

## Lil' Jon

# "Put Yo Hood Up Feat Jadakiss, Petey Pablo"

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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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