Represent

Nas

Represent, represent!
Represent, represent!
Represent, represent!
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 fronters, 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 pressureRepresent, represent!
Represent, represent!
Represent, represent!
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'sRepresent, represent!
Represent, represent!
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!
Represent ya'll, represent!
Represent ya'll, represent!
Represent ya'll, represent!

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