

# Master P, Throw Em Up

[Chorus: Master P (4X)]

Throw em up if you a soldier,  
if you dodging these niggas, these bitches and the rollers

The clock hits twelve, I'm on the grind  
Punching your code if you want these nickles, quarters and dimes  
I got the ghetto soed up like mack diamonds and windy  
And I got more sealers than JC Pennies  
Throw it up if you a soldier  
But if you a punk motherfucker talkin shit and working with the rollers  
You better duck down quick when the tank pops  
Cause we be slanging automatic fucking slangshots  
I went from halves, to hoes with weed to working water  
From selling grams, to motherfuckin quarters  
From quarter keys, to really tapes and cd's  
Not every nigga in the hood knows me  
Uhhhhhh, but getting rowdy  
Stayin TRU to the game, and still bout it bout it

Chorus

I'm a represent my hood till I die  
And when I'm gone put it on the blimp and let it ride  
Third ward, calliope, nigga Master P  
A ghetto nigga, live and made history  
Aint no mugging, just thugs with me  
Aint no hugging, aint no loving P  
These ghetto heroes is dead and gone  
That's why niggas in the ghetto live like Al Capone  
I be breaking niggas like ice in Iceland  
Crushing niggas like sevens in dice games  
Nickel plated meters knocking down doors  
With hoes and gators, jaboos and polo's  
So watch your back when you hustling crack  
Cause jackers take your life away and aint no coming back  
Uh, I seen alot of movies, but this shit is real  
And only cars get brand new grills

Chorus

[Kane & Abel]

Automatic gats for combat what we pack  
Flip niggas like flapjacks, with oz's and crack  
We killing with tatoos our guns and balls  
The car with the tek-nine in my droor  
Went from selling double up's to going double platimum  
For selling crack and, jack and gun clapping and rapping  
Watch me smoke my little weed, got my drink and bud  
What's up to all the slangers, the bangers, bloods and cuz  
I was a soldier, I still remain a soldier  
I'm cold bro, even sold my mamma a boulder  
Down a fifty of hennesees and blow a bag of doshia  
Quarter keys with five G's which a hustle for D  
Now selling gold LP's, that's a hustling for cheese  
G's don't give a fuck till the world blow up  
Game over, Kane and Abel, no limit soldiers

[Master P]

No Limit soldiers, I thought I told ya!

Chorus