

Krizz Kaliko "Get Throw'd"

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8-1-6 Boyz

Ain't we sick boy

[Verse 1 - Krizz Kaliko]

Kali Babyâ€¦Get â€˜em daddy

I came here pretty big night

I canâ€™t remember it

Iâ€™m drunk my breath is all one

I might need a dinner mint

A couple of strong ones and then a couple of shots

Iâ€™m getting all one, ok

I never take the wrong one can make anything I can pull

Iâ€™ll take a tall one, Ok

Make my drink too big to hold and make it pretty cold
and

Iâ€™m too drunk to even speak nigga ass is pretty
show'd

If I could just be off my seat and I'm in get it mode

And drink you under the table I'm talkin bout

[Hook:]

Lets get Throw'd

Pop a couple bottles hit the door

Ima turn it up and make it gold

Go many, go many, go many, go many

Lets get Throw'd

Where my alcoholics at [x8]

Makzillaâ€¦Talk to â€˜em

[Verse 2 - Makzilla]

Iâ€™m Desi den sober sin

Fellas leavin' cups of lean

Celebratin' soups of through cups of lou

Iâ€™ll scream salute

Whatcha waitin' on? Get your drink on

Everyone in 816 knows not into a friend

Of a ten of a ten of a ten so unattractive

My crew consist of 816as who take that slang

And add some liquor make her chug-a-lug

Till she starts to hiccup a thing for good

A think clone tatted up real thick and wild so

Lets make like a realas burnt thing zillas and
Lets get

[Hook]

Kutt Kalhoun soo wooâ€¦Kutty Go ahead

[Verse 3 - Kutt Kalhoun]

YEAHâ€¦BLACK GOLD sick'em
Kutt the room bottle service
Mister melvadeear I'm the worst
When it comes to touchin' my lips with liquor
I do to fifths what I do to verses, Kill them
Nigga might lose his shirt, â€˜cause I'm too beserk
when I'm jagar bombin'
I feel it, right up your hoochies skirt cause this erk the
jerk is
My fame, my mind, and I drop my draws and get naked
Just my hat and tat to my necklace
Soft as molly what you expected drunk like 40 bins and
I'm wreckless
If you born to party lâ€™™ m the wildest one in my clique
when it comes to drinkinâ€™™ man
It's breaking news when lâ€™™ m pervy call me Ron
Burgundy cause lâ€™™ m the anchorman

[Hook]

Tech N9ne.....Tech N9neee

[Verse 4 - Tech N9ne]

4 hoursemen I'm drinkin (whats that?)
Jack Daniels (yeah?), Johnnie Walker(yeah?), Jim Beam
(what?)
Jose Cuervo (huh?!), throwin ups what I'm thinkin! At
about 7 of those
Level a bro, wakin up sick is inevitable, head on the flo
where it keep me!
That'll get me throwin up that neeses, or a beef on bun
on bread with a B.B.!
I get so throw'd I mess around and wake up off in
Mexico!
So drunk that the killa cartel put the chainsaw down
then accept a bro!
So drunk on a hella late night I stumbled into Texaco!
Askin for lexapro!
Come on!

[Hook]

Okay Okay Come On

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