

Who U Rep With

50 Cent

Hats off, to da rich ones who flash and floss
Pour some liquors out to my dogs trapped up north
Reminisce on the deceased who no longer exist
Only wishin' we could bring them back with songs like dis
Old flicks on us chillin' wit da old time click
Holdin' nines, thoughts of death, not our lives we risk
How it use to be, early morn, pumpin' in shifts
Jakes wit pale faces in the night is the scariest
They handcuff me, they knew my government and alias
Various calls were made up for awarin' us
The D's in the marked vans and cabs
In our land, hoodrats get stapped by niggas who forty
Turnin' out young lady's and make them make thoughties
Got them coked out, the hood is bugged out
Thug babies, famous in they strollers
Before they walk they knew the hood talk
It's in the air of New York
So everybody'll pick em up, kissin em up
Treatin' them like they own, in dis hood we call home
Fist fight till we grown and these guns come out
Circle of life, it's kinda deep how we end out.

Yo them niggas that wanted beef before
Don't want no beef no mo
Now that they know who I rep with
QB NIGGA!!!
Who I rep with
QB NIGGA!!!

Ya'll niggas better sober up before ya'll speak to me, don't come at me high
Last rapper that raised his voice to me, got japped in da eye
Now if I say I'm gone get you, I'ma get ya
On da strength of da inf, from long range I can hit ya
You find out them niggas who wit ya ain't even wit ya
After da gem stars split ya, you need an MD to stitch ya
Peep how I use words to paint pictures
Peep how I got niggas with bodies askin' me for ten cents to got hit ya
Look my name up in the law book, Curtis Jackson
Known for creatin' action, by rapidly clappin'
Nigga I stay strapped, so much I nickname gats
Got a tech I call Tina, a nine I name Nina
Two niggas went to see Allah afta they seen her
This QB shit, bout to take me to da next level
Next crib, next Benz, next bitch, next bezel.
It's that real.

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Yo, aiiyo, who da fuck wanna war
I got a four four, pierce ya'll niggas jaw
You see me thugged out, iced out, Guinness Stout
Hopin' out the Range wit da gun out

Smack your man down, you ran off
I was gonna hit him with two, I left some for you
I put four, QB rugged and raw
I got somethin' for these rap cats, fish held back gats
Scope wit a beam on it, loc put your cream on it
Shine don't scheme on it, I make your dream about it
Forever, whatever whatever get gully
Shots thru your leather and clothe, With your skelly off
Break ya'll clowns off
Yo hollow tips will flood your jacket, I don't give a fuck who you be
Millennium Thug, now who da fuck want it with me.

I mastered the art of slap boxin' niggas in da dark
QB's big man, Horse of the Bravehearts
I'm da Sasquash of rap, collector of gats
Testin' macks at your bulletproof vests and hats.

How bout that, guns bust off, I bust back
When trucks backfire, I bust back
How bout that, stomp a muhfuckin' rib out ur back
Ya'll niggas ain't gangsta rap, ya'll click like Josey and the Pussycats
When we come around da front, stop.

Uh huh, ya'll can't fuck around ya'll get dropped
When guns pop, who's tellin'
Twin barrel nines wavin' and yellin', QB NIGGA WHAT
Two-time felon, straight to da melon, straight to da dome
Send a nigga back, get da shells, go straight home
Never slip, my +Ill Will+ to survive is so deep
Can't sleep, cousin to death, makes me weak
Pullin' triggers at my shadow, Bravehearts pop up
Wiz, Jungle and Horse shot your block up.

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