

Rich Boy f/ Andre 3000, The Game, Jim Jones, Lil Jon, Murphy Lee, Nelly

"Throw Some D's"

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[Intro - female voice]
I used to think about immature things
Y'know like, do you love me? Do you want me?
Are you gon' call me like you said you would?
Is this really your real phone number?

[Lil Jon]

Wait a minute motherfuckers!

[Andre 3000]

Ain't a hood nigga but a nigga from the ho-od See mama stayed on me so I turned out pretty go-od But if you wanna try it sucker now then we can do it Ha ha sleep, Tylenol PM if I pull it Sh-sh-sheep, count 'em for the rest of ya life Yeah yeah ya partner got away but now he vegetablelike

So so I sent his mom and dad a whole case of V8 He can die, any second, how much long it's 'gon take?! 'Gon get it over with, oh what if, you were in my loafers then

You might be the dope but I would flush it down the toilet

Like the boys in blue, when they come through with them boots

And they kickin down the do', and they don't care who they shoot

But we do care who they shoot, so we do what we must do

So we act like we run track, then we run straight to the back

But they comin from the back, so we run back to the front

They say get down on ya knees we say what the fuck you want?!

They want cheese, they want bread, they want dough, they want mo'

Than I wanna give 'em but if I keep talkin they won't know

That my cousin in the back, and we call him Roto-Rooter Slash plumber, cash runner, and he fire on them computers
Log out!

[Chorus: Rich Boy]

... fuck niggaz wanna jack

Shit tight, no slack, just bought a Cadillac

Throw, throw some D's on that bitch! Just bought a Cadillac

Throw some, throw some D's on that bitch! Just bought a Cadillac

Rich Boy sellin crack, fuck niggaz wanna jack Shit tight, no slack, just bought a Cadillac Throw, throw some D's on that bitch! Just bought a Cadillac

Throw some, throw some D's on that bitch! Just bought a Cadillac

[Jim Jones]

Shout outs to Rich Boy, Mobile Alabama Let's get it

Shout outs to Rich Boy, we all wanna be rich boy Alabama Bricks Boy tryin to get them big toys (HUSTLIN)

Two-twelve motorin tell Harry "Throw some D's on that bitch!"

Now I'm gettin fly couple G's on the fit I'm at the jeweler now throw some freeze on the bitch I got a chest cold and I might sneeze on the bitch We at the strip club we throw some G's on that bitch cause we BALLIN!!!!

We all OutKasts, hot cars, we coppin cash Chop shop, the added stash, cop cars can kiss my ass The car wash my whips, glowin no tints we fish bowlin No top with the piff blowin "Throw some D's on that bitch!"

And we go hard, Zone 4, D-Boy squad We don't need the bar coast with lawyers baby just to beat the charge

We got a fetish coppin speedy cars charge it to my Visa card

They never thought that we'd get large

[Murphy Lee] + (Nelly)
Lunatics sittin fat (St. Louis on the map)
Sixty nine wet black (I just got my Cutty back)
Throw some D's on that ho (I just got my Cutty back)
Throw, throw some D's on that ho (I just got my Cutty back)

[Nelly]

How could I slip? How could I fall?

When yo baby mama got my poster high up on her wall And that ain't all she done gave me them drawers

[Murphy Lee] + (Nelly)

I'm Murphy Lee please tell yo' sexy little sister (I called) Last time she asked me for some money I was (sent to the North)

But now I'm rich and she can get it see these D's match my fitted

[Nelly]

My paint is banana splitted inside is totally ignant Outside is totally kitted

To be specific it's wicked how them Derrty Boyz did it

[Murphy Lee] + (Nelly)

That Buick Regal (I lit it) My Monte Carlo's (terrific)
That El Dorado (Got switches) Tamika and them (I done hit it)

That twenty mill (I done spent it) That house on the hill (I live it mayne)

And that diamond herringbone you know them niggaz did it

Walk up in the strip club, lookin for a big butt Shawty wanna get fucked, I brought about ten what? Throw throw some ones on 'em Mo - I brought about ten what?

Throw throw some ones on 'em Mo - I brought about ten what?

[Chorus: Rich Boy] + (Lil Jon)

Rich Boy sellin crack, fuck niggaz wanna jack Shit tight, no slack, just bought a Cadillac

Throw some, throw some D's on that bitch! Just bought a Cadillac

Throw some, throw some D's on that bitch! Just bought a Cadillac (Let's qo!!!!)

[Rich Boy]

It's Rich Boy yeah baby I'm a baller
I dropped a hit and had to go park my Impala
I threw some D's on that Lac and now it's taller
They see the wheels on my De Ville so they holla
Let's get this dollar, I got the fat man Lac
Took it to the paint shop and got the fat man black
I hold my jacket with my Tokyo Adidas on
Ho don't even call my phone if you ain't gonna get me

on

So fuck you haters, I'll see you later Might see the gator, in my Escalator Mama told me put some D's on it son you ridin wrong So I took them 20's off and put the monster wheels on

[Chorus: Rich Boy]

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[The Game]

All red Chevrolet, 26's ridin high Dukes of Hazzard doors, in Compton we call 'em suicides

Suede roof, leather seats, woodgrain steerin wheel Candy apple hardtop, Game logo on the grill California license plate ridin through the A-T-L Keep my tires bald I never leave a paper trail Nah I'm a keep it clean, ball when I hit the scene Elbow out the window, show 'em how to gangsta lean Put Cali on the map, westside on my back Hometown on my face, forty five on my lap Twenty in my earlobe, hundred on my neck piece Just bought a Bentley nigga and I'm a "Throw some D's on that bitch!"

Pull up at the rim shop and "Throw some D's on that bitch!"

Might as well cut the top

Let the sunshine in and the bass jump out Hit the block 15's vibratin the whole fuckin house

[Chorus: Rich Boy]

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