

Kenny Latimore F/ Chante Moore

"Up Them Thangs"

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That's hot (crazy)

[Cadillac Tah]

Yeahh, gangsta! What the fuck nigga?

Cadillac Tah, uhh

E-Dub - this fuckin beat is gangsta nigga

Word, uhh, c'mon, uhh

Whattup Murray? Welcome home nigga

Yeah, let's lay it down nigga, gangsta style

Yeah, uhh, c'mon, yeah

[Erick Sermon]

Yo, aiyyo I be the bandit, make dough expand it

Army bag full that blow mass transit

Cats can't stand it, oh God damn it

invade earth like a UFO landed

Rolex or standard, you got cheese Grant-ed

You still can't hang with the Green Eyed Bandit

Your chains tampered, caught red-handed

They asked you to run ya jewels and you ran it

Smile you on candid, fake thugs canned it

Got shot and +Scream+ed, like Michael and Janet

Tape SoundScanned it, b-boys slammed it

Gots to play my tune cause radio demand it

This here's the real, hardcore steel

Boogie Down Production, KRS-One feel

That there's the deal, Ron grab the steel

Set b-boy stance and grab my deallz

[Chorus: Erick Sermon]

Yo yo watch 'em rings (up dem thangs)

Or your cheese (up dem thangs)

Your credit cards (up dem thangs)

Yeah right now (up dem thangs)

Your car keys (up dem thangs)

The accesories (up dem thangs)

Cristal bottles (up dem thangs)

Yeah right now (up dem thangs)

[Cadillac Tah]

Yeah, playboy we bang if that chain hang

with diamond clusters - POV CITY HUSTLERS!
Y'all niggaz is busters, Mr. Murder
A.K.A. Cadillac and rat-a-tat BLAM!
Niggaz be shot for blue rocks, you not
willin to die so UP, DEM, THANGS
Or the bullets'll fly TOUCH, YO, FRAME
Believe me it's nuttin mayn, spittin lead from heat
dogg
This my bread and meat, picture me starvin
Got a degree in robbin, kickin in doors and runnin
in stores boy I'm heartless give you the whole cartridge
You look like a smart dude, relentless
So resistance ain't a smart move, BLUKA BLUKA!
Let 'em have it for the karats silly rabbit get nailed
When the hammer swingin
Chop your hand off and sawed off your diamond ring
an' my nigga Murray touch down on it, time to push it

[Chorus: Keith Murray]

Oh y'all niggaz flashin dough? (up dem thangs)
Oh y'all all got chains? (up dem thangs)
Oh y'all got diamond rings? (up dem thangs)
Yo y'all niggaz know my name (up dem thangs)
Oh y'all niggaz got benji's (up dem thangs)
Oh y'all niggaz playin games? (up dem thangs)
Oh y'all think shit is sweet? (up dem thangs)
Man we take it to the streets (up dem thangs)

[Keith Murray]

Listen young boy this here ain't no game
You comin around us you gon' up them thangs
Rings chains and watch, and your ears give me the
rocks
We stickin motherfuckers for they shoes and socks
You got Benji's? Up 'em - chains? Tuck 'em
Nah, I don't love 'em - get 'em, yeah fuck 'em
We supposed to be brothers - oh you tryin to kick some
knowledge nigga?
Save that garbage and come up out your pockets
Before money wasn't a thang, it grew on trees
Now my gat is in your mouth you yellin, "No Keith
please!"
I get another and another, a sister and a brother
Who love 'em they momma love 'em cause I damn sure
don't love 'em
Run up on 'em like - yo, who got the weed?
UP DEM THANGS nigga gimme dat cheese!
If you don't want it to rain, and feel this pain
I strongly encourage y'all to up dem thangs

(up dem thangs) (up dem thangs) (up dem thangs) (up

dem thangs)
(up dem thangs) (up dem thangs) (up dem thangs) (up
dem thangs)

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