

# Represent

Nas

Represent, represent!

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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 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 DA'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 them

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

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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 Hennessy 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!  
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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 Roxane  
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'm a 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!  
Represent y'all, represent!  
Represent y'all, represent!  
Represent y'all, represent!  
One time for your motherfuckin' mind  
This goes out to everybody in New York  
That's livin the real fuckin' life  
And every projects, all over  
To my man, Big Will he's still here  
The 40 side of Vernon  
My man Big L.E.S.  
Big Cee-Lo from the Don  
Shawn Penn, the 40 Busters  
My crew the shorty busters  
The 41st side of Vernon posse  
The Goodfellas  
My man Cormega, Lakid Kid  
Can't forget Drawers, the Hillbillies  
My man Slate, Wallethead  
Black Jay, Big Oogi  
Crazy Barrio spot (Big Dove)  
We rock shit a lot, Ph.D  
And my man Primo, from GangStarr  
(Ninety-four real shit y'all, Harry O!)

Fuck y'all crab ass niggaz though  
(Yeah, bitch ass niggas!)  
(Bitch ass niggas)  
Bitch ass motherfucker  
I'm from Queen's bridge motherfucker

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