

Blaze Ya Dead Homie, Put It Down

What up y'all?

This Jed Thumpman

Let me tell y'all a little story
About a muthaf**ka that I know named Blaze

Now everytime we roll up a joint

Muthaf**kas always be talkin' about Blaze Blaze Blaze

Man f**k Blaze
This muthaf**ka act like he puttin' it down for the hood

Talkin' bout everybody know Blaze, big baller

I don't give a f**k

Dead muthaf**ka don't get no special treatment from me

Look at Sarie's son little Eric

You know that muthaf**ka down to wear a wheelchair

I hate that muthaf**ka

And I don't show him no special treatment

So Blaze can kiss my ass

I put in work for my hood

So f**k 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

F**k hella bitches, and slang my dope

The law ain't good for a muthaf**kin 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 muthaf**kas 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

I put it down for the hood

I ride for the hood

And all my muthaf**kas 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

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 muthaf**ka, 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

I put it down for the hood
I ride for the hood

And all my muthaf**kas 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

I put it down for the hood

I ride for the hood
And all my muthaf**kas 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
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 muthaf**kas 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, f**k a bitch rapper
Bitches were made for f**kin' 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, muthaf**ka
I put it down for the hood
I ride for the hood
And all my muthaf**kas 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
I put it down for the hood
I ride for the hood
And all my muthaf**kas 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