

# Nas, Represent

Represent, represent!! [repeat 4X]

Straight up shit is real and any day could be your last in the jungle  
Get murdered on the humble, guns'll blast, niggaz tumble  
The corners is the hot spot, full of mad criminals  
who don't care, guzzlin beers, we all stare  
at the out-of-towners (Ay, yo, yo, who that?) They better break North  
before we get the four pounders, and take their face off  
The streets is filled with undercovers, homicide chasin brothers  
The D.A.'s on the roof, tryin to, watch us and knock us  
And killer coppers, even come through in helicopters  
I drink a little vodka, spark a L and hold a Glock for  
the fronters, wannabe ill niggaz and spot runners  
Thinkin it can't happen til I, trap em and clap em  
and leave em done, won't even run about Gods  
I don't believe in none of that shit, your facts are backwards  
Nas is a rebel of the street corner  
Pullin a Tec out the dresser, police got me under pressure

Represent, represent!! [repeat 4X]

Yo, they call me Nas, I'm not your legal type of fella  
Moet drinkin, marijuana smokin street dweller  
who's always on the corner, rollin up blessed  
When I dress, it's never nuttin less than Guess  
Cold be walkin with a bop and my hat turned back  
Love committin sins and my friends sell crack  
This nigga raps with a razor, keep it under my tongue  
The school drop-out, never liked the shit from day one  
cause life ain't shit but stress fake niggaz and crab stunts  
So I guzzle my Hennesey while pullin on mad blunts  
The brutalizer, crew de-sizer, accelerator  
The type of nigga who be pissin in your elevator  
Somehow the rap game reminds me of the crack game  
Used to sport Bally's and Gazelle's with black frames  
Now I'm into fat chains, sex and Tecs  
Fly new chickS and new kicks, Heine's and Beck's

Represent, represent!! [repeat 3X]

No doubt; see my, stacks are fat, this is what it's about  
Before the BDP conflict with MC Shan  
Around the time when Shante dissed the Real Roxxane  
I used to wake up every mornin, see my crew on the block  
Every day's a different plan that had us runnin from cops  
If it wasn't hangin out in front of cocaine spots  
We was at the candy factory, breakin the locks  
Nowadays, I need the green in a flash just like the next man  
Fuck a yard God, let me see a hundred grand  
Could use a gun Son, but fuck bein the wanted man  
but if I hit rock bottom then I'ma be the Son of Sam  
Then call the crew to get live too  
with Swoop, Hakim, my brother Jungle, Big Bo, cooks up the blow  
Mike'll chop it, Mayo, you count the profit  
My shit is on the streets, this way the Jakes'll never stop it  
It's your brain on drugs, to all fly bitches and thugs  
Nuff respect to the projects, I'm ghost, One Love

Represent y'all, represent!! [repeat 4X]

One time for your motherfuckin mind  
This goes out to everybody in New York  
that's livin the real fuckin life  
And every projects, all over

To my man, Big Will he's still here [echoes]  
The 40 side of Vernon  
My man Big L.E.S.  
Big Cee-Lo from the Don  
Shawn Penn, the 40 busters  
My crew the shorty busters  
The 41st side of Vernon posse  
The Goodfellas  
My man Cormega, Lakid Kid  
Can't forget Drawers, the Hillbillies  
My man Slate, Wallethead  
Black Jay, Big Oogi  
Crazy barrio spot (Big Dove)  
We rock shit, Ph.D  
And my man Primo, from GangStarr  
(Ninety-four real shit y'all, Harry O!)  
Fuck y'all crab ass niggaz though...  
(Yeah, bitch ass niggas!) [etc.]