

Representin' 93

2pac

I got a head, but ain't no screws in it.

Roll up and get swoll up.

Hold up.

How ya gonna play me like a sunkin dunkin donut?

I ain't came a long way to get checked

So give me respect when I get wreck or get your motha fuckin chin check.

Once again, it's your friend outta Oakland.

Hoping I rock the shit to get ya open.

Say your looking for some real shit.

Then catch a funkified batch.

Like that!!

Oakland's on the map.

Tupac is on the big screen strivin.

Gotta love a nigga for survivin.

I wear alot of old schools jewels.

Look how the fools drool. Ooohh.

Stop lookin at me hard cuz your buffer.

But I'll just buck then bigger motha fuckas.

Turnin men to suckas.

Niggas wanna start a little ruckus.

Better duck cuz I'll be poundin them motha fuckas.

They wanna throw their hands up. Thats tight.

Hit em wit my eight. Never had shit left, right.

Then hit em wit the uppercut. Duck quick.

Shit outta luck. Fucked and stuck with that rough shit.

Fuck a pop song, fuck video, fuck Arsenio, fuck the radio.

Do you hear me though?

Give a holla to my niggas in the pen.

And my murderous parteners wit their Mac 10's.

I represent the real cuz I'm ill, G.

Glock cocked and then they kill me.

I'm representin'.

Peace to Redman, Tretch, Vin Rock, K-G the great one

Mary J. Blidge, Pete Rock and sure you're late son.

Heavy D, CL Smooth, and Queen Latifah.

Too Short, Tony Toni Tone,

And the Special motha fucka, Ed Lover, the Tribe, A Tribe Called Quest, and

Jungle Brothas. Das Efx, EPMD, and Ice Cube.

House of Pain: funky blunted ass white dudes

Cypress Hill, yeah, the ill niggas.

Digital Underground: my real niggas.

Raw Fusion, all in house confusion.

Wickeder than most men: Spice 1 and Pooh Man.

TLC, Eric B rockin, then Scarface.

Stretch, Mad K-Low, pumpin the scars bass.

Thorough Heads, Poonannynans, the Click.

E-40 the Governor and Richie Rich.

Young Guns in the house pumpin the flava.

DJ Ditch for their behavior.

Off the head, my freestyle flow.

Just a couple of motha fuckas that I know.

I'm strictly representin

1 motha fucka, 2 motha fucka, 3 motha fuckas,
Damn, who did I forget?

I'm a soulja.

Daddy was a soulja.

Strong in the struggle.

Must contend so it's on.

Raised in a house full of bad motha fuckas.

Mad motha fuckas.

Never had so we grab from the stacked motha fuckas.

Now they know me, the homies.

Raised by some crazed ass well payed OG's.

Ah shit!

Pulled up in a benzy, snatch.

The wheel as I peel out. Catch a cop's tail.

Rock shells hit. Raise a fist so they know to make a hit.

Can I flip it? I may get wicked as I rip it.

To get specific: If the shoe fits, then kick it.

It's for the gifted. Pump your fist if you wit it.

Here's your ticket to see Mr. Wicked rip shit.

Now they wanna maime me.

(Told ya)

All I wanted to be was a soulja.

Bang bang boogy it's stick up.

Quit now nigga, eat a dick up.

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