

# Throw It Away

Geraldine Hunt feat. Freddie James & Rosalind aka

We're about to set it off right now  
You know I ain't Bill Gates, honey  
But I'mma act like I ain't never had money  
    And throw it away  
    And throw it away  
    And throw it away  
    And throw it away  
You see me throw it away  
    And throw it away  
I like to throw it away  
    Let's throw it away  
    Let 'em know  
You know I ain't Jay-Z, honey  
But I'mma act like I ain't never had money  
    Live from the area, area, wasted  
    Drives will bury ya, bury, wasted  
    Standing on couches, everybody know me  
    Rock star, only thing that's left to do is O.D  
    Realest out here, out here  
In the club doing what, got my name out here, out here  
    You can call it tricking, you can call it tricking  
    You can call it dissing, that it is if you all stand  
    All the bitches on q like na na na na na,  
I'm in the sky, when the realest go na na na na na  
    Let it fly dope, ah  
    You only live one time, one time  
Your favorite rapper up in here one time, one time  
    You know what  
    You know I ain't Jay Z honey  
    But I act like I ain't never have money  
    And throw it away  
    And throw it away  
    And throw it away  
    I like to throw it away  
    And throw it away  
    You see me throw it away  
Racks stacked up, get it up and throw it away  
    You know I ain't Bill Gates, honey  
    But I'mma act like I ain't never had money

All my money got wings on it, fat  
Booties got my ding-a-ling on it, clap  
Clap, clap; make that butt applaud  
You got all that back, what you fucking for?  
Bitches, bitches, this is y'all's song  
I got riches itching sitting in y'all thong  
We're the ? Slaughterhouse, baby  
This is what it's all about, crazy, money  
Blowing in the breeze like  
Like a picture pose, I got cheese like  
Come, come, get this money from me, I don't want it, honey  
I don't make it rain; I make it snow, bunny  
Climb the pole to the top of that bitch  
I ain't got it like that, but I got it like, this  
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You see me throw it away  
And throw it away  
I like to throw it away  
Let's throw it away  
Let 'em know  
You know I ain't Jay-Z, honey  
But I'mma act like I ain't never had money  
Yeah, bitch, damn right, I'm fucking a lesbian stripper  
In a Dodge Sprinter; Dick Van Dyke  
Whores gonna love it when I go Warren Buffett  
Throwing euros on the floor balling on the form budget  
Slaughter's in the house, look at the clique, that clique  
Deeper than the breasts of a fat chick  
Party in VIP with the Earth's realest  
On blue boys and 'shrooms, now the club is Smurf Village  
Throwing money in the air like  
I'm yelling I'm falsetto like  
I know you killers hold the metal tight  
Who give a fuck? We all ghetto, right?  
I had a lap dance, moment of clarity  
This a tax right off, this is my favorite charity  
You know I ain't Bill Gates, honey  
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You know I ain't Jay-Z, honey  
But I'mma act like I ain't never had money  
Tell her she could crash here; hit and run, hit and run  
Hop off that pole, get on a different one, different one  
I told her do that thing I like and she ain't do it  
That was my bad, thinking that she ain't stupid  
Cute face with a pretty butt, pretty butt  
Shake got an ass saying giddy-up, giddy-up  
Throwing titty bucks, put it down, that's a pick me up  
Money too long for me to try to titty fuck  
Car murder like  
Even got the valet workers like  
You scratch that, and it's one thing  
Cause I fuck around and you gonna hear the guns sing  
Red bottoms hopping out the coupe  
We got it tied up, even when we got it out of the loop  
I tell 'em  
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And throw it away  
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