

Bun B

"Get Thrown"

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Smoke somethin', bitch
UGK, hold up, talkin' bout, uhh

Pimp C P.A. Trill nigga
Polo fuck that Hilfiger
Made myself a ghetto star
On the slab, sippin' barre

Smokin' weed, sellin' white
Them other niggaz shit don't come back right
That's how niggaz get popped
Tryin' to get the cheaper price

Watch yo' paper, guard your life
'Cause most these niggaz ain't livin' right
Keep yo' pistol, fuck a fight
'Cause niggaz out here jack every night

I keep my mind on my money, nigga, fuck the fame
Big face hun'ers keepin' the game
Hittin' the corner in the candy thang
Sittin' on leather, grippin' the grain

Good weed, good drink, big money, we
Rollin' in somethin' foreign, I'm leather grippin' grain
I handle my business so I think
I deserve to get thrown, thrown

Well, I came in the door, I said it befo'
I never fuck a hoe without head no more
I never pull up in nuttin' less than a four
And I smoke cigars, it ain't just for the show

I'm blessed from the do' and known for my stidile
I send a nigga, baby mamma home with a smidile
You can have the bitch, nigga, I ain't sentimental
I smoke weed and freestyle over an instrumental

Been out, lived through the wicked streets of P.A.
Motherfuck the judge, prosecutor and the DA
Head to the H where the hoes will fuck three way
Two way, four way, anyway the Pro say

Never hear a hoe say, "No, I won't
No, I can't stop it and no, I don't"
'Cause a bitch know that I might just explode
And slap her in the face with a pie a la mode
'Cause a nigga gettin' throwed

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Rollin' in somethin' foreign, I'm leather grippin' grain
I handle my business so I think
I deserve to get throwed, throwed

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You already know what it is, nigga
Snowman, 165 a piece, nigga USDA
I grind hard, grind hard and play harder, play hard
Break out the pot, heat up the water

Swear to God, the minivan do tricks
Hit the bricks hit the lions and wow, there go them
bricks
Slide through the hood sittin' on some big wheels

Niggaz coppin' white and turn flips like cartwheels
Trapstar, my NexTel chirp all day
Ridin' dirty, three nines and a four way

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I handle my business so I think
I deserve to get throwed, throwed

So far I'm tourin' on foreign land
Worldwide, I'm known for the Arm & Hammer
Murder the streets I'm a wanted man
But the flow's like dope so it's on again

Started with the block, hit it brick by brick
Then I charted with the ROC nigga, hit by hit
I'm retarded with the glock nigga, clip by clip
The competition is none, they deceased to exist

Let it breathe a little bit
He's off his rocker, he's a lil schitz'
Roll like a football, Hov' used to cook raw
Now I got the game sewn like granny's good shawl

Sure, y'all niggaz want war
Y'all got it backwards, y'all should want raw
Y'all should want more and more, and more, uhh

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