

## Ancient Ceremony

### "Throw Them 3's"

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[Benzino]

Benzino, unhh!  
Throw 'em up  
Up here in the 6-1-7  
Ray Benzino  
Yo, killa tactics

[K.T.]

Yo, why y'all niggaz wanna test me, I'm out your  
division  
I got more bars and hooks than Mike Tyson in prison  
Listen, you ain't gangsta, killa  
Shorty sure only boy you touched befo' is Vicks 44  
Hoes should squeeze fern, spread like a sick germ  
Have niggaz face down on the floor like they doin the  
kick worm  
Think something sweet with me, try me  
And watch how fast I rash on niggaz like poison ivy  
Cats claim they got guns, they scared to dunk  
I thump on a nigga back like I kick 'em between the  
trunk  
When Boston's in the house niggaz head for the exit  
I put the toast in they mouth like it's breakfast

[Prince]

These niggaz hatin my guts cuz I'm raking in bucks  
Havin straight parties with nothin but bitches with C-  
cups  
Models with manicured hands, livin my feet up  
Yo, let's speed up, I leave the week later, traitor  
I gotta spray ya axe up crooked, I'm doin you a favor  
Look at you ain't a playa so, you'll hate on me later  
I decorate ya clothes, puttin holes through ya paper  
Reck those, respect the flows and catch kang-goes  
Professionals tell me I'm the next to blow  
Yeah pop, I already know, I'm just perfectin the flow  
I got bitches at my window, I get sex to go  
Even though I hate nosy hoes like I'ma go-star

[Smoke]

Niggaz ask me, Smoke why ya go so hard?

I'm tryin to get sucked off in the Benz Coup Drop  
Tryin to have all my C'z niggaz shoot for the stars  
My nine stars spread bullets like grey poupon  
I'm tryin to ice on my wrist and on my arm  
With the high beam shit so frigid it won't visit  
Or put that nigga Jake up out of business  
You niggaz know fast life, niggaz blast nines and toss  
'em in a bucket full of acid  
Now, if I don't leave a nigga and I see you cast up in  
the pod'  
To his motherfucking mouth he ain't gotta have asthma  
I hold down blocks like Mutombo, and check with the  
muzzle  
Got niggaz yellin "break!" runnin different ways  
Like them bitch-niggaz was comin out a 'hugem

[Chorus: Benzino]

My Boston niggaz wanna ride  
Mattapan niggaz gonna ride  
Roxbury niggaz wanna ride  
Do you wanna ride?  
Tell me, do you wanna ride?  
South End niggaz gonna ride [Throw 'em up]  
Hyde Park niggaz wanna ride [Hangmen 3!]  
JP niggaz gonna ride  
Do you wanna ride? [Un-hunh]  
Tell me, do you wanna ride? [What!]

[Luv]

The blazin spot is here, take a shot wit me  
I prefer the grey guch short a Hennesey  
My chicks pull out your door, go and buy the bar  
Tellin you don't even ride you got your own car  
My fellas, who ain't come through don't sweat us  
Some of ya girls is watchin and they probably get  
jealous  
We rock the club all out, rock the bra  
Comin through and throwin like Michael's glove  
I show ya love, only if ya down to get dirty  
My niggaz in the back, I don't think y'all heard me  
Bring ya ass in the front, get crunk and corrupt  
Grind up on a chick that you know you wanna fuck

[Weirdo]

I've been known the toughest nigga, my pockets a size  
bigga  
Inch taller, nigga, don't fuck with a true baller  
We so harda, how do you think, we in Impalla?  
We spendin on them drinkies, my remiss a bit louder  
Strong power, murder dungeons with promptness  
Fuckin wit doe and twist ya cock to ya casket

Ya left on the scene, pockets ripped off ya jeans  
All crunked up and lunked up, my attitudes mean  
Ya know Minks wantin it, Franco Harris runnin it  
38 Mag, I thump on faggots comin wit  
My hands, they chop grands, pop cannons  
Sock drop dudes same spots that they standin

[O.T.]

It's that bastard child, small frame, heavy waist  
With that raspy crowd reck shop everyday  
Niggaz test the blaze, bullets move steady pace  
Gettin hot burns, still a few on your waist  
I got a fetish for cream mixed with ash and green  
Eyes blood shot red when I pop on the scene  
I got a few niggaz with me and they grills is mean  
Drunk pissy in the lobby, niggaz shout in the Beam  
(Hello!)  
Timbaland's be fitted, Jeeps that tinted  
On some 20's, like whoa, with the gleam all in it  
A nigga take it how they want it, son we in it to the  
finish  
Rob Low and 'Zino, niggaz ain't fuckin wit it

[Chorus 4x]

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