

# Paul Wall, I'm Throwed

[Jermaine Dupri:]  
Ya'll know what this is

[Chorus:]  
When I'm on that beat I'm a beast  
I aint never came weak  
Got a mouth full of diamonds  
You can hardly hear me speak  
Especially when it sound like dis (dis)  
It's that H-Town baby and you know what it is  
I'm throwed  
Got styrofoam cup full of bar  
I'm throwed  
Four deep in my old school car  
I'm throwed  
Show Cali why I'm bangin the screw  
Its the Ice Man baby and you know what it do  
I'm throwed

[Paul Wall:]  
I'm Fresher than a fruit bowl  
Leanin like a gas gage  
Straight up off the dome, freestylin like hair braids  
Makin that candy dance, I'm throwed off the Cali plants  
I'm prancin' on the scene crawlin down like fire ants  
My mind in a trance, I'm, sharper than a starched pants  
Stackin Franklin and Grants from South Bank to Spring Branch  
I'm posted like a stamp with my mind on cash  
I'm wheel grippin and still tippin Brandi wine on glass  
I got a screen in the dash, a quarter tank full of gas  
Smokin that puff puff pass, throwed I hope I dont crash  
Reppin the Swisha blast, so I'm flyer than a mockingbird  
Throwed in the mode game, cold as a iceberg baby

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[Paul Wall:]  
Now to broads I'm a sharp-shooter like Steve Kerr  
Flash the wrists cause a blur  
Fox fur and flyin spur  
Undisputed for sure  
So I'm collectin these dimes  
Name and number lil momma cuz its checkout time

I'm slidin on glass threes, inhalin the chronic trees  
Pack protection cuz player hatin spread like STD's  
I'm cool as a ocean breeze, like Chester I'm chasin cheese  
I'm stangin like buzzin bees, on south lee with the cheese  
Screens fall like all them leaves makes the TV's rain  
Take a picture if you please, yeah my wrist is insane

Thirty Karot, diamond chain, so ballin is off the chain  
Mind frame I'm stackin change, I'm so throwed in the game

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[Paul Wall:]

I'm throwed in the game

Im full of that purple sprite, and im searchin for broads  
Paper stackin so my money stretch like extension cords  
I'm a wide body rocker in a four on them choppers  
I'm on the grind stackin up my mail like the post office  
Movin at slow pace with T Farris, my ace  
Cup full of expensive taste, open mouth and showcase  
I'm throwed with screens hangin, swangin breakin his trust  
We pourin up in them cups that stuff got me leanin tough  
Hold up  
I'm caked up so all the boppers attract I got em like Asaffa Powell there runnin the track  
Pullin capers makin paper stacks fly as a dove  
A bread breaker, taste maker baby  
all of the above, I'm throwed

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