

Throw Aways

Trae

Chorus (Yung Joc)

Serve them birds tote K's
Cheverolet's on top of blades
All of us got throw aways
Bustin' out the Escalade
Bustin' out the Escalade
Bust-bustin' out the Escalade
Bustin' out the Escalade
All of us got throw aways

Verse 1 (Yung Joc)

Whole lotta n****z got a lot to say
Save your breath or state your case
Speak your mind or be on your way
Ain't got time for the games you play
Every n****a in my squad got a strap
Grind hard to put the block on the map

If the city ain't sellin'

And the people ain't yellin'

I'm tellin' ya I'm goin' back hard in the trap

Hustlenomics all I know

Flip that money stack that doe

Think your funny slap that hoe

Take his money text that hoe

Yeah I said it I'll say it again

When I play it I play it to win

Choppa chop of all your limbs

Doc' it ain't no savin' him

Chorus (Yung Joc)

Verse 2 (Trae)

N****z mad but I'm here for the crown

All walk a** n****z betta lay the f*** down

Homie I'm the king when it come to these streets

You don't wanna go there n****a sit the f*** down

Fours get loaded everytime I come 'round

If I take you to the hood you will never get found

When I come out with the K

Everybody better pray

If I bust you can hear it from the other side of town

Get a few of these runnin' at you light fast
Dumb fly a** n****z get dropped to the land
Then I got a few goons on stand for a grand
I'm a a**hole sittin' with a nice set of hands
G for real I put the H on the map
Talk s*** b***h I'ma get a case on that
F*** rap I done put 'em in they place on that
I'm the certified truth goin' off on a track

Chorus (Yung Joc)

Verse 3 (Gorilla Zoe)

F***in' with a n***a like me get your whole head bust
Cock back I bust

I stay strapped cuz I love that rush
4 point slip when they push your guts n***a
Head on the pillow you in a coffin
Momma she cryin' your kids they orphans
Ain't no shells cuz n***a we found them
I'm the problem you can't solve him
Cook 'em chop 'em serve 'em shop 'em
We go broke my n***a we robbin'
Eat what we kill why you all play possum
Shop what you want my product's awesome
We stay strapped one five carbon
18 flat and ain't no bargains
Cut my work so we up'ed my margins
It's a drop so yeah I charge 'em

Chorus (Yung Joc)

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