

# Reppin' My City (featuring Triple C & Brisco)

## Rick Ross

[Chorus: x2]

I be reppin' my city I be reppin' my city  
I be reppin' my city  
I be reppin' my city er er er'y night  
I be reppin' my city  
I be reppin' my city  
I be reppin' my city, no one can do it better[Rick Ross:]  
Let the top back on the Chevy  
Then I crank up the boom  
Smellin' Issey Miyake  
Soon as I step in the room  
Hundred thousand in jewels  
That's a whole lotta moves  
So what's a soldier to do  
Standin' in his bloody boots  
Yea I'm fresh outta boot camp  
Ain't gotta food stamp  
Counterfeit bills will get you killed  
Now where the goons at  
It's poppin' in Opa-locka, floppin' them candy paints  
Chrome Dayton's, 12 pack of 12s in the seven trey  
Still hustle everyday, Dade County be the place  
Get murdered for a burger with a nickle-plated burner  
Still burnin' rubber, bustin' rubbers  
And these bitches under cover  
Tell the truth I ain't a lover  
But I fuck her like I love her Boss...[Chorus: x2]I be reppin' my city  
I be grippin' them cities  
I be flippin' them pennies  
Turn em to good and plenty  
I be strokin' that pussy  
I be smokin' that kushie  
I be flippin' dem flounders  
They be huntin' my bounty  
I'm the face of the hood  
Every place in the hood  
Triple C's in there  
Come get a taste of my hood  
I'm da captain of the corner

Khaki's and Coronas  
Now we gotta show em  
So let's patch em up and blow em  
Now, blow the dice, shake em  
Roll em, don't throw em  
Hand clap, where it's at  
Nigga show me somethin'  
Out in Sixy, Opa lock, overtime, city buy  
You know how we get it Don  
Nigga, that's how I bet a thou  
Project Poe, I'm the project hoe  
That means, every-time I talk, the projects spoke  
And we in the same struggle  
So the projects know  
Gotta million dollar profit  
Singin' project notes  
Just know...[Chorus: x2](This what I'm talkin bout right here Poe...)  
Wherever I'm at I'm good nigga, hood nigga  
First sign of problems, eliminate  
Wish a nigga would act  
Like he can't have rappers slip out the boroughs  
Rosero? with the word, roses hit your mirror?  
Cartel represents, center of the war zone  
Super cats on the coupe, cover of the whole zone  
Catch me in the Source, double XL rated  
Next to million dollar Nextel  
Workin', ain't trippin' other checks now  
Super sells, so the pussy's platinum  
Back to the basics  
You in danger at 16 with the beam  
One in the chamber aimed at that 0 7  
Got the chopper close by  
Head bussa from the Bronx  
Rep my city every night  
Hundred thousand worth of ice  
Tight work, boy that's life work  
Crystal clear starin' make your eyes hurt  
Time for the new breed, Triple C  
Custom cars and cycles  
Psycho path for my math  
Put my hand on the pipe torch[CHORUS x2][Brisco]  
I be reppin' my city  
I be reppin' my block  
I be reppin' my hood  
I be reppin' the locks

Welcome to Dade County  
This the bottom of the beaker  
Where the beach is sexy blue  
And the cocaine cheaper  
High nine five nigga, let me ride  
I'm in that dolphin-colored S5  
Fire, look at me, I'm  
Bouncin' with that chick  
Got the grill out my left fold  
See how now I live  
Call me Mr. Stephon'  
I gotta plush seat from Ingo P  
Just know I rep my city through Miami's E  
Yea, I'm Miami's Baby...  
Brisco to Opa-locka, goon come save me..

Songwriters

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