

# Who U Rep With (feat. Nas&Bravehearts)

## 50 Cent

Had talked to the rich ones who flash and floss  
pour some liquors out to my dogs trapped up north  
reminisce on the deceased who no longer exist  
only wishin we could bring em back with songs like this  
old flicks of us chillin with the old time cliques  
hold the nine start some death not our lives we risk  
how it used to be, early morn pumpin in shifts  
jakes with pale faces and the night is the scariest  
they handcuffed me, they knew my government and alias  
various calls were made up for awarin us  
the deeds in the marked vans and cabs in our land  
hood rats get stabbed by niggas who forty  
turnin out young ladies and makin athourity(?)  
got em coked out  
the hood is bugged out thug babies  
famous in they strollers  
before they walked they knew the hood talk  
its in the air of New York  
so everybody would pick em up, kissin em up  
treatin em like they own, in this hood we call home  
fist fight till we grown, then these guns come out  
cirlce of life, its kinda deep how we turn out  
(50 Cent)

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Ay yo them niggas that wanted beef before don't want no beef no more  
now that they know who i rep with (QB nigga)  
who i rep with (QB nigga)  
yo them niggas that wanted beef before don't want no beef no more  
now that they know who i rep with (QB nigga)  
who i rep with (QB nigga)(50 Cent)

Y'all niggas better sober up before you speek to me don't come at me high  
last rapper that raised his voice at me got jacked in the eye  
now if i say i'm gonna get ya i'ma get ya on the strip in the infinite  
at long range i can hit ya  
you find out them niggas that witchya ain't even witchya  
after the gem start splittin you need an md to stitch ya  
peep how i use words to paint pictures  
peep how i got niggas with bodies askin me for 10 cent to go hit ya  
look my name up in the law book: Curtis Jackson

known for creatin action, by rapidly clappin  
nigga i stay strapped, so much i nick-name gats  
got a teh i call Tina/  
a nine i name Nina  
two niggas went to see a loft an they seen her  
this QB shit bout to take me to the next level  
next crib, next benz, next bitch, next bezzle  
its that real  
()(Bravehearts)  
Ay yo who the fuck wanna war?  
i gotta four-four penetrate y'all niggas jaw  
you see me thugged out, iced out, gettin style  
hopin out the range with the gun out  
smack your man down you ran off  
i was gonna hit em with two, left some for you  
i put four, QB rugged and raw  
i got sumthin for the rap cats  
fish tailed back gats  
scope with a beam on it  
loaded put your cream on it  
shine on scheme on it  
i make em dream about it for ever  
whatever whatever  
get gullied, shots through your leather and cloth  
when you scurry off, wake y'all clowns up  
yo hollow tips will fight yo jacket  
i don't give a fuck who you be  
millennium thug, now who the fuck wanted beef?I master the art  
of slap boxin niggas in the dark  
QB's big man horse of the braveheart  
i'm the sasquatch of rap  
collector of gats  
test the macs on your bullet proof vests and hatshow bout that  
guns bust off i bust back  
when trucks backfire i bust back  
how bout that?  
stomp a mutha fuckin rib out your back  
y'all niggas ain't gansta rap  
your clique like josie and the pussy cats  
when we come around the front stopy'all can't fuck around you'll get dropped  
when guns pop, whos tellin?  
twin barrel nines wavin and yellin  
QB nigga what?  
two time fellow  
straight for the mellon, straight for the dome

send a nigga back, get the shells, go straight home  
never slip, my ill will to survive is so deep  
can't sleep cause of the death, makes me weak  
pullin triggers at my shadows  
bravehearts pop up  
Wheres Jungle and Horse shot yo block up()  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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