

7L & Esoteric f/ Beyonder

"Throw 'Em Up"

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[Intro: old school samples]

"Clap your hands to the beat... clap-clap your hands to the beat..."

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"If you came tonight, and you feel all gold
Somebody say HOOOOOOOOO! (HOOOOOOOOOOO!)
HOOOOOOOOO! (HOOOOOOOOOOO!) And you don't stop"

[Esoteric]

Yo, yo

I stay loose like a, decayed tooth

Call shots like Babe Ruth, sippin the Grey Goose

The Je-sus of rap, you haters just mad

Cause {**censored**} is on the map, to blaze up the track black

My style, when I be rippin this

Is like Shallow Hal before the hypnotist

E-S, cats be sayin 'I hate you'

Cause I spit shit that they can't relate to

Like havin faggot girls date you

Wanna rape you, taste you, embrace you

Havin dope beat makers wanna mace you

Fans chase you, cats scared to face you

Plus, I stay in the latest gear

This Red Stripe, ain't Jamaican beer

(Is that Prada?) No doubt, now you can find us
buyin out the bars like we're payin ghostwriters, now

[Chorus]

Young ladies throw your drinks up (throw 'em up)

Make your waist and the bassline sync up

To my thug cats with they arms inked up

Throw 'em up what? Throw 'em up what?

To my fly girls lookin pretty (yeah I see you)

Throw your things up, rep y'all city (rep that)

Everybody if y'all with me

Throw 'em up WHAT, WHAT, WHAT?

[Beyonder]

We came with five chicks who say they models

Sippin out the Belve' just like it was a 40 bottle
Meet up with Jah-Sun, we just the freshest
Pass your front line, fuck your guest list
Who is this? Slide to the bar see
Drinkin Bacardi, no need for Pepsi
And when I'm sippin Grey, no need for Ocean Spray
Flag it down in style with a glass of Hennessy
That's for you darlin, let's go and sit a while
When we sat down she told me that she liked my style
Oh really now? This girl wasn't playin games
Give out the brain and I didn't even catch her name
(Yo that shit is ill) Beyonder always tell hoes
to hop the orange line and take their broken ass to
Telos
(That's real) But yo it gets worse
Cause I dipped out the club with her Burberry purse

[Chorus] w/ ad libs

[Esoteric]

Yo, I stay rap related, it's just my style though
No matter where I be, intro to outro
In an 80's club, listenin to Falco
With a chick lookin like Gwynneth Paltrow
While y'all girls eatin Alpo
And tryin on the size 18 out though
I'm so live, flow I pro-vide
In N.Y., I keep it gully like low tide
Shorty said I'm so mean
Cause I'm 27, and she was 19
(What does that mean?) Yo that's just my reason
I told her, you'll understand when you're older
I'm a soldier (I'm goin with you Sea)
No you can leave your playpen when I say when
It's iron in the mentals, standin eight ten
Goin straight to heaven I plan to make friends so

[Chorus] w/ ad libs

[Outro]

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