Ya'll know what this is
When I'm on that beat I'm a beast
I aint never came weak
Got a mouth full of diamonds
You can hardly hear me speak
Especially when it sound like dis (dis)
It's that H-Town baby and you know what it is
I'm throwed
Got styrofoam cup full of bar
I'm throwed
Four deep in my old school car
I'm throwed
Show Cali why I'm bangin the screw
Its the Ice Man baby and you know what it do
I'm throwed

I'm Fresher than a fruit bowl
Leanin like a gas gage
Straight up off the dome, freestylin like hair braids
Makin that candy dance, I'm throwed off the Cali plants
I'm prancin' on the scene crawlin down like fire ants
My mind in a trance, I'm, sharper than a starched pants
Stackin Franklin and Grants from South Bank to Spring Branch
I'm posted like a stamp with my mind on cash
I'm wheel grippin and still tippin Brandi wine on glass
I got a screen in the dash, a quarter tank full of gas
Smokin that puff puff pass, throwed I hope I dont crash
Reppin the Swisha blast, so I'm flyer than a mockingbird
Throwed in the mode game, cold as a iceburg baby

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Now to broads I'm a sharp-shooter like Steve Kerr Flash the wrists cause a blur Fox fur and flyin spur Undisputed for sure So I'm collectin these dimes
Name and number lil momma cuz its checkout time

I'm slidin on glass threes, inhalin the chronic trees
Pack protection cuz player hatin spread like STD's
I'm cool as a ocean breeze, like Chester I'm chasin cheese
I'm stangin like buzzin bees, on south lee with the cheese
Screens fall like all them leaves makes the TV's rain

Take a picture if you please, yeah my wrist is insane Thirty Karot, diamond chain, so ballin is off the chain Mind frame I'm stackin change, I'm so throwed in the game

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I'm throwed in the game

Im full of that purple sprite, and im searchin for broads
Paper stackin so my money stretch like extension cords
I'm a wide body rocker in a four on them choppers
I'm on the grind stackin up my mail like the post office
Movin at slow pace with T Farris, my ace
Cup full of expensive taste, open mouth and showcase
I'm throwed with screens hangin, swangin breakin his trust
We pourin up in them cups that stuff got me leanin tough
Hold up
I'm caked up so all the boppers attract I got em like Asaffa Powell there ru
nnin the track

Pullin capers makin paper stacks fly as a dove A bread breaker, taste maker baby all of the above, I'm throwed

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