

Baby Bash f/ Natalie, Paul Wall**"Thrown Off"**

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[Paul Wall (Baby Bash)]

Paul Wall

Baby Bash

What they talkin' 'bout

I'm just sittin' here (It's throwed off, playa)

What is it (It's throwed off, playa)

Oh really (It's throwed off, playa)

It's goin' down

Chorus:

(Natalie in background)

[Baby Bash] It's throwed off, playa (Already)

It's throwed off, playa (Already)

It's throwed off, playa (Already)

[Natalie] You already know

[Baby Bash] It's throwed off, playa (Already)

It's throwed off, playa (Already)

It's throwed off, playa (Already)

[Natalie] Throwed everywhere we go

Repeat Chorus

[Baby Bash]

(Verse 1)

Now it's about that time

We rearrange your mind

With jam and jersey, fer sherzy, we blowin' on that pine

They call me Baby Bash

So wet, when I park, I splash

I only fuck with the trill, that ain't no succotash

Now let's accelerate

And get to celebratin'

I throw my drank in your face with all that playa-hation

I'm knuckle headed

Super unleaded, watch me, pimp

We got 'em goin' hard, down at the Roxy, pimp

I got a superbud

We keep it On Tha Cool

Space City, H-Town, mayne, what it do

Let's get it gravitated

Get thrown out the club

I'm throwed off like a motherfucker poppin' bud

Repeat Chorus Twice

(Verse 2)

Now you just

Tuned into the crunk show, nephews and my uncles

We pop and perk, put in work, so what's up, though

We like it big and heavy

Enormous and humongous

And all my fingers, it looked like it grew some green
fungus

I'm tryin' to bump a bees

Without even tryin'

I'm throwed off like a fast ball from Nolan Ryan

Some like to get it hyphy

Some like to get it crunk

Some like that goldfast and some like that purple stuff

Repeat Chorus Twice

[Verse 3: Paul Wall]

I'm the Chick Magnet

I'm the People's Champ

I'm in a club, throwed off, cause I'm the People's Tramp

I'm taking shots of Patron, I wash it down with a beer

I spit the same macking game to every dame piece
here

I'm the type of good discussion to the girls at the bar

They wonder if I'm drinking alcohol or sippin' on bar

They fell in love with my car

They wanna marry my cash

They wanna be down with a player cause I'm ridin' with

Bash

Already

I pull up on Parelli, dripping candy painted - Jelly

I stop at Chimmy Chans, and throw somethin' in my -

Belly

It's Paul Wall the G and the mack

It's going down cause I'm throwed like that

I'm just sayin'

Repeat Chorus Twice

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