

Andy Borg

"Threwed-N-Da Game"

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(Billy Cook)

Oooooh-oooh, llllllllll'm so threwed, in the game
In the two triple O, Po-Yo, Billy G, aaaaaaay

[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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