

Big Mike

"Throwedsville"

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F/ A3, Dirty \$

(*talking*)

Ha, Southside, worldwide

Know I'm tal'n bout, hold up

[Hook]

I just want to bang my screw, and roll in my Seville

Jackers try to take my shit, so I must pack my steel

Way down here in Throwedsville, you know we keep it
real

Run up trying to take my shit, and boy you might get
killed

[A3]

There's a motherfucking nigga, wanna come and try to
jack my shit

I'm in a Double R tech'd up, rolling with a extra clip

And if I flip the switch, then I'ma kill a bitch

And leave a nigga face down, with a extra stitch

Over here in Throwedsville, you can catch a playa
flipping in a blue Seville

Hand locked up, around a wood grain wheel

And the other wrapped tight around a block of steel, we
can pop that grill

If you flip your lid, treat my car like a pint to sip

I know the bitch happy, cause she hit the boulevard
talking loud

Now we showing off our shining grill

Hoes like eww he think he real, don't front trick y'all
know the deal

Sluts just mad, cause I'm sliding on glass

And she won't open up so they can chill, I know how you
feel

But I know your plot, that's how a nigga wind up getting
shot

Lay off his game, I may bring one in a vacant spot

Trying to hit the twat, but I know how them haters flow

Trying to creep up onside my do', find yourself with
bullet holes

Fresh out of a chrome 4-4, naw nigga

Try to run up get dogged nigga, mad cause a playa
boss hogg nigga
Swangas, Vogues, screens fall nigga
Slabbed out, riding like the laws nigga
Trying to jack me, oh no
I'm on my note, get the heat off the flo'
Dirty South we keep it sowed, cock it back and let it go

[Hook]

[Big Moe]

M-O-E, still repping S.U.C
Told you boys, can't plex with me
Swang down, in a candy
Top popped up, sitting on three's
Niggaz be watching me, just like hoes
Escalade, two blunts two O's
Six T.V.'s, up in my console
That's how Dirty South, playas stay thoed
I'm swolled, (love it mayn)
On my note, when I'm switching lanes
All y'all niggaz, trying to knock my game
Cause I got your dame, trying to rock my chain
Well move around, if you's a hater
Boss through the fog, cause a nigga playa
Infrared beam, for a perpetrator
Flee the scene, Moe see you later
One dude, came up stepping
Cause we slowed out dranked out, bang Screw
Dumb fool, I'll turn you blue
Bring your crew, and they could get it too
A gang of soldiers, who refuse to lose
Street fame, cause I paid my dues
Y'all ready for war, y'all lace your shoes
Y'all touch my car, y'all getting bruised

[Hook]

[Dirty \$]

One more time, let a playa come down
Watch a playa come through, doing things a playa do
Acting bad hold the slab, wood wheel I'ma grab
Mayn it gots to be a Caddy, when I'm swinging on the
Avy
L-Boots gon jam, bitches get the cab
We be crawling like a crab, chunk the deuce giving dab
Out this clap, with pop trunk crack
The fifth and the straps, Texas plates doing laps
On every inch of the map na-na, now we bout to break
the bank
Riding candy paint, nigga fuck what you think

Paint gon stank, then I rank on increase
As we bang to the West, and we mob through the East
Heat kept in hands reach, leave it stashed between the
seats
Cause jackers peep quick to cheat, soon as you fall
asleep
On these streets, or do you still relieve with a 4-5
Swinging wide and sitting pretty, on that buck hide
Be that lead to grow on, keep a pint to po' for
Got dro to blow on, so bought that so own
Down South gon roll homes, Down South be like maan
Chrome and swangas on the sand, at the beach in
Galvestan
By that bar, playas gon ball
Haters gon knock, a glock gon get em up off my jock
Know I'm saying, stop playing

[Hook]

(*talking*)
Know I'm tal'n bout, am I weak
And that's for all you hoe ass niggaz
That said I can't rap, biiiaatch
Now run tellat, run tell it, ha-ha

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