

Reppin

Audio Push

I see you reppin' IE now, well, get yo' ass up
I put this on my mom, my niggas and my last cup
I need my cash, yup, it was all bad, yup
Now we bout to blow, just let 'em know the west is back, yup

Aight now, cut it up to that eight, let me hear that boom beep bow ba
m

I'm ridin' round with' no tint, they tryna see who I am
At first when they was all on me I was like "Who? Me? Hot damn"
They say "Yeah you, boy, Come as You Are. Ooh wee, that's my jam", yu
p
It's startin' to get poppin', it's cameras out when I'm shoppin'
Cops on us cause we smokin', fuck that, you got a lighter in yo' pock
et, nigga
I need that, smoke it up, light it, IE hat, go out and cop it
Skatin' outside, come out and watch it, posin' ass niggas can't even
ollie
Now where yo' favorite rapper? Man, go find two of him
If you say that we'll lose again, we will find you and win
Rap game Ryu and Ken
Said these niggas is the bomb, I'll nuke 'em
Uppercut 'em, Price, I hit the Hadouken
We hot, I am IE, man, don't speak if you not

Westside, who you with'? Lose ya shit
Eastside, who you with'? Lose ya shit
Northside, who you with'? Lose ya shit
Southside, who you with'? Lose ya shit
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Eastside, who you with'? Lose ya shit
Northside, who you with'? Lose ya shit
Southside, who you with'?

Look, I was nine years old, ridin' as my momma oldest son
Rappin' every lyric to that Dre Chronic 2001
The bible say that life and death is in the power of the tongue
So why the rasta pull out gun? It look like I'm supposed to rap
I forget too much, I smoke a ton, hear these raps, I'm close to none
All I fear is Joseph son, that's Christ, I'm Price, let me show you s
um'
Writin' raps in a Ford Focus, that's where I got my focus from
Now bitches see I'm bout my bread, they throw these kicks and show th
em buns
Here they come, aw, here we go again, they tryna lurk
Fuck, police at the door again, hide the work
Never gotta be signed to merch
I'm flyin' first class just to rhyme a verse
I was hustlin', givin' my Uncle Joe ya cash
So I could get double back by the first, goddamn
Work the benches, everything wavy
You think you slowin' down my hustle? You crazy
I'm a full G, bitch, you just fugazi

No more handshakes unless you finna pay me, real shit

Lose ya shit