

# Rappin' 4-Tay, Throw It Up

(feat. Snoop Dogg, Tray Deee, Roger Troutman)

[Intro: Snoop Dogg (Roger Troutman in background)]

Yeeah, throw it up throw it up, (what what?)

Eastside (what what?), Dogg Pound, what what what what? (what?)

Yeeah, Snoop Dogg up in there, what up, what up? yeeah... D.P.G

[Verse 1: Snoop Dogg]

Dogg from the "Beach" Eastside on mine

I'm striking through the hood

While I'm slanging my goods

I'm hollaring at my folks (what up?), rolling up some dope

4-Tay from the Bay they say we West Coast folks, you know (you know)

We can't be nothing but that (but that)

And when you bust we bust right back

No play, 4-Tay tell them about the Dogg

I dip to the Bay then get the money y'all

I catch a plane with the gang, purple on my brain

That nigga, that nigga done done it again

Still my nigga, for real my nigga

D.P.G.C. it's a big deal my nigga

Wherever we go we represent the turf until it hurt

Long Beach niggaz will rush you to the dirt (nigga)

Eastsidaz, real riders

Throw it up like you know it up, throw it up

[Chorus (1): Tray Deee] + (Roger Troutman)

Throw it up, yeah (oooh ooooooh oooh, throw it up!)

Throw it up, throw it up, throw it up

All the homies on the Eastside where the G's ride

Do your thug thing homie, throw it up (throw it up, oooh ooooooh oooh)

All the homies on the West Side, yeah (throw it up!)

All the homies on the West Side (throw it up!) throw it up throw it up

Throw it up throw it up, do your thug thing

[Verse 2: Rappin' 4-Tay]

Pressure bust pipes, we bust raps

Niggaz don't want funk cause we bust caps

Get off in the zone then I'm in and blaze up

You ain't about your cheese I'd advise you to raise up

Cowards can't kick it cause the game don't mix right

That's like bringing a butter knife to a gun fight

I kick it with the sickest from the Bay to L.A

We get the figures, squeeze them triggers if you stepping our way

4-Tay from the Sco (San Francisco) with Snoop D-O double

Players, gangsters, hustlers, you motherfuckers in trouble

Critically acclaimed, this men is his nemesis, ain't no end to this

My mind playing tricks on me - I'm seeing images

Fish tailing, inhaling, bailing, positive suspension

Don't hate on a player cause I'm staying on a mission

Nigga, get yours hit the billboards and bust

For Roger Troutman, we gone give it up, we gone throw it up

[Chorus (2): Tray Deee] + (Roger Troutman)

Throw it up, yeah (oooh ooooooh oooh, throw it up!)

Throw it up, throw it up, throw it up

All the homies on the Eastside where the G's ride

Do your thug thing homie, throw it up (throw it up, oooh ooooooh oooh)

All the homies on the West Side, yeah (throw it up!)

All the homies on the West Side (throw it up!) throw it up throw it up

Throw it up throw it up, do your thug thing

Throw it up, all my homies on the South Side yeah, get live get live

Throw it up throw it up, throw it up

All my homies on the North, throw it up throw it up

Yeah just throw it up, throw it up throw it up throw it up  
(Throw it up throw it up throw it up...)

[Verse 3: Tray Deee]

I keep it sparking, heat is barking, daylight to darkness  
Known for doing wrong, getting ours regardless  
We come up out the ghetto, never settle for chump change  
We out there running things doing our thug thing  
Game recognize and I been checking mine  
Gang of suckers try, get them lame second tries  
We G'd up, C'd up sipping, blazing weed up  
Haters steady playing but ain't ready yet to see us  
We bust big caps, restless with your chit-chat  
Player, where your chips at?, broke?, you better fix that  
If you ain't a hustler you must of been a buster  
It's all about who falling out the game and who running  
Done it all like a hog calling the dogs  
Never sleep, never slip and not often I pause  
Tray Deee, way G, known to flow and blow it up  
And make everybody in the party throw it up

[Chorus (2): Tray Deee (Roger Troutman)]

[Outro: Tray Deee]

Rest in peace Roger Troutman, this for you homie  
All y'all throw it up