

**666****"Tossed Up"**Visit "[Tossed Up](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[Pimp C] (Bun-b)

uhhh

hol up..smoke something bitch

keep your mind on your money (keep my mind on my money)

I represent UGK river, know what I'm talking bout (black owned)

independent and black owned (smoked up)

smoke on something

so get your mind right

uhhh, I'm young motherfucking sweet jones

pimpin the six

gotta yellow bone bitch cooking me serving bricks

since I was 17 I've been a legend in texas

screaming fuck the police and blowing dough in the lexus

I saw your video nigga, you're slow and sloppy

spent 500,000 on a carbon copy

while I was smoking with the young soldiers in the caddy

yall fucking off your money trying to be puff daddy

i'm a OG rock baller

I know some nigga that a bust 17 off in your impala

you fuck them hoes and pay em top dollar

I'm still down with lil J I gotta the money and the fucking power

bitch

chorus x 2

now all you niggas talking shit you getting tossed up

and all of these hoes that's on the dick they getting tossed up

we got them cookies and them bricks they getting tossed up

so don't you be bout nothing slick you getting tossed up

[verse 2]

yall niggas done fucked up and called up some treat niggas

niggas who ain't scared to put 6 in your Hilfiger  
deal wit a nigga like a swisha and split him down the  
middle  
remind a motherfucker who the real hard hitter  
gold diggers for cheese jealous and in keys keeping  
berretas  
for them playing hating fellas what the fuck can you tell  
us  
driving benzs with mo mos hoes sucking our toes  
cause they know we the niggas roll with all the  
goddamn dough  
I cook a quarter pound of blow sell it for 44  
selling ounces for 5.50 caught you 12 at your door  
it's smitty the pimp dope pro hoe I know the rules  
the early bird gets the bread if you snooze you lose

chorus x 2

[Bun -B]

you done pushed the panic button  
now we taking it all like a glutton  
any tripping we cutting so listen it's bubby hutton  
now any hoe that snort in here you can catch the nuttin  
we synonymous with a rock like charles s dutton our  
prophecies  
now wasn't you that sudsucker  
talking shit with that funky bitch up in that fuddruckers  
you best to be a mud ducker, I'm a thug bucker  
and I got one specially designed for all you  
motherfuckers  
we love ruckus, wanna shuck and jive  
but when I came through with that four to the fucking  
five  
niggas duck and dive ?????  
what a fucking liar  
bitch ain't no time to get flossed up  
I'm sauced up you said it cost what woood-d

chorus x 4

Visit [666](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.