

Represent

Nas

Represent, represent!! (repeat 4X)
Straight up shit is real and any day could be your last in the jungle
Get murdered on the humble, guns'll blast, niggaz tumble
The corners is the hot spot, full of mad criminals
who don't care, guzzlin 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 chasin brothers
The D.A.'s on the roof, tryin 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 niggaz and spot runners
Thinkin 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
Pullin a Tec out the dresser, police got me under pressure
Represent, represent!! (repeat 4X)
Yo, they call me Nas, I'm not your legal type of fella
Moet drinkin, marijuana smokin street dweller
who's always on the corner, rollin up blessed
When I dress, it's never nuttin less than Guess
Cold be walkin with a bop and my hat turned back
Love committin 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 niggaz and crab stunts
So I guzzle my Hennesey while pullin on mad blunts
The brutalizer, crew de-sizer, accelerator
The type of nigga who be pissin 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!! (repeat 3X)
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 mornin, see my crew on the block

Every day's a different plan that had us runnin from cops
 If it wasn't hangin out in front of cocaine spots
 We was at the candy factory, breakin 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 bein 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
 Nuff respect to the projects, I'm ghost, One Love
 Represent y'all, represent!! (repeat 4X)One time for yourmotherfuckin mind
 This goes out to everybody in New Yorkthat's livin the realfuckin life
 And every projects, all overTo my man, Big Will he's still here*echoes*
 The 40 side of VernonMy man Big L.E.S.Big Cee-Lo from the Don
 Shawn Penn, the 40 bustersMy crew the shorty busters
 The 41st side of Vernon posseThe GoodfellasMy man Cormega, LakidKid
 Can't forget Drawers, the HillbilliesMy man Slate,WalletheadBlack Jay, Big Oogi
 Crazy barrio spot (Big Dove)We rock shit, Ph.DAnd my man Primo,from GangStarr
 (Ninety-four real shit y'all, Harry O!)Fuck y'all crab ass niggazthough...
 (Yeah, bitch ass niggas! *etc.*)

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