Put It Down (Blaze)

What up y'all? This Jed Thumpman Let me tell y'all a little story About a muthafucka that I know named Blaze Now everytime we roll up a joint Muthafuckas always be talkin' about Blaze Blaze Blaze Man fuck Blaze This muthafucka act like he puttin' it down for the hood Talkin' bout everybody know Blaze, big baller I don't give a fuck Dead muthafucka don't get no special treatment from me Look at Sarie's son little Eric You know that muthafucka down to wear a wheelchair I hate that muthafucka And I don't show him no special treatment So Blaze can kiss my ass

I put in work for my hood So fuck a 9 to 5 You can find me on the corner Hustlin' on the grind They call me Mr. Lump Lump So when their heads hear the thunder and the bump bump They come out runnin' like the kids to the ice cream man Children I'm sorry it's Blaze in the loony van Playin' Atari, and I gotta do a crime to loot and 8 ball Semi automatic with a clip for the law All I wanna do is make money and smoke Fuck hella bitches, and slang my dope The law ain't good for a muthafuckin thang But eatin' mad donuts, and gettin' all in the way I been gone for more than a day, and some things changed Some many died and some faded away I represent the ghetto from Harlem to Pinewood I ride for the hood, I put it down for the hood

I put it down for the hood I ride for the hood And all my muthafuckas is up to no good Cause everybody in the hood is trying to come up So gimme all of your money before you get your ass stuck I put it down for the hood I ride for the hood And all my muthafuckas is up to no good Cause everybody in the hood is trying to come up So gimme all of your money before you get your ass stuck

I've been dead to the world for the last 11 years My body's decomposing, I'm missin' part of my ear Still gonna rock till the day I die again Get up back from the dead, and ryde again Walk again, talk thug shit, right Empty mack clips, right Keep it old school, wanna see that bitch? Uh huh When it's thugs in King's coats and Raider's caps Killers, jerry curls, and baseball bats Ready to die like everyday

Twiztid

I put it down like a muthafucka, everyday I drink brew and smoke weed like, everyday And we all trying to get paid but anyway Killas don't talk, but this one do Talk you out your wallet let the 45 blast you Twice in the chest, once in the face Plus the extra heater on the safe side in case Your bitch is wack well she can catch one too Cause if you're down with your hood Then your hood down with you

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Psychopathic just like thugs We ball, and we fight And just like the freaks I come out every night Holdin' down the sidewalk Standin' amongst muthafuckas that's soon to be outlined in chalk Sippin' on a cold ass 40 of OE Live from the DET we OG Pissy drunk always, we dead bumpin' Stay thug with the throw away in the trunk Bitch slapper, fuck a bitch rapper Bitches were made for fuckin' but that's another chapter Bitch you don't know me, don't approach me Thinkin' that you're down with Blaze ya dead homie G Blood imbedded in street blocks That's why I put it down, and blast with many shots Bullet holes in my chest, it's all good Man I even died for my hood, muthafucka

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