

Put It Down

Blaze Ya Dead Homie

What up y'all?
This Jed Thumpman
Let me tell y'all a little story
About a muthafucka that I know named Blaze
Now everytime we roll up a joint
Muthafuckas always be talkin' about Blaze Blaze Blaze
Man fuck Blaze
This muthafucka act like he puttin' it down for the hood
Talkin' bout everybody know Blaze, big baller
I don't give a fuck
Dead muthafucka don't get no special treatment from me
Look at Sarie's son little Eric
You know that muthafucka down to wear a wheelchair
I hate that muthafucka
And I don't show him no special treatment
So Blaze can kiss my ass

I put in work for my hood
So fuck a 9 to 5
You can find me on the corner
Hustlin' on the grind
They call me Mr. Lump Lump
So when their heads hear the thunder and the bump bump
They come out runnin' like the kids to the ice cream man
Children I'm sorry it's Blaze in the loony van
Playin' Atari, and I gotta do a crime to loot and 8 ball
Semi automatic with a clip for the law
All I wanna do is make money and smoke
Fuck hella bitches, and slang my dope
The law ain't good for a muthafuckin thang
But eatin' mad donuts, and gettin' all in the way
I been gone for more than a day, and some things changed
Some many died and some faded away
I represent the ghetto from Harlem to Pinewood
I ride for the hood, I put it down for the hood

I put it down for the hood
I ride for the hood
And all my muthafuckas is up to no good
Cause everybody in the hood is trying to come up
So gimme all of your money before you get your ass stuck
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I've been dead to the world for the last 11 years
My body's decomposing, I'm missin' part of my ear
Still gonna rock till the day I die again
Get up back from the dead, and ryde again
Walk again, talk thug shit, right
Empty mack clips, right
Keep it old school, wanna see that bitch? Uh huh
When it's thugs in King's coats and Raider's caps
Killers, jerry curls, and baseball bats
Ready to die like everyday

I put it down like a muthafucka, everyday
I drink brew and smoke weed like, everyday
And we all trying to get paid but anyway
Killas don't talk, but this one do
Talk you out your wallet let the 45 blast you
Twice in the chest, once in the face
Plus the extra heater on the safe side in case
Your bitch is wack well she can catch one too
Cause if you're down with your hood
Then your hood down with you

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Psychopathic just like thugs
We ball, and we fight
And just like the freaks I come out every night
Holdin' down the sidewalk
Standin' amongst muthafuckas that's soon to be outlined in chalk
Sippin' on a cold ass 40 of OE
Live from the DET we OG
Pissy drunk always, we dead bumpin'
Stay thug with the throw away in the trunk
Bitch slapper, fuck a bitch rapper
Bitches were made for fuckin' but that's another chapter
Bitch you don't know me, don't approach me
Thinkin' that you're down with Blaze ya dead homie
G Blood imbedded in street blocks
That's why I put it down, and blast with many shots
Bullet holes in my chest, it's all good
Man I even died for my hood, muthafucka

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