

## **Hot Boys F/ Bullet Proof**

### **"Put it Down"**

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What up y'all?  
This Jed Thumpman  
Let me tell y'all a little story  
About a muthafucka that I know named Blaze  
Now everytime we roll up a joint  
Muthafuckas always be talkin' about Blaze Blaze Blaze  
Man fuck Blaze  
This muthafucka act like he puttin' it down for the hood  
Talkin' bout everybody know Blaze, big baller  
I don't give a fuck  
Dead muthafucka don't get no special treatment from  
me  
Look at Sarie's son little Eric  
You know that muthafucka down to wear a wheelchair  
I hate that muthafucka  
And I don't show him no special treatment  
So Blaze can kiss my ass

I put in work for my hood  
So fuck a 9 to 5  
You can find me on the corner  
Hustlin' on the grind  
They call me Mr. Lump Lump  
So when their heads hear the thunder and the bump  
bump  
They come out runnin' like the kids to the ice cream  
man  
Children I'm sorry it's Blaze in the loony van  
Playin' Atari, and I gotta do a crime to loot and 8 ball  
Semi automatic with a clip for the law  
All I wanna do is make money and smoke  
Fuck hella bitches, and slang my dope  
The law ain't good for a muthafuckin thang  
But eatin' mad donuts, and gettin' all in the way  
I been gone for more than a day, and some things  
changed  
Some many died and some faded away  
I represent the ghetto from Harlem to Pinewood  
I ride for the hood, I put it down for the hood  
  
I put it down for the hood

I ride for the hood  
And all my muthafuckas is up to no good  
Cause everybody in the hood is trying to come up  
So gimme all of your money before you get your ass  
stuck  
I put it down for the hood  
I ride for the hood  
And all my muthafuckas is up to no good  
Cause everybody in the hood is trying to come up  
So gimme all of your money before you get your ass  
stuck

I've been dead to the world for the last 11 years  
My body's decomposing, I'm missin' part of my ear  
Still gonna rock till the day I die again  
Get up back from the dead, and ryde again  
Walk again, talk thug shit, right  
Empty mack clips, right  
Keep it old school, wanna see that bitch? Uh huh  
When it's thugs in King's coats and Raider's caps  
Killers, jerry curls, and baseball bats  
Ready to die like everyday  
I put it down like a muthafucka, everyday  
I drink brew and smoke weed like, everyday  
And we all trying to get paid but anyway  
Killas don't talk, but this one do  
Talk you out your wallet let the 45 blast you  
Twice in the chest, once in the face  
Plus the extra heater on the safe side in case  
Your bitch is wack well she can catch one too  
Cause if you're down with your hood  
Then your hood down with you

I put it down for the hood  
I ride for the hood  
And all my muthafuckas is up to no good  
Cause everybody in the hood is trying to come up  
So gimme all of your money before you get your ass  
stuck  
I put it down for the hood  
I ride for the hood  
And all my muthafuckas is up to no good  
Cause everybody in the hood is trying to come up  
So gimme all of your money before you get your ass  
stuck

Psychopathic just like thugs  
We ball, and we fight  
And just like the freaks I come out every night  
Holdin' down the sidewalk  
Standin' amongst muthafuckas that's soon to be

outlined in chalk  
Sippin' on a cold ass 40 of OE  
Live from the DET we OG  
Pissy drunk always, we dead bumpin'  
Stay thug with the throw away in the trunk  
Bitch slapper, fuck a bitch rapper  
Bitches were made for fuckin' but that's another  
chapter  
Bitch you don't know me, don't approach me  
Thinkin' that you're down with Blaze ya dead homie  
G Blood imbedded in street blocks  
That's why I put it down, and blast with many shots  
Bullet holes in my chest, it's all good  
Man I even died for my hood, muthafucka

I put it down for the hood  
I ride for the hood  
And all my muthafuckas is up to no good  
Cause everybody in the hood is trying to come up  
So gimme all of your money before you get your ass  
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I put it down for the hood  
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