

Styles P

"Throw Down"

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[Verse 1] trae

Aint nothin promise but death but accept it is kinda
drastic
Mama scared to sleep cause she vision me in the
casket
Black say he cursed somehow I feel like he passed it
Now I hit the hood with the K and a piece of plastic
Both of my sisters gone, how the fuck is this shit a part
of life
Right after the judge send my brother to do a couple
life
I know I'm supposed to be grateful, that never made
me hate
For looking at my dog on the table condition wouldn't
state
But told them bring them back, but the doctor told me
they were't able
Walk with me I show you a movie, that shit you see on
cable
They found my homie mama murdered, face inside a
bible
He was basicly in the feel, now he suicidal
Damn, looking at my son I only think to stay instead of
thinking what could end the worse I only think to break
Cause where I'm from they tell me all gangsters go'n
die the same
Before I live and crash my dreams, I'm a fly the fuckin
plane

[Hook x2]

Always a go down, always a show down
I'm on the up and up, 'cause niggas is low now
I be fucking up, pray to God that I slow down
But this the fast life, throw it up if you throw down

[Verse 2]

Ah, I know that the fans listen
From the hood to Hollywood it's a transition
Face under my hood just like a transmission
Grants the ambition
I recall reeling up and the grand missing

Mom Christian, father was a black spade
Uncle funeral parlor cause of a black gauge
I rap I'm paid and they well jealous
They almost got me, I shot 3 dale allish
I'm from the hood, medicate infidelis
If Fred afraid then tell us, until that
Well money murda I'm about that
And they about it too, I'm tryina stay focused
God forgive me what I'm 'bout to do
I know more people in a coma, than diplomas
The gunpowder aroma with Corona's on the corner
Well I play the stoop and then I spray de deuce
Niggas lie my homie Trae The Truth

[Hook x2]

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[Verse 3]

Am I addicted to pain? We stumble in the sun
But we never slip in the rains
Is insanity sane?
Is I pray when high or ride, now it's that foul
Rolling a blunt but exhalin' a black cloud
When I die, don't cry nigga, laugh loud
21 guns salute with a mask
And the mass crowd shooter and a hawker
But I don't wanna charge all sin
Take off my pain as the emcee of the all feel
Brother gone, father gone
Couple of the homies gone
Time flying and I'm ready to get my lonely on
I wanna see time fly with the rollie on
Sorta like a blood and a Crip, mixed with the Corleone
South African warrior blood, in my veins
With im Y.O. warrior boss in my brains
With a tormented soul, to all my niggas roll with the
cars and the gold
Of the money to grow old, yeah

[Hook x2]

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