# Full Throttle

## B-Slimm Ft. Droop-E Mugzi Kave

When I'm done with my dying days
You'll prob'ly figure out this ain't no phase
Gonna go out 180 proof
Kickin' up dust spreading out my lootTell my wife and kids daddy's goin' home
They shed there fuckin' tears, I love them to the bone
And all the playa haters they can eat a dick
They never fuckin' [Incomprehensible]No turnin' back now, we going out full throttle
Puffin' crazy mad herb with our hands on the bottle
We some stoners reaking havoc, we ain't no role models
No turnin' back now, no turnin' back now, no turnin' backDaze tensions high seems everyones on edge
Walking over pits of fire on a skinny ledge
Now daze you lose control, it's take what you can get
Where anarchy reigns supreme you aint seenNo turnin' back now, we going out full throttle
Puffin' crazy mad herb with our hands on the bottle
We some stoners reaking havoc, we aint no role models
No turnin' back now, no turnin' back now, no turnin' backWatch out, back up, 'cause this is the fast lane
I got a lead foot, heavy boots and 3 hoots on my brain
Ride looks like it's on fire, but you know my engines clean
Im just smoking the tires, racing off every greenSo step up, step up, if you got a little somethin
But your rev better be louder then my system that is bumpin
Dont come round me talkin' shit, if youre not built to the brim
'Cause now you gonna get whipped, I never lose, I always winSo where you at, right here, and theres plenty more comin
See when the Kings is in the house, everybody comes runnin
Meetin' in the parking lot, to smoke pot before the shows
Hookin' up with all the ladies, takin' home all the hosWe having fun, fuck yeah, will it stop, fuck no
Id still be tokin, blowin endo even if I was broke
Aint that right D-Loc, hell mothafuckin, yeah
Fuck a fist or middle finger, throw your horns in the air[Incomprehensible]No turnin' back now, we going out full throttle
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No turnin' back now, no turnin' back now, no turnin' backFuck everybody if you said I couldnt rap

You're kickin' fiction and Im kickin' facts
And its like that, you ain't nothing but a fag
Let me write it on my pad, just to get you madNow days its seems like everybody's on edge
Walkin' over pits of fire on a skinny ledge
Im going full bored fallin' till I fall out
Graduated high school but a college dropOut that dont mean shit because this not turning back
I got my bong my buds and my baseball bat
Ready for whatever at any time whoever
You gotta have that mental or this shitll get you no whereGot be cleava and put it all together
Remember that sayin' I float like a feather
Come on dog, how could you think that
You got it twisted, do the math[Incomprehensible]No turnin' back now, we going out full throttle
Puffin' crazy mad herb with our hands on the bottle
We some stoners reaking havoc, we aint no role models
No turnin' back now, no turnin' back now, no turnin' back

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