

# Benzino, We Reppin Yall

(feat. Made Men)

[Benzino]

Uh, yo (We!)

Uh-uh, uh uh uh

Uh-uh, uh uh uh

Uh-uh, uh uhhh!

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)

[Twice Thou]

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

[Chorus]

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

[Mr. Gzus]

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

[Benzino]

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)

[Chorus]  
[Repeat to fade]