I Represent It

Philthy Rich

[Intro]
Chea, Stretch what up nigga, ey, won't let yall down nigga, chea ey, ey, It's Philthy. ok, ok, Town Thizznizz, chea Funk or Die nigga, ey it's Philthy Rich. Ey, ey, ey,

[1st Verse]
It's the kid bitch niggas know what's happenin'
Nigga play with me, then them guns get the clappin'
Semi-automatic and the fullies too
I must know the game, see I'm a bully fool
Streets on lock, yea I'm a block boy
I represent it from the top to the block boy
I hold it down for my niggas locked in them cells
Side like the ground, my niggas won't tell
Three time felons, nigga no bail
Aint coming home, my niggas going through hell
So I send them mail put dollars on they books
I do this shit for yall, you hear it in the hook
Real nigga in you're face, bitch nigga look
I lost a real nigga that them bitch niggas took
I leave a nigga shook
For playing with mine
Everywhere I go, I'm staying with mine

[Chorus 2X]
I do this for my niggas locked in the box boy
I represent it from the top to the block boy
All my niggas out there on them blocks boy
Ey, trying to duck and dodge the cops boy

[2nd Verse]
This for my niggas out there still hustling
All my niggas out there that's really thuged up
Fake ass niggas, aint moving nothing
Just running they mouth, a whole lot of bluffing
I fuck with real niggas like Fin, Rob, and Rell
And my nigga Tae Tae fresh out of jail
Mone doing 10, Mane took 4, and I aint seen lil Dame since 04'
Dope game like the rap game if you aint know
A lot of fake niggas in the way selling soap

So I aim for the throat, show them how I feel
Choke a bitch nigga out and beat him with the steel
Always keep it real, until my cask close
And keep my eyes open when I blast the 4's
Keep it 100, show you niggas love
Cause' they was around before these other niggas was

[Chorus 2X]
I do this for my niggas locked in the box boy
I represent it from the top to the block boy
All my niggas out there on them blocks boy
Ey, trying to duck and dodge the cops boy

[3rd Verse]
These fuck niggas aint been to the hood before
Keep talking that shit, but I already know
I'm from the hottest turf, in the fucking East
A kill zone the police scared of my street
They don't come down there without they pistols drawn
But my niggas aint worried bout them pistols, don't
Cause' my niggas out there, with they pistols on
And they going be out there until they piss them zones, ey
So square niggas better get it right
Get up on the mic and wanna start a fake life
Young Philthy Rich, yea I really get that cake right
Been out, seen all day, I'm finna pull an all night
Me I'm all right
While you other niggas all wrong
Real Town business, the fake niggas all gone
Yea we done moved on, in a real back
No baking soda, the shits real crack

[Chorus 2X]
I do this for my niggas locked in the box boy
I represent it from the top to the block boy
All my niggas out there on them blocks boy
Ey, trying to duck and dodge the cops boy

[Outro]

Chea nigga, real Town bidness at its mother fucking finnest, Sem City, Philthy mother fucking Rich, Funk or Die nigga, Yea Stretch what up nigga, feel me, good looking on this one mane, got the fake niggas out the circle mane, feel me, real niggas do real things, Livewire nigga, chea

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Lyrics submitted by Carlos Gonzalez.

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