

# 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  
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  
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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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