

# Get Throwâ€™d (feat. 816 Boyz)

## Krizz Kaliko

8-1-6 Boyz

Ain't we sick boy[Verse 1 - Krizz Kaliko]

Kali BabyGet em daddy

I came here pretty big night

I cant remember it

Im drunk my breath is all one

I might need a dinner mint

A couple of strong ones and then a couple of shots

Im getting all one, ok

I never take the wrong one can make anything I can pull

Ill take a tall one, Ok

Make my drink too big to hold and make it pretty cold and

Im too drunk to even speak nigga ass is pretty show'd

If I could just be off my seat and Im in get it mode

And drink you under the table I'm talkin bout[Hook:]

Lets get Throw'd

Pop a couple bottles hit the door

Ima turn it up and make it gold

Go many, go many, go many, go many

Lets get Throw'd

Where my alcoholics at [x8]MakzillaTalk to em[Verse 2 - Makzilla]

Im Desi den sober sin

Fellas leavin' cups of lean

Celebratin' soups of through cups of lou

Ill scream salute

Whatcha waitin' on? Get your drink on

Everyone in 816 knows not into a friend

Of a ten of a ten of a ten so unattractive

My crew consist of 816as who take that slang

And add some liquor make her chug-a-lug

Till she starts to hiccup a thing for good

A think clone tatted up real thick and wild so

Lets make like a realas burnt thing zillas and

Lets get[Hook]Kutt Kalhoun soo wooKutty Go ahead[Verse 3 - Kutt Kalhoun]

YEAHBLACK GOLD sick'em

Kutt the room bottle service

Mister melvadear I'm the worst

When it comes to touchin' my lips with liquor

I do to fifths what I do to verses, Kill them

Nigga might lose his shirt, cause I'm too beserk when I'm jagar bombin'  
I feel it, right up your hoochies skirt cause this erk the jerk is  
My fame, my mind, and I drop my draws and get naked  
Just my hat and tat to my necklace  
Soft as molly what you expected drunk like 40 bins and I'm wreckless  
If you born to party Im the wildest one in my clique when it comes to drinkin man  
It's breaking news when Im pervy call me Ron Burgundy cause Im the anchorman[Hook]Tech N9ne.....Tech  
N9neee[Verse 4 - Tech N9ne]  
4 hoursemen I'm drinkin (whats that?)  
Jack Daniels (yeah?), Johnnie Walker(yeah?), Jim Beam (what?)  
Jose Cuervo (huh?!), throwin ups what I'm thinkin! At about 7 of those  
Level a bro, wakin up sick is inevitable, head on the flo where it keep me!  
That'll get me throwin up that neeses, or a beef on bun on bread with a B.B.!  
I get so throw'd I mess around and wake up off in Mexico!  
So drunk that the killa cartel put the chainsaw down then accept a bro!  
So drunk on a hella late night I stumbled into Texaco! Askin for lexapro!  
Come on![Hook]Okay Okay Come On

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