

Throw 'Em Up

Master P

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

[Master P]

Chorus x4

Throw em up if you a soldier, if you dodging these niggas, these bitches and
the rollersThe clock hits twelve, I'm on the grind
Punching your code if you want these nickles, quarters and dimes
I got the ghetto soed up like mack diamonds and windy
And I got more sealers than JC Pennies
Throw it up if you a soldier
But if you a punk motherfucker talkin shit and working with the rollers
You better duck down quick when the tank pops
Cause we be slanging automatic fucking slangshots
I went from halves, to hoes with weed to working water
From selling grams, to motherfuckin quarters
From quarter keys, to really tapes and cd's
Not every nigga in the hood knows me
Uhhhhhh, but getting rowdy
Stayin TRU to the game, and still bout it bout itChorus x4I'm a represent my hood till I die
And when I'm gone put it on the blimp and let it ride
Third ward, calliope, nigga Master P
A ghetto nigga, live and made history
Aint no mugging, just thugs with me
Aint no hugging, aint no loving P
These ghetto heroes is dead and gone
That's why niggas in the ghetto live like Al Capone
I be breaking niggas like ice in Iceland
Crushing niggas like sevens in dice games
Nickel plated meters knocking down doors
With hoes and gators, jaboos and polo's
So watch your back when you hustling crack
Cause jackers take your life away and aint no coming back
Uh, I seen alot of movies, but this shit is real
And only cars get brand new grillsChorus x4[Kane & Abel]

Automatic gats for combat what we pack
Flip niggas like flapjacks, with oz's and crack
We killing with tatooes our guns and balls
The car with the tek-nine in my droor
Went from selling double up's to going double platinum
For selling crack and, jack and gun clapping and rapping
Watch me smoke my little weed, got my drink and bud
What's up to all the slangers, the bangers, bloods and 'cause
I was a soldier, I still remain a soldier
A cobra, even sold my mamma a bowl a
Down a fifty of hennese and blow a bag of doshia
Quarter keys with five G's which a hustle for D
Now selling gold LP's, that's a hustling for cheese
G's don't give a fuck till the world blow up
Game over, Kane and Abel, no limit soldiers[Master P]
No Limit soldiers, I thought I told ya!Chorus 4X

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