

Jeff Loomis

"Throw It Up"

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(featuring Pastor Troy & Young Buck)

[Lil' Jon]

Let's go, let's go

Yeahhhh! (yo, yo)

Lil' Jon and the motherfuckin' East Side Boyz

(Ayo), ok, (ayo), Pastor Troy (come on) Yeah!

(D-S-G-B, come on), we represent for everybody,
everybody

All the real niggaz in America (come on)

Where you at or where the fuck you from (come on)

We represent for y'all (come on), who (come on), we
represent for

[Lil' Jon]

G-A, throw it up, naptown town, throw it up

Tennessee, throw it up, St. Louis, throw it up

J-Ville, throw it up, Mississippi, throw it up

Alabama, throw it up, V-A, throw it up

Detroit, throw it up, D-C, throw it up

Dallas, Texas, throw it up, the Carolinas, throw it up

Houston niggaz, throw it up, Louisiana, throw it up

The Bay niggaz, throw it up, let's go

[Lil' Jon]

Throw it up motherfucker, throw it up

Throw it up motherfucker, throw it up

Throw it up motherfucker, throw it up

Throw it up (where you from), throw it up

If you scared to throw it up get the fuck out the club

If you scared to throw it up get the fuck out the club

If you scared to throw it up get the fuck out the club

If you scared to throw it up get the fuck out the club

[Lil' Jon]

Back up bitch, get the fuck out my way

Hey, move the fuck back bitch, move the fuck back

Back up bitch, get the fuck out my way

Hey, move the fuck back bitch, move the fuck back

What you looking at nigga, what you looking at nigga

Not me or my click, we too trill my nigga

What you looking at nigga, what you looking at nigga

Not me or my click, we too trill my nigga
We too deep off in this bitch, we too deep off in this
bitch
It's more of us than it is in the club stupid bitch
We too deep off in this bitch, we too deep off in this
bitch
It's more of us than it is in the club stupid bitch
Y'all niggaz over there, y'all niggaz ain't shit
Y'all hoes over there, y'all hoes ain't shit
We run this, what, we run this, what
We run this, what, we run this, what

[Lil' Jon]

Throw it up motherfucker, throw it up
Throw it up motherfucker, throw it up
Throw it up motherfucker, throw it up
Throw it up (where you from), throw it up
If you scared to throw it up get the fuck out the club
If you scared to throw it up get the fuck out the club
If you scared to throw it up get the fuck out the club
If you scared to throw it up get the fuck out the club

[Pastor Troy]

The last nigga is the Pastor
Ready to blast ya
You know (come on), I don't play no motherfucking
games
D-S-G-B, you know the name
Wood grain in the motherfucking Dooley truck
Got the black and red seats with the Georgie tuft
And I got my helmet hanging out the window
Ready to bust the head of a fucking pretender
Nigga as soon as I enter you know I'm making noise
Pastor Troy and the East Side Boyz
A-K bustin', I ride the whole clip
I cock that hoe and let it motherfucking rip
To sank ship is what I live for
Fuck him (haha), fuck her (come on)
I'm representing, put some more Yak in my mug (come
on)
So I can throw it up

[Lil' Jon]

Throw it up motherfucker, throw it up
Throw it up motherfucker, throw it up
Throw it up motherfucker, throw it up
Throw it up (where you from), throw it up
If you scared to throw it up get the fuck out the club
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[Lil' Jon]

Yeah, ok, ok, hold the fuck up, hold the fuck up, yeah
I'm looking round this bitch, aha
I see a lot of niggaz ain't throwin' up shit, what
Y'all niggaz must be scared to represent your shit, you
scared
You must be scared nigga, you scared
Fuck that shit, fuck it
All my real niggaz, what's up, that's proud of they
hood, yeah
All my real ladies, yeah, that's proud of they hood,
yeah
And they ain't never been scared, yeah
Say this shit, yeah

[Lil' Jon]

Bitch I ain't scared, bitch I ain't scared
Bitch I ain't scared, I ain't scared motherfucker
Bitch I ain't scared, bitch I ain't scared
Bitch I ain't scared, I ain't scared motherfucker
Bitch I ain't scared, bitch I ain't scared
Bitch I ain't scared, I ain't scared motherfucker
Bitch I ain't scared, bitch I ain't scared
Bitch I ain't scared, I ain't scared motherfucker

[Young Buck]

Born in the dirty, dirty, stop and they still spinnin'
They tried to hit me like 50 but bitch I'm still livin'
Flinch and I get ya hit, do it like them Georgia boys
The A-K with the rubber grip, it's something they ain't
seen before
Look Jon I think they scared, let's bring them down
south
And show 'em how the Chevy's look and how our hoes
bounce
Shorty don't want no trouble, shorty don't wanna fight
But let him keep talkin' I bet ya shorty gon' die tonight
I planned on gettin' put out the club before I came
My hood down for whatever, we all ride with them
thangs
Breakin' bottles 'cross niggaz heads, fuck what a hater
said
Them gangstas don't live long as the ones that ain't
breakin' bread
I tried to keep it up, just quit and let my man's get it
Don't see no bricks but I still got my hands in it
Cashville, Tennekey. I told you Imma blow it up
G-Unit Soldier, my nigga. Now go on and throw it up.

[Lil' Jon]

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