

# Bun-B, Get Throwed

[Intro]

Smoke somethin, bitch

UGK, hold up, talkin bout, uhh

[Pimp C]

Pimp C P.A. Trill nigga

Polo fuck that Hilfiger

Made myself a ghetto star

On the slab, sippin barre

Smokin weed, sellin white

Them other niggaz shit don't come back right

That's how niggaz get popped

Trying to get the cheaper price

Watch 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 night

I 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 grain

[Chorus: Z-Ro + (Young Jeezy)]

Good weed, good drink, big money, we - (AYE!)

Rollin in somethin' foreign, on leather grippin grain (YEEEEAH!)

I handle my business so I think I deserve to get throwed, throwed

[Bun B]

Well 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 show

I'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

Smoke weed and freestyle, no instrumental

Been 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 say

Never 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 throwed

[Chorus - repeat 2X]

[Young Jeezy]

You already know what it is, nigga

Snowman, 16 5 a piece, nigga USDA

I grind hard (grind hard) and play harder (play harder)

Break out the pot (YUP) heat up the water (DAMN!)

Swear to God the minivan do tricks

Hit the brakes, hit the lights and wow, there go them bricks

Slide through the hood (HOOD!) sittin on some big wheels

Niggaz coppin white and turn flips like cartwheels

Trapstar, my Nextel chirp all day (AYE!)

Ridin' dirty, three nines and a four way (G-YEEEEAH!)

[Chorus]

[Jay-Z]

Big money, mayn - we only ride the best

This one and only, big homey

Tried to told you I'm thug, ha

So far I'm tourin on foreign land

Worldwide I'm known for the Arm & Hamm-

-Er, 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!)  
[Chorus - repeat 2X]