Throw Your Flags Up

Pastor Troy

[Verse 1: Pastor Troy] I'm in my big body Benz, Shoot a bird at them coppers, Riding with 4 of my friends While blowing smoke in the wind Up out the window my flag I got my foot on the gas Then my yak on the dash Riding the streets of Atlanta Then we run up at yo ass Better take out the camera Until I die, bet I'ma through it up D.S.G.B. on my banner, raised high It's Pastor Troy, 2000, don't give a Throw up yo flags [Hook:] Throw yo flags up! [7x] Come on you scared, you scared [Verse 2: Pastor Troy] Know that Pastor and Peter, on the hunt for the reaper I got them fifteen's pushing, trying to rip up the speaker Small ice, CMB got the world in a dro' We flexing hard in Atlanta, or we get the scope 2nd CD, and I'm bout to Boss Hog It's GA, Georgia Tech or Bulldog Them Georgia boys my army forever we stand equipped Atlanta to Augusta a hustla straight out the rip We ain't bout to play round with ya, we cutting ya down Ready for whatever you better go ask around A million little boys trying to sound like me A sack of fries cheap, but I ain't chicken Now everybody copying the one that dissed P Soon as you think I'm slippin, you hear that pistol clickin' Better throw up yo flag and tell me that you surrender And I'ma try my best to eat yo ass for dinner Throw it up [Hook:] Throw yo flags up! [3x] come on you scared, you scared Throw yo flags up! [3x] yeah, yeah Throw yo flags up! [3x] yeah, yeah [Talking and shoutouts to end] Throw yo flags up! [3x] come on you scared, you scared

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