

Petey Pablo

"Put Yo Hood Up"

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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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