

Mean Green

"Tossed Up"

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featuring UGK

[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 treal 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 bubbly 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 buckler

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

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