

Lil Cory "Thrown Off"

Visit "[Thrown Off](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

I say I'm walkin through the club like FTW
Throwin twenty grand rubba bands every time I shoot

And I make another twenty grand when I hit the booth
Bad bitches all over me and none of them wit you

I go crazy on the beat, hell yea Ima lunatic
You can't find nemo mothafucka you a tuna fish

2010, that's when I started losing it
But it was on my mind I just never went through with it

Gotta be hot when I step up in the building
Dodging flames and fire hide ya women and the
children

My goons so crazy they'll be hangin from the ceiling
Beat layin face down dead cuz I killed it.

Don't fuck around with me if you don't want these
problems
Bust ya in the head now that's a graphic novel.

Yeah, so keep on workin it hoe
My niggas have ya lookin like murder she wrote

Why the fuck you hella jealous of my murderous flow?
I come from Alabama where the murderers go.

You say you like the thugs well thanks to all the saving
I'm out the hood but I'm still paper chasing baby

They robbin me, asking me where the cain at
I light the switch in the streets "Where your brains at?"

I'm killing these snitches, they asking forgiveness, I'm
coppin the shit
That I neva had.
I'm chillin wit bitches, they askin for riches, I'm givin em
shit and they
Still coming back.
I'm feelin these niggas who made it from zilch and I'm

giving them props to
All of they tracks.
I'm sick of these bitches actin like the shit when I'm
comin wit niggas who
Put on the mask.
They stunnin and runnin the game wit a mac. Comin for
you, they about to
Attack.
Steadily runnin the streets with these hoes, bullet holes
be in yo Llac.

Visit [Lil Cory](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.