

## **Lil' Jon & the Eastside Boyz**

### **"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  
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]

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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