

Throw Your Flags Up

Pastor Troy

I'm in my big body Benz,
Riding with 4 of my friends
Shoot a bird at them coppers,
While blowing smoke in the wind
Up out the window my flag
I got my foot on the gas
Then my yak on the dash
Then we run up at yo ass
Riding the streets of Atlanta
Better take out the camera
D.S.G.B. on my banner, raised high
Until I die, bet I'ma through it up
It's Pastor Troy, 2000, don't give a
Throw up yo flags

Throw yo flags up! (7x)
Come on you scared, you scared

I got them fifteen's pushing, trying to rip up the speaker
Know that Pastor and Peter, on the hunt for the reaper
Small ice, CMB got the world in a dro'
We flexing hard in Atlanta, or we get the scope
It's GA, Georgia Tech or Bulldog
2nd CD, and I'm bout to Boss Hog
Atlanta to Augusta a hustla straight out the rip
Them Georgia boys my army forever we stand equipped
Ready for whatever you better go ask around
We ain't bout to play round with ya, we cutting ya down
A million little boys trying to sound like me
Now everybody copying the one that dissed P
A sack of fries cheap, but I ain't chicken
Soon as you think I'm slippin, you hear that pistol clickin'
And I'ma try my best to eat yo ass for dinner
Better throw up yo flag and tell me that you surrender
Throw it up

Throw yo flags up! (3x) yeah, yeah
Throw yo flags up! (3x) come on you scared, you scared
Throw yo flags up! (3x) yeah, yeah
Throw yo flags up! (3x) come on you scared, you scared