

Ruff Ryders, Throw It Up

(feat. Drag-On)

[Hook]

All my niggaz on the east side
if you rydin' throw it up
All my niggaz on the west side
if you bangin' throw it up
All my niggaz on the south side
get it crunk and throw it up
All my niggaz on the north side
get it poppin' throw it up

[Verse 1]

I don't give a fuck what set you claim or what block you from
Or what ave you in I let off shots until the coppers come
even bust shots at ya ambulances
and I'm on that Double R shit
we the niggaz when it come to that hard shit
Drag's that nigga in the hood ya mamma told you don't get in the car wit
Hop out the car give niggaz a dap they think you a gangsta
I think it's a act cause you ain't never rob nothin'
never shot nothin' never touched a piece of crack
Drag ain't back the streets is back
put the guns to his mom make him eat that
kidnap his son send his feet back
we Double R niggaz know where we at

[Hook]

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[Verse 2]

I'ma nigga that could fuck with my thugs
crip it up with the crips throw it up with the bloods
drag use to never cook that rap like I cook that crack
now my nicks look like dubs
I could hustle I could flip that pack
Crack in my bitch ass she shit that back
niggaz wonder why she sit like that
four five better rubber the grip like that
this ain't the muthafuckin' dirty south
It's that New York nigga wit that dirty mouth
I'm the one feds heard about
'cause I'm the only nigga getting birds in a drop
I spit the ridiculous fast dump a clip in ya ass
Push ya shit in the back knocked ya shit is a rap
All we gotta do put the hits out like park the car
Up the block hit it and get in the cab

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[Verse 3]

I got guns I ain't gotta use a mask with
you a nigga I could never do crime with
pop them nines with make a nigga up them shines quick
show a nigga where the key's is at
before a nigga show you where the leaves is at
'cause that's where we'll leave you at
Double R we where the streets is at
We could do it we could thug it out
We could go get your people we could slug it out
The last nigga frontin in the club
The security came drug him out
Double R show you what the thug about
Anything we use go in and out knife or gun
All my niggaz know not to run until the job is done c'mon

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get it poppin' throw it up [x2]