

Shaquille O'Neal, F/ Fu-Schnickens

"Put Yo Hood Up"

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[Intro - Roy Jones Jr.]

Yeah this Roy Jones Jr.

Pound for pound the baddest thing throwin' down

The undisputed light heavyweight champion of the world

We about to knock niggas heads off with this put yo hood up remix

Lil' Jone and the East Side Boyz

Jadakiss, Petey Pablo, Chyna Whyte

Represent y'all in the hood tonight

Yeah, yeah, uh uh

[Hook]

Put yo hood up

Put yo hood up

Put yo hood up

Put yo hood up

Put yo click up

Put yo click up

Put yo click up

Put yo click up

Represent yo shit motherfucker

Represent yo shit motherfucker

Represent yo click motherfucker

Represent yo click motherfucker

[Verse 1 - Jadakiss]

I hold a 44 from the side angle

Gunshots below the waist'll make ya thigh dangle

Uh you know Kiss, all I do is puff hem all day

Gettin' money in the Bluff or on MLK

Since they brough gold back

I bought me a gold mack

To explode I leave ya back on Old National

I'm in a gentlemen's club with gentlemen thugs

But they call my hood pool dog cause we swimmin' in drugs

Get high, get drunk, and we get shit crunk

Violate you might die or just get jumped

Jadakiss, Lil' Jon and them Eastside Boyz

D-Block, every nigga got at least five toys

Double R till they put me in the ground
And I come back as a bullet, nigga put me in the pound
Stop actin' like a bitch you scared
What up niggas the remix, put yo hood up niggas

[Hook]

[Verse 2 - Petey Pablo]

It's the dirty boy's home town, yeah bitch I'm on now
Act any motherfuckin' way I want cause shit I'm in my
own house
Music - extra, extra loud
Shorties - extra, extra out
My flows - four mics, get The Source bitch and check it
out
I came to knock this bastard down
Juic - ya bleedin' now
You be it - the Petey style
Why - hit the curb man I got 'em
With the open mouth
All I hear is oohs and awes
What ya mama said, damn Petey king now
Pow, I'm on they tails now
Helicopter well now
From Carolina to the ATL, it's hell now
Ah, simmer down, simmer down
Before they kick our ass out
Lil' Jon thanks for the sixteen, yeah now

[Hook]

[Verse 3 - Chyna Whyte]

Ha ha, keep the fame nigga I'm in it for the dough
Fuck the glow, what's the sense if you ain't got cash to
blow
I had to shift my gears from fast to slow
And get it past they time
Hopin' that when I call home they dead or press the
nine
I bet yo hood can't fuck with mine
Ooh the language I speak when them people roll
around
And niggas just don't crack they leak
And they too quick to quack they beak
You hungry nigga's ribs touchin' what
Now you want half my meat
You know the narrow
Nigga I still run with the four pound metals
Still lacin' the tracks with the pain of the ghetto
You boys livin' a dream like the Cosbys
And I'm tell ya one mo' time, no that ain't me on Foxy

Don't get it twisted I got hitters that'll do you in
And if the Feds come I got hitters that'll do my ten
With no problem, on every song I plant my flow
blossom
From guns to gospel, Chyna Whyte AKA The Apostle

[Verse 5 - Lil' Jon & The East Side Boyz]

Bia bia - put yo click up and shout it out loud
Bia bia - put yo click up and shout it out loud
Bia bia - get buck in the motherfuckin' crowd
Bia bia - get buck in the motherfuckin' crowd
We run this bitch, yo click ain't shit
We run this bitch, yo click ain't shit
We run this bitch, yo click ain't shit
We run this bitch, yo click ain't shit
Say nigga fuck you - fuck you
Nigga fuck you - fuck you
Nigga fuck you - fuck you
Nigga fuck you - fuck you
Nigga fuck you - fuck you
Nigga fuck you - fuck you
Nigga fuck you - fuck you
Nigga fuck you - fuck you
Nigga fuck you - fuck you

[Hook]

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