

We Reppin' (Y'all)

Benzino

[Benzino] Uh, yo (We!) Uh-uh, uh uh uh Uh-uh, uh uh uh Uh-uh, uh uhhh! Mr. Gzus, Twice Thou Ray Benzino! I spit that thug shit, the whole world wanna bang to Amazin, Mr. Benzino from the Made Men Half Peurto Rican, half black, still blazin I be Hangman (Hangman), Mr. Bang-bang man Steel bangin on the handle of my gun Catch you in your hall, while you Mr. Slang-thang man Fold you up like a bangy pair of Guess jeans I guess you know what I mean, 9-15 Control shit, we thirty dirty deep Bonie clique Be the murderer, niggas that I be rollin with Light that blunt, burn that hash, keep it movin yo (Made Men catch wreckin anybody studio)

[Twice Thou] Your days are numbered nigga (what?) you better bounce Got thirty-two rounds in my twenty ounce Squeeze slugs 'til the gun jam, any mission I'm on Blue nickel, new pistol performs in the physical form Black leather doo-rag, two Mags with speed loaders I'm a weed smoker, my cylinder spins, chillin ya mens I'll shoot the shit out of you -- and ya man too Loudmouth niggas catch it the worst, for example Leave ya bodies in the gutter, cut up for the streetsweeper Hack you the fuck up with a meat cleaver, retreat nigga Take a seat dog, while we bang to this beat dog Or pose, I'll pump holes in ya meat dog [Chorus] To city kids and pretty bricks, saditty chicks Hood rats and them killa cats, we reppin y'all For niggas that's locked for 'ricks GD's on blocks

that got nine's to spit, we reppin y'all These streets that be keepin it real, throwin money in ya grill Strapped with the steel, we reppin y'all To niggas that's gettin mil's, playin ball All my ladies and all my dogs, we reppin y'all [Mr. Gzus] I'ma keep it crackin like the Earth from it's axis Non-stop spittin hot shit with no practice With this iron, I'm a blacksmith With shit to make ya backflip From the clap you do the twist and then you don't exist

Just for being a hostile, thug imposter Hollow's, Made Men what? The gunfire follow On sight, fuckin pop ya (Pow!) Drop ya My sharp shooters mentally ill, in Bentley's we chill Hit a nigga proper with these shells made of copper Got cash and bought everything we ain't steal And many clips to fill 'cause these streets stay real We bring the heat, now you know how gettin burned feel Yo get peeled [Benzino] We stack right? Just make sure you don't get caught sleepin, whistle deaf right? Benzino catch you while yo creepin, try yo' best right? You not believin what you seein, infrared right? These niggas wanna go to war, it's time to ride right? You niggas dead right? Slippin in clips right? They gonna make me run up in the crib and flip right? But when it's time to get it on they run and hide right? My niggas rip right? See I'm on top now And if you wanna fuck around then you'll get shot now Don't let me send my Boston niggas to your block now Then make 'em strip you to your knees

and take your glock now [Chorus] We got it locked now... (Nigga) [Repeat to fade]

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