

## **Blaze ya Dead Homie "Put It Down"**

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What up y'all?

This Jed Thumpman

Let me tell y'all a little story  
About a muthafucka that I know named Blaze

Now everytime we roll up a joint

Muthafuckas always be talkin' about Blaze Blaze Blaze

Man fuck Blaze  
This muthafucka act like he puttin' it down for the hood

Talkin' bout everybody know Blaze, big baller

I don't give a fuck

Dead muthafucka don't get no special treatment from  
me

Look at Sarie's son little Eric

You know that muthafucka down to wear a wheelchair

I hate that muthafucka

And I don't show him no special treatment

So Blaze can kiss my ass

I put in work for my hood

So fuck a 9 to 5

You can find me on the corner

Hustlin' on the grind

They call me Mr. Lump Lump

So when their heads hear the thunder and the bump

bump

They come out runnin' like the kids to the ice cream  
man

Children I'm sorry it's Blaze in the loony van  
Playin' Atari, and I gotta do a crime to loot and 8 ball

Semi automatic with a clip for the law  
All I wanna do is make money and smoke

Fuck hella bitches, and slang my dope

The law ain't good for a muthafuckin thang

But eatin' mad donuts, and gettin' all in the way

I been gone for more than a day, and some things  
changed

Some many died and some faded away  
I represent the ghetto from Harlem to Pinewood

I ride for the hood, I put it down for the hood

I put it down for the hood

I ride for the hood

And all my muthafuckas is up to no good

Cause everybody in the hood is trying to come up

So gimme all of your money before you get your ass  
stuck

I put it down for the hood

I ride for the hood

And all my muthafuckas is up to no good

Cause everybody in the hood is trying to come up

So gimme all of your money before you get your ass  
stuck

I've been dead to the world for the last 11 years  
My body's decomposing, I'm missin' part of my ear

Still gonna rock till the day I die again

Get up back from the dead, and ryde again

Walk again, talk thug shit, right  
Empty mack clips, right

Keep it old school, wanna see that bitch? Uh huh

When it's thugs in King's coats and Raider's caps

Killers, jerry curls, and baseball bats  
Ready to die like everyday

I put it down like a muthafucka, everyday

I drink brew and smoke weed like, everyday  
And we all trying to get paid but anyway

Killas don't talk, but this one do

Talk you out your wallet let the 45 blast you

Twice in the chest, once in the face

Plus the extra heater on the safe side in case  
Your bitch is wack well she can catch one too

Cause if you're down with your hood

Then your hood down with you

I put it down for the hood  
I ride for the hood

And all my muthafuckas is up to no good

Cause everybody in the hood is trying to come up  
So gimme all of your money before you get your ass  
stuck

I put it down for the hood

I ride for the hood  
And all my muthafuckas is up to no good

Cause everybody in the hood is trying to come up

So gimme all of your money before you get your ass  
stuck

Psychopathic just like thugs

We ball, and we fight

And just like the freaks I come out every night

Holdin' down the sidewalk

Standin' amongst muthafuckas that's soon to be  
outlined in chalk

Sippin' on a cold ass 40 of OE

Live from the DET we OG  
Pissy drunk always, we dead bumpin'  
Stay thug with the throw away in the trunk

Bitch slapper, fuck a bitch rapper

Bitches were made for fuckin' but that's another  
chapter  
Bitch you don't know me, don't approach me

Thinkin' that you're down with Blaze ya dead homie

G Blood imbedded in street blocks

That's why I put it down, and blast with many shots  
Bullet holes in my chest, it's all good

Man I even died for my hood, muthafucka

I put it down for the hood

I ride for the hood

And all my muthafuckas is up to no good

Cause everybody in the hood is trying to come up

So gimme all of your money before you get your ass  
stuck

I put it down for the hood  
I ride for the hood

And all my muthafuckas is up to no good

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