

# Throw It Up (feat. Gangsta Boo & Eminem)

Yelawolf

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  
Yelawolf and Eminem, shit  
Sufferin' succotash, yeah suck a dick, bitch  
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 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 worsen, 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

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 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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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 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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