

We Reppin' Y'all

Benzino

Uh, yo (We!)
Uh-uh, uh uh uh
Uh-uh, uh uh uh
Uh-uh, uh uhuh!
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
Steel bangin on the handle of my gun
I be Hangman (Hangman), Mr. Bang-bang man
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
Be the murderer, niggas that I be rollin with
Control shit, we thirty dirty deep Bonie clique
Light that blunt, burn that hash, keep it movin yo
(Made Men catch wreckin anybody studio)

Your days are numbered nigga (what?) you better bounce
Got thirty-two rounds in my twenty ounce
Blue nickel, new pistol performs in the physical form
Squeeze slugs 'til the gun jam, any mission I'm on
Black leather doo-rag, two Mags with speed loaders
I'm a weed smoker, my cylinder spins, chillin ya mens
Loudmouth niggas catch it the worst, for example
I'll shoot the shit out of you -- and ya man too
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

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

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
On sight, fuckin pop ya (Pow!) Drop ya
Hit a nigga proper with these shells made of copper
Hollow's, Made Men what? The gunfire follow
My sharp shooters mentally ill, in Bentley's we chill
Got cash and bought everything we ain't steal
And many clips to fill cuz these streets stay real
We bring the heat, now you know how gettin burned feel
Yo get peeled

We stack right?
Benzino catch you while yo creepin, try yo' best right?
Just make sure you don't get caught sleepin, whistle deaf right?
You not believin what you seein, infrared right?
You niggas dead right? Slippin in clips right?
These niggas wanna go to war, it's time to ride right?
But when it's time to get it on they run and hide right?
They gonna make me run up in the crib and flip 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
We got it locked now... (Nigga)