

# Throw It Up

Yelawolf

I see you bitches talking loud but you aint saying shit  
Get the f-ck from round here, you don't rep my shit  
You aint from my city, you don't know about this  
You don't want that drama you aint ready for it bitch  
Now throw it up, (yeah hoe) throw it up (yeah hoe)  
Throw it up (yeah hoe) throw it up  
You aint ready for it bitch, throw it up  
(Yeah hoe) throw it up  
You aint ready for it bitch

I already got 2 cars on the yard that don't run  
So why would I wanna break shit down for you  
Better be confused with the punchlines and bars that I launch  
Here the king of archery come, with a cracker dick  
The f-ck you and that p-ssy carpet you munch  
If I'm not hardly the one, you must be barely the one  
Baby really, you kidding, bitch I'm the prodigal son  
And I'm stuntin like my daddy  
d-dr-d-drinkin' like my mama  
Country like my uncles, stuttering like a CD in a DONK bump bump bump  
And I'm in a blue Chevy, running over muthafuckas in first  
I aint even shift gears yet, I aint even here yet  
I'm outta this earth, right (yeah hoe)  
But I just hit the surface  
And I'm bout to walk into a bank with a shank and black can of paint and che  
ck the clerk  
Where the keys?  
Bitch you better check your purse  
I got a brick of herb and I hit this herb? and I'm feeling I might just hit  
the curb  
So get the fuck outta my way, buddy you don't wanna run around the chicken h  
ouse with the heart of a puppy dog Yelawolf and Eminem, shiiit!  
Suckering suckatash, yeah suck a dick bitch

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Bitch please you don't wanna step up to this misses  
G-A-N-G-S-T-A Boo, make a nigga hit his knees when  
I'm up in the building, preaching to my children  
I don't be taking no shit from you haters  
You make me hurt one of your feelings  
hahahahaha, Na-nani-nah-nah  
Pick ya face up off the floor, I got you feeling sad now

You be on that ? is bullshit  
Run into this gangsta have ya preacher at the pulpit  
Bitch, I was born on the Mississippi river  
Take no shit from a bitch or a nigga  
So so crazy got a f-cked up temper

Bi-polar, not Nicki I'm worser  
I'll hurt ya  
I got a crazy ass mind game  
My nigga, I'm a lion untamed  
Hunt ya ass down in my jungle  
I do this, I tell them hoes  
You aint ready for it bitch

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Me an' Yelawolf tear the roof off this muthaf-cka  
You aint got the umph, you're a hoof, to the foot of an elephant  
Hello tuts you look so eloquent, it's what I tell a cunt  
Come sit up front cause you kicking my seat and I'm tryna tell the cashier w  
hat I want  
They say I act like an asshole  
When I pull up at the White Castle  
And I ask for an application, throw it back in her face an'  
Tell the bitch I'm a rapper, then I wack her in the head with a Whopper  
That I bought from BK, you expect me to be proper?  
Bitch you better pop in a CD of me immediately, SLUT, HOE  
Skidda di da da. Prada? Nada chance  
I was thinkin' about buying you some clothes  
But Target was closed so I decided to mosey on over to K-Mart  
But the doors was, was locked, what about some shoes I thought  
Great I suppose, so I go to Payless but what'dya know  
They don't carry a size 8 in HOES! Oh!  
This is ugly boy swag, puttin' toe tags on you muthaf-ckin' hoe bags  
What a trailer trash pioneer?  
I am here, that's why I'm here  
I don't got a rhyme book it's more like a muthaf-ckin' diary of diarrhea!  
Me, Yelawolf and Gangsta Boo came here to show you a thing or two about sign  
language  
Middle fingers aimed at you so we don't gotta SCREAM AT YOU!  
Oww! I just bit my bottom lip, it was an accident  
I went to go tell 'em all to go get BUCKED  
But I'm not gonna bite my tongue, little bitch throw it up

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