Rep Yo' City

E-40

Rep yo city, rep yo city
Rep yo city, fuck that shit
Rep yo city, rep yo city
Rep yo city, fuck that shit
My niggaz run this bitch, nah, hoe
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Cut loose, motherfucker, go bad, go hard
In the club, motherfucker, go bad, go hard
In the trunk, motherfucker, go bad, go hard
Throw it up, motherfucker, go bad, go hard
Cut loose, motherfucker, go bad, go hard
In the club, motherfucker, go bad, go hard
In the trunk, motherfucker, go bad, go hard
Throw it up, motherfucker, go bad, go hard
We 30 deep, we bleed the block
We milk the Ave for damn near everything the Ave got
We do the fools, we act a nut
We set it off up in this bitch an' tear the club up
What it do? What it is pimp juice?
We got a car with the cups in the trunk
For the thugs an' the broads with the G string drawers
Up in here straight break it all off
Where the big dawgs at? What city or set ya claim?
Fame, X.O., several drinks of champagne
Hustlers in the game tryna maintain, lost ya chain
Outta control, we so cold
I'm on another level, went head up with the Devil
I never been a sucka, I always been a rebel
What's your stompin' ground? What turf you from?
What's you city, playboy? Mine 9 4 5 9 1
?Vallejo?, that's all I yell
Speakin' of yea' I hope I never have to go back to slangin' llello
We fuckin' around like my niggaz out there in Oak Cliff, D-Town
Puttin' it down from my house all the way to yo' house
Back to the fuckin' south!
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Could it be the way that I be reppin' for my niggaz?
Could it be the way that Petey Petey for my niggaz?
Showin' niggaz love, raise up, motherfucker
You need to be reachin' down
Pullin' yo goddamn shirt up, that's love
Wherever you live, wherever you from, wherever you call your home
Wherever you lay yo goddamn Kangol down, motherfucker
Wherever you cheddar cheese, churn cream, lick that butter
Wherever yo ass got lots of fat for all that goddamn trunk
Y'all niggaz don't understand the seriousness of what Petey be sayin'
I took a unknown piece land an' planted a goddamn flag
Say, ?I didn't?, motherfucker, I'd die for this
I done my goddamn thing, I brought my folks in this sonna bitch
Hot Atlanta, the Bay Area
Y'all niggaz don't want no noise with Lil' Jon an' The Eastside Boys
Y'all niggaz don't want no shit with E-40 an' The Click
An' you can say whatchu want homeboy, I'll always be the one that ill
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From the land of the trill, where the vanity's real
An' yo man'll be peeled or at least branded, goddammit, we ill
More horror than 'Amityville', no sorrow, hand me the steel
Your tomorrow, I can't even feel, oughta be plannin' ya will
UGK ain't dropped in a while, but still we stoppin' ya smile
Keepin' boppers in file, standin' on top of the pile
An' you'll get popped with a smile
This ain't 'bout shoppin' an' style
This 'bout syrup an' candy paint, you see us choppin' for miles
Out the black an' the 'Lac, swingers clap an' if they take yo' flax
You'll get smacked for your packs
Paper stacks an' you'll crack back yo' back
Hold up, they got game to sell ya, from drugs to paraphernalia
Gun-hand'll never fail ya, ask Rollie B, he'll tell ya

Memph', Tenn representer, Orange Mile, nigga
Symbol of the south, legendary rhyme spitter
From Memphis to Mississippi, deep off in the woods
From ATL to MIA, deep off in the hood
Twankies on coupes, money makin' sluts
You trippin' if ya ain't got 22's on ya trucks
Dogs in the yard, pistol on the seat
Sticky rolled up for them blunt monkey freaks
My nigga, Earl, hollered, Big Ball got it poppin'
Smoked me a couple, hit the studio an' dropped it
For all my dawgs who keep it G an' keep it crunk
Represent yo' city, let 'em know where you from
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