I bet I could hit with Juicy, Paul and Banner  
I gotta holla at peaches, when I hit Atlanta  
Cuz I'm fresh and I'm clean, with baugettes in my ring  
I got my name on my jersey like I play with that team  
I'ma H-Town nigga and we bang (SCREW TAPES!)  
And them FEDS kick in yo door you about to (LOSE WEIGHT!)  
So just take it like a man, don't snitch on ya man  
It's Lil' Flip, representin' Clova Land

[Chorus 1: Lil' Flip]

I'm reppin' H-Town until the day that I die  
If you look me in the eyes you could tell I'm high  
Yeah you could talk that talk, but you can't walk that walk  
Cuz when it's time to ride nigga, I won't get caught  
(repeat)

[David Banner]

I'm from the J the A the C to the K..Town, Mississippi bitch  
And boy we'll blow off ya face  
Like Nicholas Cage, the way that I feel is trill  
Fuck a dollar bill, I live for the slaves that got killed

From the white sheets walkin', snitch nigga talkin'  
Dump him in the ditch and let them dogs start barkin'  
Like WOOF!, nigga stop beggin' me please  
How you gon' walk and talk shit if I blow off yo knees  
I'll have ya walkin' like a parrott do, stick foot pussy you  
The boys play the law, so I'll kill them holla maker's too  
I'm D.B.C., from the home of the G's  
And the V.L.'s, bustin' 17 in ya C-L..K  
Ya body don' got carried away  
Mississippi til' I die bitch so have a nice day  
Or a long ass night nigga  
Yeah yo death is settin' in muthafucka ain't no need for  
you to fight nigga

[Chorus 2: David Banner]

Throw yo sets up nigga, and raise em' real high  
David Banner in this bitch, Mississippi til' I die  
(repeat 4x)

[DJ Paul]

Now I'ma M-Town reppa, like no other  
Mask on my face cause I ride undercover  
I'ma mean-mugga, a nigga hoe up from the show up  
And stick the barrell down ya throat until you start to  
throw up  
When I roll up, it is a hold up  
Ain't nothin' funny don't breathe  
Cause all I wanna hear is ching-ching  
Like casino slots, or this hot glock  
Get cocked, leave a nigga shot in the parkin' lot  
for his stash spot

[Juicy J]

No more gangstas in this bitch (this bitch)  
With the tech's with the extra clip (extra clips)  
And you know that we runnin' this thang (this thang)  
Nigga step, I'ma let my nuts hang (nuts hang)  
You can get yo ass shot popped, put off in a head-lock  
Knock til' you see some knots, hit em' with the phop-  
phop  
Shot yeah you boys in shock, just the way the fish  
dropped  
Memphis, Tenn. in this bitch thought you knew we don't  
stop

[Chorus 3: DJ Paul]

We some M-Town niggaz and we gonna turn it out  
Memphis, Tenn. in this muthafucka hoe, shut ya mouth  
(repeat 4x)

