

# Put'Em Up (feat. Sean P. & Pastor Troy)

## Baby D

[Hook]

Put em in the air, rep where you stay (x4)

Put em up my nigga put em up (x4)

I'm a west side nigga so fuck what ya think

I'm a south side nigga so fuck what ya think

I'm a north side nigga so fuck what ya think

I'm a east side nigga so fuck what ya think[Baby D]

Now you can catch me in a black tee iced up

In the club on a freak wit my sess up

See I don't give a fuck

Nigga knuck if you buck

I see through these weak niggas cuz i peak niggas

On my street niggas throwin up the east side buckin on hoes

Get out my face young nigga fo i shot at your nose

I stay strapped call these fake niggas aint givin me that

Now he aint thinkin cuz i had to put a hole in his cap

Don't get it twisted by the rap homes

The way I rock homes

Stay in the streets with bricks get my grind on

I fuck wit real niggas out in the field niggas

2.5 on a crip befo the deal niggas

Ya think im playin wit ya betta listen what i'm sayin to ya

Ya push me ima have to put these hands to ya

I'm on as concrete the nightmare on yo street

Aint nobody in the A fuckin wit me[Hook][Sean Paul]

Yea im back (back), drop top 'lac on deck

Crease in my slash shawty how you love dat

You know the name you hear the slang

Shawty slurrin out my mouth

Aint no thang you know we damn down in the dirty south

I'm a east side nigga bitch i put it in yo face

All my niggas they gorillas they aint scared to get no pay

Nigga traffin servin yay keep them heaters stowed away

Young niggas hundred dolla billas killas where i stay

All my niggas they have bud and all

Smokin drankin servin yall

Young niggas we been a case, stashin dope up in they jaw

From the po pos trappin on the back street

Killa of the night ride wit work up on the back street

Yea I'm for real hoe  
Catch me switchin lane to lane  
Comin down on candy mayne bumpin out of damn shame  
And yous a damn lame thankin that my fo dont ride  
So Paul will work them all yall to the east side[Hook][Pastor Troy]  
Last but not least its the Pastor yall  
Always been ready to ball  
Big ol cars, gave me the words  
Hit the O wit big blunts of herbs  
South side nigga my hood rep well  
You don't like detroit nigga go to hell  
All I can tell, ya washed up  
Try me home boy, ya fucked up  
My home boys, DSGB, the (??) is ridin with me  
For ever damn the real rep the real  
I'm puttin it up for my nigga Dolla Bill[Hook]

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