

Throw Ya Hood Up

Tha Dogg Pound

[Chorus:]Just throw ya hood up (Throw ya hood up)
Throw it up, fire up, got the rag and the bag
Just throw ya hood up (Throw ya hood up)
Six-deuces, Chevrolet's in the back poppin' flags
Throw Ya Hood Up (Throw Ya Hood Up)
Ride out, I'm a cock it back nigga, let it fly out
Just throw ya hood up (Throw ya hood up)
Mash on, fuck these niggaz get ya blast on homie
[Kurupt:]Tired of the bullshit, let me show ya how it's done
Never gave a fuck about these bitch niggaz or the ones
Run up on you and your homeboys nigga
Got a semi for you and your homeboys nigga
On these niggaz, run it like I own these niggaz
Just me and D-A-Z up on these niggaz
Man cock it, hit they spot quick
Hit the pot where the rocks sit
The kitchen, shut down the pigeons
Under the floorboard is our shit
Gangbang 101 motherfucker, all profit now
Dogg Pound, catch me with the Chuck's on the ground
Stampedin', stompin', what the fuck's goin' down
Tell me homie, what you want it later or now?
Sit it down busta boy, or bust a toy
Bust your boy to let ya know the noise annoys
Get rolled on like alloy
Your whole hood's full of these niggaz
Bustas, mark bitches and snitches
Hittin' niggaz up like what you lookin' at nigga?
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[Daz Dillinger:]I see a lot of motherfuckers say they bang
But when they in the spot they be tuckin' they chain
Don't trip with a cold killa fresh off the street

Your heart skip a beat, knockin' fools right off they feet
Wanna be me like the way I sound and rap, runnin' the map
(Get hit with the strap nigga for talkin' that smack)
You got me fucked up nigga, stay down with what you get
Eastside Long Beach, my niggaz will trip
Got the streets behind me, everybody is grimey
21st Street in Long Beach is where you can find me
So push back, yeah nigga yo I did that

Gutter spots nigga where all the dealers hang at
(This nigga hangin' on the ave') Where you bang?
(He tried to bang on Daz) What you claim?
(He tried to wave his flag) That ain't the same
(And when we catch him outside nigga) Bang-bang-bang
I'm a stone cold rapper with money to burn
With money to earn, y'all niggaz will learn
(When they see me in the party I'll be givin' it up)
This for my niggaz and my bitches so everybody
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[Daz Dillinger:]Yeah, we tryin' to see who the livest gangbanger
Up in this motherfucker, from female to male
We gon' do it a little somethin' like this
Do the Eastside run this motherfucker? (Hell Yeah!)
Do the Northside run this motherfucker? (Hell Yeah!)
Do the Southside run this motherfucker? (Hell Yeah!)
Do the Westside run this motherfucker? (Hell Yeah!)
I'm back up out the black smoke, ready for whatever ya bring
I ain't talkin' that shit, I'll be the first to swing
This the hood life, young niggaz doin' anything for them hood stripes
(Nigga we just ready for a club fight)
Late night when them thangs go off
When I bust up on a nigga and his head blown off
You gotta be with it to be throwin' ya set up
[Kurupt:]Get outta lines, outta bounds, get wet up
Chipped, split, spread out
I'm a go Cube on these niggaz, and take 'em to the hood
And show 'em how they 'sposed to bang and pitch in
Swervin', I got some hush puppies to crack for bitches

It's me and Daz, citywide bangers nigga
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