

# Rep Yo' City

## E-40

Rep yo city, rep yo city  
Rep yo city, fuck that shit  
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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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