

D12**"Throw It Up"**

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Now when you reppin' in these streets say it..
And If you' handlin' your beef say it..
You got your hood on lock say..
If it's crime on your block say...

I put men on canvas
Have they ass' off the street Cancerous
We call that the "Hammer Dancers"
That's the 3-5-7 now the Feds want us
'cause we lead dump and head-hunters
Borough of every hood, In this crime life..
My name painted on the block or this limelight
A G ain't nuthin' but a letter, you can hang man
And these gang-wars, throughout the gang-lands
Got no problem for hurtin' the Church
My model was murkin' 'em first,
When they said they servin they're turf
With no sea-food, make 'em see-through
I'm into slappin' niggaz, next nigga...

... Me Too
My eliminations way too hasty, they don't chase me,
I send more red dot's than pastries,
When the medal is sworn, label me the desolate one,
It ain't no settlin' beef, I'm destined to come..
To any hood, it ain't no justice, you wishin' it was..
This crime life got me stealin' your goods
I'm a mental patient, on my way to the central station,
Ain't no wasting time... and I sure I facing time
Breaker-1-9, the cops be swarming
On they walkie talkies, tryin' to block me with a warnin'
I'm a dissappear like Spawn, and be gone
To the other side of the country, by the morning...

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Cold nights in the pen turn your heart cold,
Cold pinches we sleep on keep a black strong

My brother told me "lil' homie don't get this wrong...
If I get locked make sure you keep the dough flowin
The spots owein', no slowin', get your grind on"
I said for sure, and now you know I got the hood
slowed,
"My lil' bro keep up the front like he the one that owe"
By the time they figure out I'll be dead and gone

Now be careful when you see them homies hop out that
ride
You can catch a body shot and knock your ribs out your
side
And the cops are hesitant to come through these parts
here,
We head-hunters, so it's evident that we spark fear,
Takin' notes, but always give it to a person in need,
Of a serious chin-checkin' that occurin the deed,
To get our point across, clearly ain't no miss-
understanding,
Now there's nothing you can do to keep these missiles
from landin'
When the hooligans come out you should be runnin' for
cover
By the time you recoved from the hit, then here comes
anotha
And you know our presence is felt, like Christmas eve
Make an example out of you, for her and his to see
what?

Jumped in your car window, you and your boys get out
AK... Tech Nine... Shots rang out...
It's christmas time, my kid needs some toys,
That's why I'm in the Mini-van, with two of my boys
The King, Nigga I'm a don...
Detroit... Where niggaz snatch cartneys and alcazon...
I'm drunk as xxxxx go on lock me out
... and when I wake up, I'll be at your house chokin' you
out hahahahaha
I'm so fucking, out of my mind
I'm moving the east swines with 2 and a half lines
Street wars, my niggaz ready to fight (fight!)
Guns, pipes, we ready tonight!

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