

Throw It Up (f. Pastor Troy)

Lil Jon & The East Side Boyz

[Chorus]

Throw it up Mother fucker throw it up [Repeat: x4]

If you scared to throw it up get the fuck out the club [Repeat: x4][Lil Jon (Eastside Boyz)]

Back up bitch get the fuck out my way [Repeat: x2]

(Aye move the fuck back bitch, Move the fuck back)What you looking at nigga, what you looking at nigga
[Repeat: x2]

(Not me or my click, we too trill my nigga)We too deep off in this bitch, we too deep off in this bitch [Repeat: x4]
(Its more of us than it is in the club stupid bitch)Y'all niggas over there (y'all niggas ain't shit)

Y'all hoes over there (y'all hoes ain't shit)We run this (what)[Chorus][Pastor Troy]

The last nigga is the pastor

Ready to blast ya

You know, I don't play no mother fucking games

DSGB you know the name

Wood grain in the mother fucking Dooley Truck

Got the black and red seats with the Georgia tuft

And I got my helmet hanging out the winda

Ready to bust the head, of a fucking pretender

Nigga as soon as I enter

You know I'm making noise

Pastor Troy and the Eastside Boyz

AK busting I ride the whole clip

I cock that hoe and let it mother fuckin rip

To sank shit is what I live for

Fuck him, Fuck her

I'm representing

Put some more Yak in my mug

So I can throw it up[Chorus][Lil Jon]

Ok ok hold the fuck up hold the fuck up

I'm looking round this bitch

I see a lot of niggas ain't throwin up shit (What)

Ya'll niggas must be scared to represent yo shit (You scared)

You must be scared nigga (Scared)

Fuck that shit

All my real niggas that proud of they hood

All my real ladies that's proud of they hood

And they ain't never been scared

Say this shit[Repeat: x4]

Bitch I ain't scared

Bitch I ain't scared

Bitch I ain't scared
I ain't scared mother fucker[Pastor Troy]
I'm goin' represent where I'm from
In the back of the club my Tommy gun
Though when I chill
Fucking burn one
Leave up out the club it's me little Jon
Balling in the Benzes
Switching up lanes
Talking much shit cause we deep in the game cocaine
All white fucking S fucking six
Young ass niggas I guess we filthy rich
My whole click ready to bust some heads
I'ma throw it up bitch and I ain't scared
Pastor Troy mother fucker
You know the routine
Represent for the home team
Throw it up[Chorus]

Songwriters

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