

# Get Throwed

## Bun B Feat. Pimp C, Z-Ro & Young Jeezy

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 wheels Niggaz coppin' white and turn flips like cartwheels  
Trapstar, my NexTel chirp all day  
Ridin' dirty, three nines and a four way Good 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, throwed So 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 again Started 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 exist Let 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 shawl Sure, y'all niggaz want war  
Y'all got it backwards, y'all should want raw  
Y'all should want more and more, and more, uhh Good 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, throwed Good weed, good drink, big money, we  
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