

# Reppin My City (feat. Triple C's & Brisco)

## Rick Ross

I be reppin' my city  
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I be reppin' my city  
Er-er-er'y night I be reppin' my city  
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No one can do it better I be reppin' my city  
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No one can do it better Let the top back on the Chevy  
Then I crank up the boom  
Smellin' Issey Miyake  
Soon as I step in the room Hundred thousand in jewels  
That's a whole lotta moves  
So what's a soldier to do  
Standin' in his bloody boots Yeah, I'm fresh outta boot camp  
Ain't gotta food stamp  
Counterfeit bills will get you killed  
Now where the goons at It's poppin' in Opalocka  
Floppin' them candy paints  
Chrome Daytons, 12 pack  
Of 12s in the seven trey Still hustle everyday  
Dade County be the place  
Get murdered for a burger  
With a nickle-plated burner Still burnin' rubber, bustin' rubbers  
And these bitches under cover  
Tell the truth, I ain't a lover  
But I fuck her like I love her boss I be reppin' my city  
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No one can do it better I be reppin' my city  
I be grippin' them cities  
I be flippin' them pennies  
Turn 'em to good and plenty I be strokin' that pussy  
I be smokin' that kushie  
I be flippin' them flounders  
They be huntin' my bounty I'm the face of the hood  
Every place in the hood  
Triple C's in there  
Come get a taste of my hood I'm the captain of the corner  
Khaki's and Coronas  
Now we gotta show 'em  
So let's patch 'em up and blow 'em Now, blow the dice, shake 'em  
Roll 'em, don't throw 'em  
Hand clap, where it's at  
Nigga show me somethin' Out in sixy, Opalock, overtime, city buy  
You know how we get it Don  
Nigga, that's how I bet a thou  
Project Poe, I'm the project hoe That means, every time I talk  
The projects spoke  
And we in the same struggle  
So the projects know Gotta million dollar profit  
Singin' project notes just know I be reppin' my city  
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No one can do it better (This what I'm talkin' 'bout right here Poe)  
Wherever I'm at I'm good nigga, hood nigga

First sign of problems, eliminate  
Wish a nigga would act Like he can't have rappers slip out the boroughs  
Rosero, with the word, roses hit your mirror?  
Cartel representas, center of the war zone  
Super cats on the coupe, cover of the whole zone Catch me in the Source, double XL rated  
Next to million dollar Nextel  
Workin', ain't trippin' other checks now  
Super sells so the pussy's platinum Back to the basics  
You in danger at 16 with the beam  
One in the chamber aimed at that 0, 7  
Got the chopper close by Head bussa from the Bronx  
Rep my city every night  
Hundred thousand worth of ice  
Tight work, boy that's life work Crystal clear starin' make your eyes hurt  
Time for the new breed, Triple C  
Custom cars and cycles  
Psycho path for my math  
Put my hand on the pipe torch I be reppin' my city  
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I be reppin' my block  
I be reppin' my hood  
I be reppin' the locks Welcome to dade county  
This the bottom of the beaker  
Where the beach is sexy blue  
And the cocaine cheaper High nine five nigga, let me ride  
I'm in that dolphin-colored S5  
Fire, look at me  
I'm bouncin' with that chick Got the grill out my left fold  
See how now I live  
Call me Mr. Stephon  
I gotta plush seat from Ingo P Just know I rep my city thru Miami's E  
Yea, I'm Miami's baby

Brisco to Opalocka, goon come save me

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