

## Who U Rep With

50 Cent

Hats off, to da 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 them back with songs like dis  
Old flicks on us chillin' wit da old time click  
Holdin' nines, thoughts of death, not our lives we risk  
How it use to be, early morn, pumpin' in shifts  
Jakes wit pale faces in the night is the scariest  
They handcuff me, they knew my government and alias  
Various calls were made up for awarin' us  
The D's in the marked vans and cabs  
In our land, hoodrats get stapped by niggas who forty  
Turnin' out young lady's and make them make thoughties  
Got them coked out, the hood is bugged out  
Thug babies, famous in they strollers  
Before they walk they knew the hood talk  
It's in the air of New York  
So everybody'll pick em up, kissin em up  
Treatin' them like they own, in dis hood we call home  
Fist fight till we grown and these guns come out  
Circle of life, it's kinda deep how we end out.

Yo them niggas that wanted beef before  
Don't want no beef no mo  
Now that they know who I rep with  
QB NIGGA!!!  
Who I rep with  
QB NIGGA!!!

Ya'll niggas better sober up before ya'll speak to me, don't come at me high  
Last rapper that raised his voice to me, got japped in da eye  
Now if I say I'm gone get you, I'ma get ya  
On da strength of da inf, from long range I can hit ya  
You find out them niggas who wit ya ain't even wit ya  
After da gem stars split ya, 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 ten cents to got 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 nickname gats  
Got a tech I call Tina, a nine I name Nina  
Two niggas went to see Allah afta they seen her  
This QB shit, bout to take me to da next level  
Next crib, next Benz, next bitch, next bezel.  
It's that real.

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Yo, aiiyo, who da fuck wanna war  
I got a four four, pierce ya'll niggas jaw  
You see me thugged out, iced out, Guinness Stout  
Hopin' out the Range wit da gun out

Smack your man down, you ran off  
I was gonna hit him with two, I left some for you  
I put four, QB rugged and raw  
I got somethin' for these rap cats, fish held back gats  
Scope wit a beam on it, loc put your cream on it  
Shine don't scheme on it, I make your dream about it  
Forever, whatever whatever get gully  
Shots thru your leather and clothe, With your skelly off  
Break ya'll clowns off  
Yo hollow tips will flood your jacket, I don't give a fuck who you be  
Millennium Thug, now who da fuck want it with me.

I mastered the art of slap boxin' niggas in da dark  
QB's big man, Horse of the Bravehearts  
I'm da Sasquash of rap, collector of gats  
Testin' macks at your bulletproof vests and hats.

How bout that, guns bust off, I bust back  
When trucks backfire, I bust back  
How bout that, stomp a muhfuckin' rib out ur back  
Ya'll niggas ain't gangsta rap, ya'll click like Josey and the Pussycats  
When we come around da front, stop.

Uh huh, ya'll can't fuck around ya'll get dropped  
When guns pop, who's tellin'  
Twin barrel nines wavin' and yellin', QB NIGGA WHAT  
Two-time felon, straight to da melon, straight to da dome  
Send a nigga back, get da shells, go straight home  
Never slip, my +Ill Will+ to survive is so deep  
Can't sleep, cousin to death, makes me weak  
Pullin' triggers at my shadow, Bravehearts pop up  
Wiz, Jungle and Horse shot your block up.

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