

Missy 'misdemeanor' Elliott "U-Throw-1"

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Chorus:

You wanna floss with yo guns?
Nigga you show one I show one
You wanna have a lil' fun
You throw one I throw one
Automatic weapons spin in the midst of the night
Infra red bout to show me some light

Verse One: {Tec-9}

Put yo guns down partner I got yo back
You show me where the drama at and I'm a go and
handle that
Fa'real, I ready a show you how blocka block the spot
with the glock
Leave the terrace up in the slot and rip the building's in
the block
Well if I place the red dot that's where a nigga try'na hit
ya and
If I place it up in your chest
better believe it's gonna split ya and stand on
Top of the situation obligated to get ya now ya learn
Then chopper bullets really be burnin' just comin' the
Top dog of the game bangin' body's I drop cock knot
I'm a get ya hot cock glock nigga in a knot
Strong as that hen on the rock
Hit ya flesh with lead you down with the best dog
Cuz none of my shots went straight for the head

Chorus

Verse Two: {Tec-9}

It's yella tapin' white chalk season
How many missin' you've been chosen for no special
reason
Make a decision, get out the way bullets fly
Duck City on the set run take cover
I ain't to picky bout the body's I wet
I'm wanted in three states for murder under the capital
law

One stabbin', one self defense, and a plain old
slaughter
Order be hot to go to jail but I'm not
Order to be scared to show my face but I'm not
So I can take you to the spot where I first pulled the
trigger
I knew I'll never be the same
I be loadin' and cockin' knockin' shit from a nigga brain
Down with ski masks and dark glasses
Nigga that's the way we do it
I handle my business pullin' the trigger ain't a
Damn thing to it attack a nigga when it comes down
To combat i don't want to be around that
Detach a nigga we think about failin'
I can't be havin' that I'm dealin' with the best of
Killers be ready to ride no eye witness left behind
Go and testify nigga be cut throat with each other no lie
Yo life in danger when it's time to ride you drive
So I can have the better angle
Killers be killers by model not thinkin'
Straight when I'm on the bottle
You throw one and I'm a throw one and
All my nigga gonna follow

Chorus

Verse Three: {Tec-9}

You wanna throw one
Roll up the gun and let me blow one
Five niggas packed tight in the back seat of my hoopty
Made the loop around my corner who's the first
To bust on these niggas empty the click cuz
We came to put the hurt on these niggas
Black attire when I'm creepin' on ya
Givin' you the slightest ideal that
Tec is bustin' on ya mysterious
Leavin' innoicent by-standers curious
Some be furious you know my nigga from
Uptown like to kidnap kids
Hold 'em for the ransom then they come with the end
Murder Murder I be one you love to have on your team
Nigga's shit you give me the right price and I'm a
Handle my biz it's not gonna take nothin'
For me to creep down and dump on these niggas
Wanna make sure the job's done right and use
The pump on these niggas
One time for all my dope fiends cramped up doin' bad
Bout's to hook up on they bitch ass
For the stash and the cash
Only my real niggas click tight and professional snipers

Love the situations, love the situations
I'm facin' nigga's steady keep on chasin' but them
Choppers be erasin'
You wanna throw one
Roll up the gun and let me blow one
Five niggas packed tight in the back seat of my hoopty
Made the loop around my corner who's the first
To bust on these niggas empty the click cuz

Chorus

Yeah nigga, you pull yo shit I'm a pull my shit
Automatic weapons baby

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