

50 Cent, Who U Rep With

[Nas]

Had talked to the 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 em back with songs like this
old flicks of us chillin with the old time cliques
hold the nine start some death not our lives we risk
how it used to be, early morn pumpin in shifts
jakes with pale faces and the night is the scariest
they handcuffed me, they knew my government and alias
various calls were made up for awarin us
the deeds in the marked vans and cabs in our land
hood rats get stabbed by niggas who forty
turnin out young ladies and makin athourity(?)
got em coked out
the hood is bugged out thug babies
famous in they strollers
before they walked they knew the hood talk
its in the air of New York
so everybody would pick em up, kissin em up
treatin em like they own, in this hood we call home
fist fight till we grown, then these guns come out
cirlce of life, its kinda deep how we turn out

[50 Cent]

(chorus)

Ay yo them niggas that wanted beef before don't want no beef no more
now that they know who i rep with (QB nigga)
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who i rep with (QB nigga)

[50 Cent]

Y'all niggas better sober up before you speek to me don't come at me high
last rapper that raised his voice at me got jacked in the eye
now if i say i'm gonna get ya i'ma get ya on the strip in the infinite
at long range i can hit ya
you find out them niggas that witchya ain't even witchya
after the gem start splittin 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 10 cent to go 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 nick-name gats
got a teh i call Tina/
a nine i name Nina
two niggas went to see a loft an they seen her
this QB shit bout to take me to the next level
next crib, next benz, next bitch, next bezzle
its that real

(chorus)

[Bravehearts]

Ay yo who the fuck wanna war?
i gotta four-four penetrate y'all niggas jaw
you see me thugged out, iced out, gettin style
hopin out the range with the gun out
smack your man down you ran off
i was gonna hit em with two, left some for you
i put four, QB rugged and raw
i got sumthin for the rap cats
fish tailed back gats

scope with a beam on it
loaded put your cream on it
shine on scheme on it
i make em dream about it for ever
whatever whatever
get gullied, shots through your leather and cloth
when you scurry off, wake y'all clowns up
yo hollow tips will fight yo jacket
i don't give a fuck who you be
millennium thug, now who the fuck wanted beef?

I master the art
of slap boxin niggas in the dark
QB's big man horse of the braveheart
i'm the sasquatch of rap
collector of gats
test the macs on your bullet proof vests and hats

how bout that
guns bust off i bust back
when trucks backfire i bust back
how bout that?
stomp a mutha fuckin rib out your back
y'all niggas ain't gansta rap
your clique like josie and the pussy cats
when we come around the front stop

y'all can't fuck around you'll get dropped
when guns pop, whos tellin?
twin barrel nines wavin and yellin
QB nigga what?
two time fellow
straight for the mellon, straight for the dome
send a nigga back, get the shells, go straight home
never slip, my ill will to survive is so deep
can't sleep cause of the death, makes me week
pullin triggers at my shadows
bravehearts pop up
Wheres Jungle and Horse shot yo block up

(chorus)