

Trae f/ Gorilla Zoe, Yung Joc "Throwaway"

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(Chorus)

Serve them birds, tote K's - Chevrolets on top of blades
All of us got throwaways, bustin out the Escalade
Bustin out the Escalade, bus - bustin out the Escalade
Bustin out the Escalade, all of us got throwaways

[Verse 1 - Yung Joc)

Heard a lot of niggas got a lot to say
save ya breath or state ya case
Speak yo mind and be on your way
Cause I ain't got time for the games you play
Every nigga in my squad gotta strap
Grind heard to put the block on the map
Ya CD ain't sellin, and the people ain't yellin
I'm telling you I'm goin back hard in the trap
Hustlenomics all I know, flip that money stack that
dough
Think it's funny slap that hoe - take his money tax that
hoe
Yeah I said I'll say it again when I play, I play it to win
Choppa, chop off all ya limbs - Doc it ain't no savin him

(Chorus)

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[Verse 2 - Trae]

Niggas mad but I'm here for the crown
All mark ass niggas better lay the fuck down
Homie I'm the king when it come to these streets
you don't wanna go there nigga sit the fuck down
Boys get low every time I get round
if I take it to the hood you'll never get found
When I come out with the K, everybody better pray
when I bust you can hear it from the other side of town
Get a few of these, runnin at you like fans
All fly ass niggas get dropped to the land
Then I gotta few goons on stand for a grand
I'ma asshole sittin with a nice set of hands

G for real I put the H on that
Talk shit bitch I'ma get a case on that
Fuck rap I done put 'em in they place on that
I'm the certified truth goin off on the track

(Chorus)

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(Gorilla Zoe)

Fuck with a nigga like me get ya whole head bust
Cock back and bust, I stay strapped cause I love that
rush
Hollow points flip and they bust yo guts(nigga)
Head on the pillow, you in a coffin
Momma she cryin, yo kids they orphans
Ain't no shells cause nigga we fought 'em
I'm that problem you can't solve 'em
Cook 'em, chop 'em, serve 'em, shop 'em
We go broke my nigga we robbin
Eat what we can, while ya'll play possum
Shop with ya boy my products awesome
We stay strapped one five carbon
Eighteen flat and it ain't no bargain
Got that work so I up my margain
It's a drought so yeah I charge 'em

(Chorus till End)

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