

Throw Up Yo' Hood

Lil Jon & The East Side Boyz

This what I want you to do, I want you to go to the bar
Go buy the most expensive drink and pour it on a nigga you don't like
Nigga, yeah, we ain't come here to rock the crowd
Nigga, we came here to start a fuckin' fight
Bitch, you know how we do it We came to get it crunk, we came to get drunk
We came to chill in V.I.P. and smoke a couple of blunts
And pull a couple of dimes, spit a couple of rhymes
And if niggaz jump fly I got a couple of nines I'm ahead of my time 'cause I stay on my grind
'Cause most niggaz be lettin' hoes play with they mind
But not me 'cause homey don't play that
You see me with a strap homey gon' spray that shit Where ya face at, you talkin' now take that
You talkin' out the side of ya neck, don't make me break that
Slap you, slap him, clap you, clap him
'Cause I ain't got time for all that wrestlin' I'm just a cool dude when I'm in a good mood
But when I'm pissed off my attitude is fuck you
I'm like a tattoo, I never go away
That's why I ride with a tech and the throw-away All my niggaz and my bitches
Throw yo hood in the mothafuckin' air, throw it up
And if ya'll get money like we get money
Let me hear ya'll scream, oh yeah All my niggaz and my bitches
Throw yo hood in the mothafuckin' air, throw it up
And if ya'll smoke weed like we smoke weed
Let me hear ya'll scream, oh yeah Throw yo hood up nigga and tear the club up
While I'm in the parkin' lot tryna tear my dubs up
I'm Cadillac pimpin' like the Young Bloodz
So come to Texas and smoke the best bud niggga I got what you want, I got what you need
And can't nobody throw a party like me
So quit ya frontin' and quit ya cappin'
See that's why you small cats never flip to platinum All my niggaz, my niggaz and my bitches
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