

The Union

"Throw It Up"

Visit "[Throw It Up](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

featuring Buckshot and Kasino

We don't fuck wit no devils

Word up

Word up yo

Muthafuckers gettin' hurt up yo

Straight murder yo

Bushot da beady eyed MC

In da back of me is the black ruby

Listen to dis

Don't get caught up in da mist nigga

Watch this nigga

[Buckshot]

What da fuck yall niggas tryna say to me

Step this way, B

And get smacked blaintly

Lately

Mad niggas hate

But I don't give a fuck

Tatoos on my stomach

Plus on my nuts

You get two in ya gut

Straight through da backbone

Sen ya back home

While you be in da crack home

Wit da fake gat phone

Lookin' you all alone

Let me give you a tip

Keep a firm grip

On da heat

You on't want white sheets

Decorating da streets

Shit ain't sweet

Muthafucker suppose to eat

So pass da plate

Cause I'm gonna dump some food on yall niggas

At a fast rate

Fuck tryna wait

I heard them all talk da talk

But they never walk da walk

Niggas hesitate now

Yall niggas said I don't speak loud

But how

Buckshot voice move da crowd

Split you like a white owl

Plow right through yall

In a day

Niggas don't know what to say

I'm a pay lil' niggas

So they throw it my way

But by the end of the day

Bitches buy weight

Only give those hoes boosted clothes

Fuck pretty bitches

I learned not to love those

Buckshot da beady eyed

I ain't aposed

Nigga what

My jewels got yall niggas froze

Chorus

Throw it up

Nigga throw it up

Buck da beady eyed

Put two in ya gut

Nigga throw it up

Representing B-C-C

Da beady eyed MC

Nigga what

What, what, what, what

K-A-S

What, what, what

I-N-O

What, what, what

K-A-S

[Kasino]

You can't knock my hustle

We can ball

If it's contact sport

I touch yall

Think small when the contracts bought

I crush yall

Had to crawl before I walk

Now I'm learning to bust now

When da price of coke sky rise

Your team shut down

While da real players play

Yall niggas just play around

I figure know

Which one of these cowards

A spray aroud

Do you really bust your gun

Or like da way it sound

You decide know

Sweater I lay it down

When da beef comes

We squeeze metal

Yall niggas play da ground

I feel like I'm in da circus

Fuckin' wit clowns
Never take me serious
Till I start strippin' them down
Got his pants by his ankles
Bet he's listening know
No one ever fucks me
Less I'm lifting a gown
I need these funds
Trust me yall gonna need these guns
Life's a bitch
And I'm a fuck somethin'
See if she cums
Kasino
K-A-S-I-N-O
Quietly
You gonna say my name
Try it right
[Buckshot]
Throw da bomb at yall
Me I throw it back
I'm off da meatrack
When I'm writing exact
And I smack all you silly niggas
For really niggas
On my last nerve
Should of stop when I gave doop

My word

I heard

Niggas don't pay me no mind

I'm a shackle that your whole line

Crush your body frame

Get blasted out

Perfect python to blow your chest out

Nigga no doubt

Kinda brolic is in me

I'm just da walking manifestation

Of what you wanna be

Don't front on me

Start da onslught

Muthafucker what you thought

My niggas do it for sport

Blow up ya court

Fuck a fort

We fornafide

Stay high wit da purify

Blurry eyed

Beady eyed

Going through wit da mist of da wind

Niggas can't fuck wit dis

Whenever I begin

Blow yall niggas up

Be at da show

Fo-four yall niggas up

Chorus

Visit [The Union](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.