

# Trae

## "Throw Aways"

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Chorus (Yung Joc)

Serve them birds tote K's  
Cheverolet's on top of blades  
All of us got throw aways  
Bustin' out the Escalade  
Bustin' out the Escalade  
Bust-bustin' out the Escalade  
Bustin' out the Escalade  
All of us got throw aways

Verse 1 (Yung Joc)

Whole lotta n\*\*\*\*z got a lot to say  
Save your breath or state your case  
Speak your mind or be on your way  
Ain't got time for the games you play  
Every n\*\*\*a in my squad got a strap  
Grind hard to put the block on the map  
If the city ain't sellin'  
And the people ain't yellin'  
I'm tellin' ya I'm goin' back hard in the trap  
Hustlenomics all I know  
Flip that money stack that doe  
Think your funny slap that hoe  
Take his money text that hoe  
Yeah I said it I'll say it again  
When I play it I play it to win  
Choppa chop of all your limbs  
Doc' it ain't no savin' him

Chorus (Yung Joc)

Verse 2 (Trae)

N\*\*\*\*z mad but I'm here for the crown  
All walk a\*\* n\*\*\*\*z betta lay the f\*\*\* down  
Homie I'm the king when it come to these streets  
You don't wanna go there n\*\*\*a sit the f\*\*\* down  
Fours get loaded everytime I come 'round  
If I take you to the hood you will never get found  
When I come out with the K  
Everybody better pray  
If I bust you can hear it from the other side of town  
Get a few of these runnin' at you light fast

Dumb fly a\*\* n\*\*\*\*z get dropped to the land  
Then I got a few goons on stand for a grand  
I'm a a\*\*hole sittin' with a nice set of hands  
G for real I put the H on the map  
Talk s\*\*\* b\*\*\*h I'ma get a case on that  
F\*\*\* rap I done put 'em in they place on that  
I'm the certified truth goin' off on a track

Chorus (Yung Joc)

Verse 3 (Gorilla Zoe)

F\*\*\*in' with a n\*\*\*a like me get your whole head bust  
Cock back I bust  
I stay strapped cuz I love that rush  
4 point slip when they push your guts n\*\*\*a  
Head on the pillow you in a coffin  
Momma she cryin' your kids they orphans  
Ain't no shells cuz n\*\*\*a we found them  
I'm the problem you can't solve him  
Cook 'em chop 'em serve 'em shop 'em  
We go broke my n\*\*\*a we robbin'  
Eat what we kill why you all play possum  
Shop what you want my product's awesome  
We stay strapped one five carbon  
18 flat and ain't no bargains  
Cut my work so we up'ed my margins  
It's a drop so yeah I charge 'em

Chorus (Yung Joc)

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