

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