

# Throw Your Hood Up

DJ Mustard

All my Detroit niggas!  
All my L.A. niggas, where ya at? Throw your hood up  
All my N.O. niggas!  
All my BNo niggas, where ya at? Throw your hood up  
All my N.Y. niggas!  
All my ChiTown niggas, where ya at? Throw your hood up  
All my G.A. niggas! Hol' up  
All my Bay niggas, where ya at? Throw your hood up

Everybody got problems!  
Everybody got shirts cause they nigga got murked  
Everybody got issues!  
Everybody walk around with a big ass pistol

I'm relaxing, getting high  
Niggas ain't shit, I'm just rapping on the side  
Told 'em pussy, paper, passion and some pride  
I got everything a nigga ever wanted 'fore I died  
Uh, two Rolexes that I don't ever wear  
A big gold chain I ain't seen in a year  
Leimert Park nigga looking clean in the mirror  
Your girl want me, I could see it from here  
Yeah, try and make money and friends is mo' plans  
You lil niggas is hiding, there's no chance  
Two step, my niggas just don't dance  
If you ever say my name, nigga, we throw hands  
Told him Pushaz Ink the program, we hold bands  
On that OpM shit, you know we in this  
With the extra, extra, talk all reckless  
Bitch in real life, yeah, that's what I expected, nigga

Not a rapper, way too street with it  
All I did was take my life and put a Mustard beat with it  
I'm D with it, believe in it, I speak it if I did that  
I "Doo doo!" "Hello?" and have them niggas where you live at  
Tuesdays and thursdays, them white people jumping out  
Problems on my dick, have your girlfriend suck it out  
A born sinner, but live killers die winners  
I'll cook my momma dope before I cook a bitch dinner  
(Ol' pussy ass niggas) I smell placenta  
Dressed sharper than the mind of a Seven Percenter  
Think about robbin' me, take your brain off  
She only wanna cut cause she chain saw  
With the bopper as my sword and that Ruger as my shield  
Bitch, my move around too real, Oxycontin, pop the blue pills  
It's a cold life, my favorite numbers is 4-5  
Donald Sterling, clip a nigga I don't like

Uh, it ain't where ya from but it's where ya at  
I'm down to load a drum quicker than ya app  
Lil nigga tryna ball, set a screen for me  
Birds of a feather waiting on a wing for me  
And I'll never let a nigga think for me  
I just need the suicides with the seats bloody  
Look, I'll trade a morc like a logo  
For any real nigga ever put up on a Polo  
Oh no, now it go, those niggas

Whole shows, both coasts so I throw no feelings  
No chillin', got a chopper and a chicken  
Where you from? I threw mines to the ceiling  
Pull a foreign off the lot, just got deported  
And a quarter for the watch, getting extorted  
Lil niggas want war but can't afford it  
Put ya life on the line, now bitches snort it, huh