

**A.R****"Threwed-N-Da Game"**Visit "[Threwed-N-Da Game](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(Billy Cook)

Oooooo-oooh, llllllllll'm so throwed, in the game  
In the two triple O, Po-Yo, Billy G, aaaaaaaay

[Hook: Billy Cook - 2x]

I'm so thoed in the game  
All the haters wanna know my name  
I'm pushing weight, to leveling the game  
Open up your eyes, and see the fame

[Big Pokey]

I'm so, thoed in the game  
Blood and sweat, got a nigga feeling the pain  
Moving like a freight train, and ain't looking back  
Trying to make the big head stack, feel that  
Open your eyes, I'm a wolverine on the rise  
Mobbing like Wise Guys, my eyes on the prize  
Recognize, it's a hell of a feeling  
It's cathedral ceilings, I'm building and shuffling  
shilling  
Trying to touch a million, 'fore my time is up  
I ain't touched it yet, so I ain't blind enough  
And the playa haters agitated, cause the figgas  
I done calculated, I put it in they face laminated  
Nonstop, let em know my guns chop  
And if it's on, I'ma make they lungs stop  
Snitches, I'ma snatch they tongue out  
Oooh yeah, know I'm talking bout

[Hook: Billy Cook - 2x]

[Big Pokey]

I'm a playa, lose corners checking my trap  
Hitting gaps like Warren Sapp, trying to make  
something happ'n  
Day for day with it, on the block getting paid with it  
Twenty fo' seven, I stay with it  
I don't play with it, I pump it nigga  
Laws come dumping, all the neers gate and jumping  
nigga  
Get my bail on, head home and get my cell phone

So I could re-up, and get my mail on  
This ain't the first time, I lost my do'  
Or toss my do', as long as I ain't lost my hoe  
Can't cry over spilled milk, just jump on my game  
And make my gears shift, real swift  
I'm a threat, one of the realest you ever met  
If I'm trading a set, with a brick and some wet  
In the big body Lex on dubs, pop pushed up  
Sitting low on the dubs, nigga what

[Hook: Billy Cook - 2x]

[Big Pokey]

All I need is a three beam, and coffee mug to shake  
Big bag of weight, compressed and duct taped  
Peep the print on it, K-9 can't get a scent on it  
Bust that hoe down, and let the fleas get bent on it  
My hustle, I've been known it for deep  
Keep my game concrete, cement under my feet  
Head up, moving in the right direction  
Knowing I can make a mill, with the right connection  
Mob Style through Texas, a A-1 selection  
And I spit the truth, like a sinner in confession  
Hauling wessins, waiting for something to jump  
First nigga to bump, will catch a hot one in his gum  
Get your paper by all means, gotta survive  
Working this crack of construction, from nine to five  
But it's my time to shine, I'ma blind they eyes  
Knocking my rides off like french fries, supersized

[Hook: Billy Cook - 2x]

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