

# Throw Your Flags Up

Pastor Troy

I'm in my big body Benz,  
Riding with 4 of my friends  
Shoot a bird at them coppers,  
While blowing smoke in the wind  
Up out the window my flag  
I got my foot on the gas  
Then my yak on the dash  
Then we run up at yo ass  
Riding the streets of Atlanta  
Better take out the camera  
D.S.G.B. on my banner, raised high  
Until I die, bet I'ma through it up  
It's Pastor Troy, 2000, don't give a  
Throw up yo flags

Throw yo flags up! (7x)  
Come on you scared, you scared

I got them fifteen's pushing, trying to rip up the speaker  
Know that Pastor and Peter, on the hunt for the reaper  
Small ice, CMB got the world in a dro'  
We flexing hard in Atlanta, or we get the scope  
It's GA, Georgia Tech or Bulldog  
2nd CD, and I'm bout to Boss Hog  
Atlanta to Augusta a hustla straight out the rip  
Them Georgia boys my army forever we stand equipped  
Ready for whatever you better go ask around  
We ain't bout to play round with ya, we cutting ya down  
A million little boys trying to sound like me  
Now everybody copying the one that dissed P  
A sack of fries cheap, but I ain't chicken  
Soon as you think I'm slippin, you hear that pistol clickin'  
And I'ma try my best to eat yo ass for dinner  
Better throw up yo flag and tell me that you surrender  
Throw it up

Throw yo flags up! (3x) yeah, yeah  
Throw yo flags up! (3x) come on you scared, you scared  
Throw yo flags up! (3x) yeah, yeah  
Throw yo flags up! (3x) come on you scared, you scared