

Throw It Up (feat. Gangsta Boo & Eminem)

Yelowolf

Aye Boo Get these motherfuckers
And pass that jack I see you bitches talkin' loud, but you ain't sayin' shit
Get the fuck from round' here, you don't rep my shit
You ain't from my city, you don't know about this
You don't want that drama, you ain't ready for it, bitch!
Now throw it up! (Yeah Ho) Throw it Up!
Throw It up! (Yeah Ho) You ain't ready for it bitch
Throw It up!(Yeah Ho) Throw It up! Throw It up!
You ain't ready for it bitch
I already got, 2 cars in the yard that don't run
So why would I wanna break shit down for you?
Better me confuse with the punchlines and bars that I launch
Here the king of archery come, with a cracker dick
To fuck you in that pussy carpet you munch
If I'm not hardly the one, you must be barely the one billionth
Really you kiddin', bitch I'm the prodigal son
And I'm stuntin' like my daddy, d-dr-d-drinkin' like my mama
C-C-country like my uncles, stutterin' like a CD in a donk
BUMP, BUMP, BUMP, BUMP
And I'm in a blue Chevy, runnin' over motherfuckers in first
I ain't even shift gears yet, I ain't even here yet, I'm outta this Earth
Right? (Yeah ho!) But I just hit the surface
And I'm 'bout to walk into a bank with a shank and a black can of paint to check the clerk
(where the keys?) Bitch you better take your purse! I got a brick of herb
And a hit to serve, and I'm feeling like I might just hit the curb
So get the fuck outta my way buddy you don't wanna' run around the chicken house with a
heart of a puppy dog
Yelowolf and Eminem, shit
Sufferin' succotash, yeah suck a dick, bitch
I see you bitches talkin' loud, but you ain't sayin' shit
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Throw It up! (Yeah Ho) You ain't ready for it bitch
Throw It up!(Yeah Ho) Throw It up! Throw It up!
You ain't ready for it bitch Bitch please you don't wanna step up to this Misses
G-A-N-G-S-T-A will make a nigga hit his knees when
I'm up in the buildin', preach it to my children
I don't be takin' no shit from you haters
You'll make me hurt one of your feelings
(HAHAHAHA), Nah nah ni nah nah

Pick your face up off the floor, I got you feelin' sad now
You be on that Hokiewag, Hokiewag is bullshit
Run into this Gangsta, have your preacher at pull pit
Bitch, I was born on the Mississippi River
Take no shit from a bitch or a nigga
So so crazy gotta fucked up temper
Bi-pola', not Nicki I'm worser, I'll hurt ya
Haha, I got a crazy ass mind game
Ma nigga, Im a lion, Untamed
Hunt ya ass down in my jungle, I do this
I tell them hoes, "You ain't ready for it bitch!" I see you bitches talkin' loud, but you ain't sayin'
shit

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You don't want that drama, you ain't ready for it, bitch!
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Throw It up! (Yeah Ho) You ain't ready for it bitch
Throw It up!(Yeah Ho) Throw It up! Throw It up!
You ain't ready for it bitch Me and Yelawolf, tear the roof
Off this motherfucker, you ain't got the umph
You're a hoof, to the foot of an elephant
Hello, toots, you look so eloquent, that's what I tell a cunt
Come sit up front cause you're kickin' my seat
And I'm tryin' to the tell the cashier what I want!
They say I act like an asshole, when I pull up at the White Castle
And I ask for an appli-cation, throw it back in her face an'
Tell the bitch I'm a rapper, then I wack her
In the head with a Whopper
That I bought from BK, you expect me to be proper?
Bitch you better pop in a CD of me immediately, slut, ho, skidda dee da da
Prada? not a chance, I was thinkin' about buyin' you some clothes
But Target was closed so I decided to mosey on over to K-Mart, but the doors
Was locked, what about some shoes I thought, great I suppose
So I go to Payless but what'dya know, they didn't carry a size 8 in HOES!
Oh! This is ugly boy swag, puttin' toe tags on you motherfuckin' ho bags
What a trailer trash pioneer, I am here, that's why I'm here
I don't got a rhyme book it's more like a motherfuckin' diary of diarrhea!
Me, Yelawolf and Gangsta Boo came here to show you a thing or two
'Bout sign language, middle fingers aimed at you
So we don't gotta SCREAM AT YOU!
Ow! I just bit my bottom lip, it was an accident
I went to go tell 'em all to go get fucked

But I'm never gonna bite my tongue, little bitch, throw it up I see you bitches talkin' loud, but
you ain't sayin' shit

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Now throw it up! (Yeah Ho) Throw it Up!
Throw It up! (Yeah Ho) You ain't ready for it bitch

Throw It up!(Yeah Ho) Throw It up! Throw It up!
You ain't ready for it bitch What the fuck is this?
White dog...
Yo
Yo, what up?
What up?
Uh, you do that verse?
Yeah, I just killed that shit
What?
Nah, nuthin'
Um yo, you know what I was thinkin' man?
I think the one thing that uh.. that the album don't have
That might be missing
Is like uh.. a song for like, for girls
Uh, what do you mean? For like bitches?
Nah, girls. Like a lovesong
No?!
We need one!
Like...lovesong-lovesong?
Yeah man, bitches like love songs!

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