

# Throw It Away

Slaughterhouse

[Intro: Swizz Beatz]

We're about to set it off right now (x3)

[Interlude 1]

You know I ain't Bill Gates, honey  
But I'mma act like I ain't never had money

[Hook]

And throw it away (x4)  
You see me throw it away  
And throw it away  
I like to throw it away  
Let's throw it away  
Let 'em know

[Interlude 2]

You know I ain't Jay-Z, honey  
But I'mma act like I ain't never had money

[Verse 1: Royce Da 5'9"]

Live from the area, area, wasted  
? will bury ya, bury ya, wasted  
Standing on couches, everybody know me  
Rock star, only thing that's left to do is O.D  
Realest nigga out here, out here  
In the club doing what got my name out here, out here  
You can call it tipping, you can call it tricking  
You can call it dissing, ?  
Throw them bitches on queue like  
Throw them in the sky when you hear us go  
?

[Interlude 2]

[Hook]

And throw it away  
And throw it away  
And throw it away  
I like to throw it away  
And throw it away  
You see me throw it away  
Racks stacked up, get it up and throw it away

[Interlude 1]

[Verse 2: Joell Ortiz]

All my money got wings on it, fat  
Booties got my? on it, clap  
Clap, clap; make that butt applaud  
You got all that back, what you fucking for?  
Bitches, bitches, this is y'all's song  
I got riches itching sitting in y'all thong  
We're the business, this is Slaughterhouse, baby  
This is what it's all about, crazy, money  
Blowing in the breeze like  
Like a picture pose, I got cheese like  
Come, come, get this money from me, I don't want it, honey

I don't make it rain; I make it snow, bunny  
Climb the pole to the top of that bitch  
I ain't got it like that, but I got it like, this

[Interlude 1]

[Hook]

And throw it away  
And throw it away  
And throw it away  
And throw it away  
You see me throw it away  
And throw it away  
I like to throw it away  
Let's throw it away  
Let 'em know

[Interlude 2]

[Verse 3: Crooked I]

Yeah, bitch, damn right, I'm fucking a lesbian stripper  
In a Dodge Sprinter; Dick Van Dyke  
Whores gonna love it when I go Warren Buffett  
Throwing euros on the floor balling on the foreign budget  
Slaughter's in the house, look at the clique, that clique  
Deeper than the breasts of a fat chick, fat chick  
Party in VIP with the Earth's realest  
On blue boys and 'shrooms, now the club is Smurf Village  
Throwing money in the air like  
I'm yelling I'm falsetto like  
I know you killers hold the metal tight  
Who give a fuck? We all ghetto, right?  
I had a lap dance, moment of clarity  
This a tax right off, this is my favorite charity

[Interlude 1]

[Hook]

[Interlude 2]

[Verse 4: Joe Budden]

Tell her she could crash here;  
Cute face with a pretty butt, pretty butt  
Shake got an ass saying giddy-up, giddy-up  
Throwing titty bucks, put it down, that's a pick me up  
Money too long for me to try to titty fuck  
Car murder like  
Even got the valet workers like  
You scratch that, and it's one thing  
Cause I fuck around and you gonna hear the guns sing  
Red bottoms hopping out the coupe  
We got it tied up, even when we outta the loop  
I tell 'em

[Interlude 1]

[Hook]