

Throw 'Em Up

Master P

[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

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnllyrics.com/>