

Throw Them 3's (Boston Niggaz)

Benzino

Benzino, unhh!
Throw 'em up
Up here in the 6-1-7
Ray Benzino
Yo, killa tactics

Yo, why y'all niggaz wanna test me, I'm out your division
I got more bars and hooks than Mike Tyson in prison
Listen, you ain't gangsta, killa
Shorty sure only boy you touched befo' is Vicks 44
Hoes should squeeze fern, spread like a sick germ
Have niggaz face down on the floor like they doin the kick worm
Think something sweet with me, try me
And watch how fast I rash on niggaz like poison ivy
Cats claim they got guns, they scared to dunk
I thump on a nigga back like I kick 'em between the trunk
When Boston's in the house niggaz head for the exit
I put the toast in they mouth like it's breakfast

These niggaz hatin my guts cuz I'm raking in bucks
Havin straight parties with nothin but bitches with C-cups
Models with manicured hands, livin my feet up
Yo, let's speed up, I leave the week later, traitor
I gotta spray ya axe up crooked, I'm doin you a favor
Look at you ain't a playa so, you'll hate on me later
I decorate ya clothes, puttin holes through ya paper
Reck those, respect the flows and catch kang-goes
Professionals tell me I'm the next to blow
Yeah pop, I already know, I'm just perfectin the flow
I got bitches at my window, I get sex to go
Even though I hate nosy hoes like I'ma go-star

Niggaz ask me, Smoke why ya go so hard?
I'm tryin to get sucked off in the Benz Coup Drop
Tryin to have all my C'z niggaz shoot for the stars
My nine stars spread bullets like grey poupon
I'm tryin to ice on my wrist and on my arm
With the high beam shit so frigid it won't visit
Or put that nigga Jake up out of business
You niggaz know fast life, niggaz blast nines and toss 'em in a bucket full
of acid
Now, if I don't leave a nigga and I see you cast up in the pod'
To his motherfucking mouth he ain't gotta have asthma
I hold down blocks like Mutombo, and check with the muzzle
Got niggaz yellin "break!" runnin different ways
Like them bitch-niggaz was comin out a 'hugem

My Boston niggaz wanna ride
Mattapan niggaz gonna ride
Roxbury niggaz wanna ride
Do you wanna ride?
Tell me, do you wanna ride?
South End niggaz gonna ride (Throw 'em up)
Hyde Park niggaz wanna ride (Hangmen 3!)
JP niggaz gonna ride
Do you wanna ride? (Un-hunh)
Tell me, do you wanna ride? (What!)

The blazin spot is here, take a shot wit me
I prefer the grey guch short a Hennesey
My chicks pull out your door, go and buy the bar
Tellin you don't even ride you got your own car
My fellas, who ain't come through don't sweat us
Some of ya girls is watchin and they probably get jealous
We rock the club all out, rock the bra
Comin through and throwin like Michael's glove
I show ya love, only if ya down to get dirty
My niggaz in the back, I don't think y'all heard me
Bring ya ass in the front, get crunk and corrupt
Grind up on a chick that you know you wanna fuck

I've been known the toughest nigga, my pockets a size bigga
Inch taller, nigga, don't fuck with a true baller
We so harda, how do you think, we in Impalla?
We spendin on them drinkies, my remiss a bit louder
Strong power, murder dungeons with promptness
Fuckin wit doe and twist ya cock to ya casket
Ya left on the scene, pockets ripped off ya jeans
All crunked up and lunked up, my attitudes mean
Ya know Minks wantin it, Franco Harris runnin it
38 Mag, I thump on faggots comin wit
My hands, they chop grands, pop cannons
Sock drop dudes same spots that they standin

It's that bastard child, small frame, heavy waist
With that raspy crowd reck shop everyday
Niggaz test the blaze, bullets move steady pace
Gettin hot burns, still a few on your waist
I got a fetish for cream mixed with ash and green
Eyes blood shot red when I pop on the scene
I got a few niggaz with me and they grills is mean
Drunk pissy in the lobby, niggaz shout in the Beam (Hello!)
Timbaland's be fitted, Jeeps that tinted
On some 20's, like whoa, with the gleam all in it
A nigga take it how they want it, son we in it to the finish
Rob Low and 'Zino, niggaz ain't fuckin wit it