

# Lil Jon, Throw It Up Feat Pastor Troy

(4x) Throw it up Mother fucker throw it up  
(4x) If you scared to throw it up get the fuck out the club

(Lil Jon (Eastside Boyz))  
(2x) Back up bitch get the fuck out my way  
(Aye move the fuck back bitch, Move the fuck back)

(2x) What you looking at nigga, what you looking at nigga  
(Not me or my click, we too trill my nigga)

(2x) We too deep off in this bitch, we too deep off in this bitch  
(Its more of us than it is in the club stupid bitch)

Yall niggas over there (yall niggas aint shit)  
Yall hoes over there (yall hoes aint shit)

(4x) We run this (what)

(Chorus)

(Pastor Troy)  
The last nigga is the pastor  
Ready to blast ya  
You know: I don't play no mother fucking games  
DSGB you know the name  
Wood grain in the mother fucking Dooley Truck  
Got the black and red seats with the Georgia tuft  
And I got my helmet hangin out the winda  
Ready to bust the head of a fucking pretender  
Nigga as soon as I enter  
You know im making noise  
Pastor Troy and the Eastside Boyz  
AK bustin I ride the whole clip  
I cock that hoe and let it mother fuckin rip  
To sank shit is what I live for  
Fuck him, Fuck her  
Im representing  
Put some more Yak in my mug  
So I can throw it up

(Chorus)

(Lil Jon talking)  
Ok ok hold the fuck up hold the fuck up  
I'm looking round this bitch  
I see a lot of niggas aint throwin up shit (What)  
Ya'll niggas must be scared to represent yo shit (You scared)  
You must be scared nigga (Scared)  
Fuck that shit  
All my real niggas that proud of they hood  
All my real ladies that's proud of they hood  
And they aint never been scared  
Say this shit

(4X)  
Bitch I aint scared  
Bitch I aint scared  
Bitch I aint scared  
I aint scared mother fucker

(Pastor Troy)  
Im gon represent where Im from  
In the back of the club my tommy gun  
Though when I chill

Fuckin burn one  
Leave up out the club it's me little Jon  
Ballin in the Benzes  
Switchin up lanes  
Talkin much shit cause we deep in the game cocaine  
All white fuckin S fucking six  
Young ass niggas I guess we filthy rich  
My whole click ready to bust some heads  
Imma throw it up bitch and I aint scared  
Pastor Troy mother fucker  
You know the routine  
Represent for the home team  
Throw it up

(Chorus)