

Sean Paul

"Put'em Up"

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[Hook]Put em in the air, rep where you stay (x4)
Put em up my nigga put em up (x4)
I'm a west side nigga so fuck what ya think
I'm a south side nigga so fuck what ya think
I'm a north side nigga so fuck what ya think
I'm a east side nigga so fuck what ya think

[Baby D]Now you can catch me in a black tee iced up
In the club on a freak wit my sess up
See I don't give a fuck
Nigga knuck if you buck
I see through these weak niggas cuz I peak niggas
On my street niggas throwin up the east side buckin on
hoes
Get out my face young nigga fo I shot at your nose
I stay strapped call these fake niggas aint givin me that
Now he aint thinkin cuz I had to put a hole in his cap
Don't get it twisted by the rap homes
The way I rock homes
Stay in the streets with bricks get my grind on
I fuck wit real niggas out in the field niggas
2.5 on a crip befo the deal niggas
Ya think I'm playin wit ya betta listen what I'm sayin to
ya
Ya push me ima have to put these hands to ya
I'm on as concrete the nightmare on yo street
Aint nobody in the A fuckin wit me

[Hook]
[Sean Paul]Yea I'm back (back), drop top 'lac on deck
Crease in my slash shawty how you love dat

You know the name you hear the slang
Shawty slurrin out my mouth
Aint no thang you know we damn down in the dirty
south
I'm a east side nigga bitch I put it in yo face
All my niggas they gorillas they aint scared to get no
pay
Nigga traffin servin yay keep them heaters stowed
away

Young niggas hundred dolla billas killas where I stay
All my niggas they have bud and all
Smokin drankin servin yall
Young niggas we been a case, stashin dope up in they
jaw
From the po pos trappin on the back street
Killa of the night ride wit work up on the back street
Yea I'm for real hoe
Catch me switchin lane to lane
Comin down on candy mayne bumpin out of damn
shame
And yous a damn lame thankin that my fo don't ride
So Paul will work them all yall to the east side

[Hook]

[Pastor Troy]Last but not least it's the Pastor yall
Always been ready to ball
Big ol cars, gave me the words
Hit the O wit big blunts of herbs
South side nigga my hood rep well
You don't like detroit nigga go to hell
All I can tell, ya washed up
Try me home boy, ya fucked up
My home boys, DSGB, the is ridin with me
For ever damn the real rep the real
I'm puttin it up for my nigga Dolla Bill

[Hook]

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