

# I Rep

## B.G. Knocc Out

(West, west, west, west, siiide, nigga) Verse #1  
I rep that west, but a lot of yall niggas comin' wack  
They want me to bring it back and I accept that test  
So I'm sorta like a savior, with hits I'm gon ??  
And I'm never slackin' off 'cause I gets it in major  
My flavor is so undeniable (yeah)  
That I'm bound to kill these MCs in threes, I'm liable  
To get to cappin', you think it's only rappin'  
But I'm known for pistol packin', it really gets a crackin'  
What's happenin',  
Whatch yall really want to do  
Yall talk a good thang but we really comin' through  
Big thangs when we aim  
Leaving things slain  
Blood guts and brains, for thinking it's a game  
Insane or suicidal, I have yet to figure (yeah)  
To make you pop off we disrespect you nigga  
Like "fuck you fuck yourself" sound from the TEC  
Run at E then hit the deck 'cause everythang gettin' wet  
Okay corral, we can shoot it out  
In L.A. we hold court in the street, fuck a trow  
When I keep the bird on me, to pack it is a habit (why?)  
'Cause I would rather die than not have it (yeah!) Chorus  
?? shots, guillotines, rifle scopes, red beams  
L.A.'s very crazy, 'cause daily it's a murder scene  
Gun shells ??, body parts, yellow tapes, dirty birds  
High speed chases runnin' from the chase Verse #2  
You niggas pack guns for show and tell, we ??  
Ask me why gangbangin's in my DNA  
Burn you then sell a pistol  
Never throw the heat away  
Actin' like you ready to die, shit you can leave today  
Hey Zeus ??  
Now you two are treein', let your family mourn you  
I'm from that place where they live at the hardest  
All of those that couldn't cope they were dearly departed  
Talkin' shit you must be clearly retarded  
Don't ask about Osama, he was clearly a martyr  
You thinkin' ?? must be dippin' that water

If you ever fuck with me I'll fuck around and put a clip in your daughter, yeah  
Leave the body for the corner to chock it out  
Too late to talk it out so fuck what you talkin' 'bout  
Got murder on my mind (yeah), ya life is on the line (yeah)  
Once my hand clench that iron then somebody die  
You thinkin' death as a way to escape  
But I will walk in your wake and put two in your face  
Dirty cop wanna take me in, he's viewin' the case  
Put him in the casket with you, bury you in the ??, nigga

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnllyrics.com/>