

Lil Jon And The Eastside Boys

"Throw It Up"

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(Chorus)

[4x] Throw it up Mother fucker throw it up

[4x] If you scared to throw it up get the fuck out the club

[Lil Jon (Eastside Boyz)]

[2x] Back up bitch get the fuck out my way

(Aye move the fuck back bitch, Move the fuck back)

[2x] What you looking at nigga, what you looking at nigga

(Not me or my click, we too trill my nigga)

[2x] We to deep off in this bitch, we too deep off in this bitch

(Its more of us than it is in the club stupid bitch)

Yall niggas over there (yall niggas aint shit)

Yall hoes over there (yall hoes aint shit)

[4x] We run this (what)

(Chorus)

[Pastor Troy]

The last nigga is the pastor

Ready to blast ya

You know: I don't play no mother fucking games

DSGB you know the name

Wood grain in the mother fucking Dooley Truck

Got the black and red seats with the Georgia tuft

And I got my helmet hangin out the winda

Ready to bust the head: of a fucking pretender

Nigga as soon as I enter

You know im making noise

Pastor Troy and the Eastside Boyz

AK bustin I ride the whole clip

I cock that hoe and let it mother fuckin rip

To sank shit is what I live for

Fuck him, Fuck her

Im representing

Put some more Yak in my mug

So I can throw it up

(Chorus)

[Lil Jon talking]

Ok ok hold the fuck up hold the fuck up

I'm looking round this bitch

I see a lot of niggas aint throwin up shit (What)

Ya'll niggas must be scared to represent yo shit (You
scare)

You must be scared nigga (Scared)

Fuck that shit

All my real niggas that proud of they hood

All my real ladies that proud of they hood

And they aint never been scared

Say this shit

[4x]

Bitch I aint scared

Bitch I aint scared

Bitch I aint scared

I aint scared mother fucker

[Pastor Troy]

Im gon represent where Im from

In the back of the club my tommy gun

Though when I chill

Fuckin burn one

Leave up out the club it's me little Jon

Ballin in the Benzes

Switchin up lanes

Talkin much shit cause we deep in the game cocaine

All white fuckin S fucking six

Young ass niggas I guess we filthy rich

My whole click ready to bust some heads

Imma throw it up bitch and I aint scared

Pastor Troy mother fucker

You know the routine

Represent for the home team

Throw it up

(Chorus)

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