

Throw It Up

Waka Flocka Flame

Man, shout-out to the whole motherfuckin' Clayton County, man, we in this motherfucker, man

When I say I'm from Georgia, nigga, just know it's Clayton County, man
Atlanta the city, man, the highest high-rise where I'm from is the jailhouse, man
Don't confuse this shit, nigga, I'm from the Southside, man
Squad

Where the fuck you from, nigga? Let me see it (For three)
Piru my religion, bitch, you know I'm bleedin' (Throw it up)
When I run into him, I can't wait to beat him (Throw it up)
I could give a fuck if his back turned, nigga, I'ma sneak him

Point 'em out, all my ice on when I'm walkin' through the crowd
The energy, they feel it when I'm steppin' into town
Know it's goin' down
If a nigga muggin', we gon' press him now
Swing, punch him in his mouth, gang, bet they stomp him out
Too much stain, to let him play with me, no cap, I still floss him out

All that flaky talkin' on the Internet, I'm here now (Do somethin')
Don't do stare-downs (I move somethin'), ain't gon' play 'round
You could have me boxed in, outnumbered, it don't matter
I still throw it up

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Kid actin' bad, I put that belt to his ass
They know Flocka headfirst if a nigga make me mad
Ain't no warnings in my step, I'ma go all gas
Turn a nigga to a ghost, now his post in the past
Every star on my name, that's war I'll face
From the sandbox to the sales, I embrace my fate
No regrets in my step, I just lace and mob
And if I die in a flame, know I played my part
I'm always throw it up

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Shout-out to you fuck niggas with the real nigga costumes on
Slim Dunkin out like the day of the Halloween

That shit come off when you see me
Bricksquad, this our year, twin 1017, we ain't sparin' shit but ties
Let's do it

Piru my religion, bitch, you know I'm bleedin' (Throw it up)