

# Represent

Nas

Represent, represent!

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Represent, represent! Straight up shit is real and any day could be your last in the jungle

Get murdered on the humble, guns'll blast, niggas tumble

The corners is the hot spot, full of mad criminals

Who don't care, guzzling beers, we all stare

At the out-of-towners (Ay, yo, yo, who that?) They better break North

Before we get the four pounders, and take their face off

The streets is filled with undercovers, homicide chasing brothers

The D.A.'s on the roof, trying to, watch us and knock us

And killer coppers, even come through in helicopters

I drink a little vodka, spark a L and hold a Glock for

The frontiers, wannabe ill niggas and spot runners

Thinking it can't happen til I, trap em and clap em

And leave em done, won't even run about Gods

I don't believe in none of that shit, your facts are backwards

Nas is a rebel of the street corner

Pulling a Tec out the dresser, police got me under pressure Represent, represent!

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Represent, represent! Yo, they call me Nas, I'm not your legal type of fella

Moet drinking, marijuana smoking street dweller

Who's always on the corner, rolling up blessed

When I dress, it's never nothing less than Guess

Cold be walking with a bop and my hat turned back

Love committing sins and my friends sell crack

This nigga raps with a razor, keep it under my tongue

The school drop-out, never liked the shit from day one

Cause life ain't shit but stress fake niggas and crab stunts

So I guzzle my Hennesey while pulling on mad blunts

The brutalizer, crew de-sizer, accelerator

The type of nigga who be pissing in your elevator

Somehow the rap game reminds me of the crack game

Used to sport Bally's and Gazelle's with black frames

Now I'm into fat chains, sex and Tecs

Fly new chicks and new kicks, Heine's and Beck's Represent, represent!

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Represent, represent! No doubt; see my, stacks are fat, this is what it's about

Before the BDP conflict with MC Shan  
Around the time when Shante dissed the Real Roxxane  
I used to wake up every morning, see my crew on the block  
Every day's a different plan that had us running from cops  
If it wasn't hanging out in front of cocaine spots  
We was at the candy factory, breaking the locks  
Nowadays, I need the green in a flash just like the next man  
Fuck a yard God, let me see a hundred grand  
Could use a gun Son, but fuck being the wanted man  
But if I hit rock bottom then I'ma be the Son of Sam  
Then call the crew to get live too  
With Swoop, Hakim, my brother Jungle, Big Bo, cooks up the blow  
Mike'll chop it, Mayo, you count the profit  
My shit is on the streets, this way the Jakes'll never stop it  
It's your brain on drugs, to all fly bitches and thugs  
'Nough respect to the projects, I'm ghost, One LoveRepresent ya'll, represent!  
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