Reppin (Prod. By J. Oliver)

Los

(Chorus)
I'm throwing up my hood in every city that I step in
Swagga on killa, automatic weapon
Watch these niggas burn, this is my confession
As the world turns I'm just doing it for my section
I'm reppin for the crib, reppin for the crib
Reppin for the crib, yea I'm reppin for the crib
Yea I'm reppin for that four one, for that four one
Cuz you know I had to do it for my section
Where you from?(Verse 1)
LOS!
I'm out that back up, back up
Get away from the *blaka blaka*, get it straight
Niggas need to get a cake, get the crack in the day,
Put crack in the cat, push back to the Yay
Where they hug blocks, buww shots,
Hustle all day, scream f-ck cops
Run shots, hitting in the hole
Niggas aint never had enough guap
What pops? household?
Niggas aint never had a whole house
Lights off, red dude
Landlord said we gotta roll out
And its cold out, what the f-ck
Roll out, button up
Zone out, toughen up
No doubt, f-ck is up
Uh, my niggas get it from them Cuban dudes
Push squares on blocks, then flip them like a rubiks cube!
Before I took a milli it was silly on the beat
Keep it trilly, man my niggas had a milli in the streets
Theres some things about my past that feel really incomplete
But if you stomping me to death you couldn't kill me with the feet
I'm from Baltimore city aint nobody stopping this flight
Best rapper alive, you don't like it, we could fist fight(Chorus)
I'm throwing up my hood in every city that I step in
Swagga on killa, automatic weapon
Watch these niggas burn, this is my confession
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Reppin for the crib, yea I'm reppin for the crib
Yea I'm reppin for that four one, for that four one
Cuz you know I had to do it for my section
Where you from?(Verse 2)
Uh
Ok, I'm form where that drama come, around just like karma come
Back around, just ask around, no backing down, we palm a gun
I've been on my money chase, momma hear them commas come,
So I could fill up banks at the crib, like I'm Carlton
I got the will to survive and they can't live,
The bitches switch characters on niggas like Aunt Viv
The Crown Aint Safe, yall niggas just dense
Yall want to know who took it, I left you Fresh Prince
Flip that shit, till I get that coupe
Hit that stripper to get that loot
Whip that soda on the side, yea that chicken noodle soup
Make them fiends harlem shake, but they never fall down
I'm the big deal from a small town

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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