

## **Benzino**

### **"Throw Them 3's (Bouston Ni\*\*\*\*)"**

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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 'cause 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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