

Throw It Up

D12

Now when you reppin' in these streets, say it...
and if you handlin' your beef, say it...
You got your hood on lock, say...
If it's crime on your block, say...

I put men on canvas
have they ass off the street cancerous
We call that the "Hammer Dancers"
That's the 3-5-7, now the feds want us
cause we lead dump and head hunters
Borough of every hood, in this crime life
My name painted on the block or this limelight
A G ain't nuthin' but a letter, you can hang, man
and these gang wars though out the gang lands
Got no problem with hurtin' a church
My model was murking 'em first
when they said they servin' their turf
With no sea food, make 'em see through
I'm into slappin' niggas, next nigga

...Me too

My eliminations way too hasty, they don't chase me (Uh-huh)
I send more red dots than pastries
When the medal is sworn, label me the desolate one
It ain't no settlin' beef, I'm destined to come
to any hood, it ain't no justice, you wishin' it was
This crime life got me stealin' your goods
I'm a mental patient, on the way to the central station
Ain't no wastin' time and I'm sure I ain't facin' time
Breaker 1-9, the narcs be swarmin'
on they walkie talkies, tryin' to block me with a warnin'
I'mma disappear like Spawn, and be gone
To the other side of the country, by the morning
Yeah!

Cold nights in the pen turn a heart cold
Cold pinches we sleep on keep a back strong
My brother told me, "Lil' homie, don't get this wrong
If I get locked, make sure you keep the dough flowin'
The spots oweing, no slowin', get your grind on"
I said, "Fa sho," and now you know I got the hood slowed
My lil' bro keep up the front like he the one that owe
By the time they figure out, I'll be dead and gone

Now be careful when you see them homies hop out that ride
How you can catch a body shot and knock your ribs out your side
and the cops are hesitant to come through these parts here
We head hunters, so it's evident that we spark fear
Token notes, but always give it to a person in need
of a serious chin checkin', and we're cursin' indeed
to get our point across, clearly ain't no misunderstandin'
Now there's nothin' you can do to keep these missiles from landin'
When the hooligans come out, you should be runnin' for cover
By the time you recover from a hit, then here comes another
and you know our presence is felt like Christmas Eve
Make an example out of you, for her and his to see, boy!

Come to your car window (Yeah), you and your boys get out (Get out!)
AK, tech nine, shots rang out
It's Christmas time, my kid need some toys
That's why I'm in the mini-van, with two of my boys (Yeah!)
The king, nigga, I'm a don
Detroit: where niggas snatch cartneys[?] and alcazon[?]
I'm drunk as (fuck), go lock me out
and when I wake up, I'll be at your house chalkin' you out
I'm so (fucking) out of my mind
A Muslim that eats swines with two and a half lines
Street wars, my niggas ready to fight
Guns, pipes, we ready tonight!