

# Throw Yo Hood Up

## Silkk The Shocker

No Limit, yeah southern hospitality we seizin it on you, my nigga Silkk  
The Shocker, Snoop D,O double G, why, D,O double G, beats by the pizound,  
You know what I'm sayin? From the NO to the LBC.[Chorus]  
All my real gangstas throw yo hood up  
Throw yo hood up, throw yo hood up  
Now to all my real soldiers throw yo hood up  
Throw yo hood up, throw yo hood up Fancy cars, diamond rings, bad ass bitches  
Lots of cocaine, smokin on the best bud  
Givin up that west love  
Got them bitches shakin they ass, all in the club Now some call us the players, others call us the pimps  
So on the level lets talk about hoes  
Some hoes dig us an lets talk about pimp shhh  
You know we don't show no tricks or bitch niggas no love  
You should know all the way to Snoop  
Nigga pimpin's all up in our blood Now trip this for a second nigga  
I'm bout to drop some more pimp shit on yo ass  
Have you ever slapped a bitch?  
Have you ever counted over a thousand dollars in cash?  
Nigga if you ain't never did that shit before  
Get the fuck up out my face, 'fore  
I have to pull this tray 8 up out my muthafuckin waist An if you don't do it, I'm a do it  
These niggas be talkin so bad, an ???  
I could slap a bitch, like I had a million dollars in cash  
So it ain't no thang, bitch backed up  
Give a nigga some room before I bust  
I give a fuck about a hoe, I might get a fuckin nut  
Get tha fuck an get up, throw it up [Chorus: x2] It's the S,N double O, P  
Nigga an this is Silkk The Shocker  
Automatic with rockers, yo girl automatic gonna jock us  
From the LB to the NO, represent  
Me an my camp for, blaze up like indo  
Like dirt up in a rental Nigga at the right place we caught you at the wrong time  
An my team bout to beat you down, ain't no fuckin game  
You threw up the wrong sign  
See I went from hundred dollar rock spots  
To umm, million dollar raps  
I want a 1.5 from the day I turn this debt Now Peter Piper picked peppers, while I pimped hoes  
An my white drop rolls, an it's sittin on vogues  
Jack was nimble, was nimble

Nigga he was a bitch, let niggas smack him  
Punk him, an jackin his shit, when you in it, you gotta get ignit  
'cause niggas will play you, lay you, then they spray you  
Ok you, gotta little money an you figure you hard  
You bought two pitbulls for your big backyard  
Now let me be frank with you, in this game  
You betta have a lotta homies, some straps an a tank  
With you, 'cause these niggas they be playin for keeps  
While you sleepin, they creepin, that's word to my mama[Chorus]All my real gangstas, I'm what, nigga what?  
All my real soldiers, I'm what, nigga what?I'm a G-A-N-S-T to the A  
I got niggas throwin up they hood from NY to ZA  
I probably won't get five mics 'cause I hurt this much  
But they don't understand, that's why I'm worth this much  
See all my real ass soldiers grab yo shit an act bad  
An all my real niggas grab the guns, weed, an  
My mission to cash, see y'all busters can't hold me down  
Like the police they had the wrong guy an if I tell you somethin  
Believe it like you seen it with your own eyes  
Damn tell you what, meanin what?  
See I make gangsta shit they want to tell us clean it up  
Now I walked in, straight up outta some thuggish shit  
Don't tell me nothin to be here try to tear the club up bitch  
Now don't have me trade the mutha fuckin tape for the crack  
Don't have me go back to tradin the mic for the gat  
(see you love them hoes back in the days)  
Nigga please, you gonna fall back like ??? without a sack  
So either fall back on keys or forty g's  
See I'm bout bigger paydays, I don't set trip, I set clips into AK's  
See I done shit bitch, not see me go, I run shit bitch  
Like a CEO, now Snoop how you spell gangsta? Spell it DPG  
An I spell soldier N-O-L-I,M-I to the T  
(That's 'cause we different riders)What? I'm nigga, nigga what? I'm nigga what, I'm nigga, what, what?  
I'm nigga what? I'm nigga, nigga what? I'm nigga what, I'm nigga, nigga  
What? From the NO to the L-be, be, haha, from the east to the west coast,  
To that dirty mutha fuckin south, to the nizorth, my little brother  
Silkk The Shizocker, an Snoop. (Real niggas unite you heard me?) That's  
How we do it nigga, playas fool, now destroyed them mutha fuckin  
Enemies.

Songwriters

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