

Veggie Tales

"Reppin' Uptown"

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(Sheek Luciano)

Yo, I'm the same nigga that when I get locked up
I don't call no nigga to bail me out

(Jadakiss)

(McGruff)

Yo, let me sit for a while, man

(Ty)

I wanna get acquainted with niggas
I'm ready to blow niggas down for the jack
(Uptown)

Whatever

(Yonkers

Harlem)

[VERSE 1: Jadakiss]

Yo, it wouldn't be wise to play this guy
But let's say you tried, it'd be the day you die
I'm Jay to the - mmpfaah, callin ya on love tat, baby
And all I see is payday, y'all niggas ain't crazy
Frontin like you big, but I run with them kids
That'll poke one in your ribs, leave you under the
bridge

It's a money thing, and a little bit

Make niggas forget about they youth, like they
bulletproof

Doin deals in benegans with Dominicans

But my transporter's a bad West Indian

I always knew I had butter, but I never found it

When your style be like the law, cause I get around it

[VERSE 2: Styles]

Aiyo respect comes first, send it throughout the barrel
Bullets travel - until you hit the gravel

Every week's a war for sure, so I adore

Those who keep the toast close, mi amor

Audi 840, gettin floored for raw

And the streets come first, I can teach you more

Like if I knew you had bricks, I'd be kickin your door

I'ma rob em with Guess jeans and Air Max jogs

Only one page, you ain't ready for the saga

In it for the dough, flow hotter than lava

'Livin Off Experience' layin low like the Nigerians
Cut like a cesarean

[VERSE 3: Sheek]

Yo, if I can't afford ???, how you figure I could write a
rhyme?
Or do crime and hustle and still struggle at the same
time
Stay wonderin when the next time we might eat
We pack heat and run from police like a track meet
I'm tryin to acquire the cheddar to make my life better
Rock Gucci sweaters, push Beamers with the headers
But right now ain't nothin lavish for my members
In and out of jail for the past 2 Decembers
I even seen a kingpin get stripped naked in Sing-Sing
Used to be a thug, but in jail he's somebody thing-thing
I ain't tryin to look jiggy when I'm runnin from Miss
Piggy
Cause fancy niggas get extorted kinda quickly in the
city

[VERSE 4: McGruff]

Puff 'dro from the _High Times_
Committin organized crimes
Ski mask disguise mine
Slid by the guidelines
Bust off like fire nines
Stalk, I shine, frauds talkin jive rhymes
Get they earth took, nigga frontin like Herb shook
The dirt book, run with thirst crooks, 8th and the 3rd
look
Word look, smoke you like purple hayze herb cook
Caught a pie from these oyeys on my first jook
Fuck it, yo, life's a bitch, gotta love it though
All I ever wanted was knots and buck the flow
Have a mansion, dope parties with a tubble-mo
You know how the shit goes
Fly hoes strip clothes and my kitkos

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