Get Throwed

Bun B

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Smoke somethin', bitch
UGK, hold up, talkin' bout, uhhPimp C P.A. Trill nigga
Polo fuck that Hilfiger
Made myself a ghetto star
On the slab, sippin' barreSmokin' weed, sellin' white
Them other niggaz shit don't come back right
That's how niggaz get popped
Tryin' to get the cheaper priceWatch yo' paper, guard your life
'Cause most these niggaz ain't livin' right
Keep yo' pistol, fuck a fight
'Cause niggaz out here jack every nightI keep my mind on my money, nigga, fuck the fame
Big face hun'erds keepin' the game
Hittin' the corner in the candy thang
Sittin' on leather, grippin' the grainGood weed, good drink, big money, we
Rollin' in somethin' foreign, I'm leather grippin' grain
I handle my business so I think
I deserve to get throwed, throwedWell, I came in the door, I said it befo'
I never fuck a hoe without head no more
I never pull up in nuttin' less than a four
And I smoke cigars, it ain't just for the showI'm blessed from the do' and known for my stidile
I send a nigga, baby mamma home with a smidile
You can have the bitch, nigga, I ain't sentimental
I smoke weed and freestyle over an instrumentalBeen out, lived through the wicked streets of P.A.
Motherfuck the judge, prosecutor and the DA
Head to the H where the hoes will fuck three way
Two way, four way, anyway the Pro sayNever hear a hoe say, "No, I won't
No, I can't stop it and no, I don't"
'Cause a bitch know that I might just explode
And slap her in the face with a pie a la mode
'Cause a nigga gettin' throwedGood weed, good drink, big money, we
Rollin' in somethin' foreign, I'm leather grippin' grain
I handle my business so I think

I deserve to get throwed, throwedGood weed, good drink, big money, we
Rollin' in somethin' foreign, I'm leather grippin' grain
I handle my business so I think
I deserve to get throwed, throwedYou already know what it is, nigga
Snowman, 165 a piece, nigga USDA
I grind hard, grind hard and play harder, play hard
Break out the pot, heat up the waterSwear to God, the minivan do tricks
Hit the bricks hit the lions and wow, there go them bricks
Slide through the hood sittin' on some big wheelsNiggaz coppin' white and turn flips like cartwheels
Trapstar, my NexTel chirp all day
Ridin' dirty, three nines and a four wayGood weed, good drink, big money, we
Rollin' in somethin' foreign, I'm leather grippin' grain
I handle my business so I think
I deserve to get throwed, throwedSo far I'm tourin' on foreign land
Worldwide, I'm known for the Arm & Hammer
Murder the streets I'm a wanted man
But the flow's like dope so it's on againStarted with the block, hit it brick by brick
Then I charted with the ROC nigga, hit by hit
I'm retarded with the glock nigga, clip by clip
The competition is none, they deceased to existLet it breathe a little bit
He's off his rocker, he's a lil schitz'
Roll like a football, Hov' used to cook raw
Now I got the game sewn like granny's good shawlSure, y'all niggaz want war
Y'all got it backwards, y'all should want raw
Y'all should want more and more, and more, uhhGood weed, good drink, big money, we
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