

Paul Wall "I'm Thrown"

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[Jermaine Dupri:]

Ya'll know what this is

[Chorus:]

When I'm on that beat I'm a beast

I aint never came weak

Got a mouth full of diamonds

You can hardly hear me speak

Especially when it sound like dis (dis)

It's that H-Town baby and you know what it is

I'm thrown

Got styrofoam cup full of bar

I'm thrown

Four deep in my old school car

I'm thrown

Show Cali why I'm bangin the screw

Its the Ice Man baby and you know what it do

I'm thrown

[Paul Wall:]

I'm Fresher than a fruit bowl

Leanin like a gas gage

Straight up off the dome, freestylin like hair braids

Makin that candy dance, I'm thrown off the Cali plants

I'm prancin' on the scene crawlin down like fire ants

My mind in a trance, I'm, sharper than a starched pants

Stackin Franklin and Grants from South Bank to Spring

Branch

I'm posted like a stamp with my mind on cash

I'm wheel grippin and still tippin Brandi wine on glass

I got a screen in the dash, a quarter tank full of gas

Smokin that puff puff pass, throwed I hope I dont crash

Reppin the Swisha blast, so I'm flyer than a

mockingbird

Throwed in the mode game, cold as a iceburg baby

[Chorus:]

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[Paul Wall:]

Now to broads I'm a sharp-shooter like Steve Kerr
Flash the wrists cause a blur
Fox fur and flyin spur
Undisputed for sure
So I'm collectin these dimes
Name and number lil momma cuz its checkout time

I'm slidin on glass threes, inhalin the chronic trees
Pack protection cuz player hatin spread like STD's

I'm cool as a ocean breeze, like Chester I'm chasin
cheese
I'm stangin like buzzin bees, on south lee with the
cheese
Screens fall like all them leaves makes the TV's rain
Take a picture if you please, yeah my wrist is insane
Thirty Karot, diamond chain, so ballin is off the chain
Mind frame I'm stackin change, I'm so throwed in the
game

[Chorus:]

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[Paul Wall:]

I'm throwed in the game

Im full of that purple sprite, and im searchin for broads

Paper stackin so my money stretch like extension cords
I'm a wide body rocker in a four on them choppers
I'm on the grind stackin up my mail like the post office
Movin at slow pace with T Farris, my ace
Cup full of expensive taste, open mouth and showcase
I'm throwed with screens hangin, swangin breakin his
trust
We pourin up in them cups that stuff got me leanin
tough
Hold up
I'm caked up so all the boppers attract I got em like
Asaffa Powell there runnin the track
Pullin capers makin paper stacks fly as a dove
A bread breaker, taste maker baby
all of the above, I'm throwed

[Chorus:]

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