

# Throw

Mac Dre

It's that throw, bitch  
And we gotta let you know, bitch  
We park and perk, put in work  
Gotta get that dough, bitch  
It's that throw, bitch  
And we gotta let you know, bitch  
We park and perk, put in work  
Gotta get that dough, bitch

I'm the throw, nagga; gurpin' with these hoes, nagga  
Lovin' the way we flow, nagga; oh, you didn't know, nagga  
Stackin' up these style points (Style points) as we enter the spot  
Smokin' booyow joints (Booyow joints), got about an ounce in stock  
And you better watch my cousin 'cause he's fresh outta Vacaville  
State penitentiary, smokin' on a half a hill  
Blowin' by them squares that be constantly hatin'  
Whisperin' to the potna, "Man, that nigga tried to fuck my bitch when we were still datin'," mmm  
Think what you want, sucker, I wasn't tryin'  
I was deep inside the pussy when you was working overtime  
And guess what, playa? I'm looking famous (Famous)  
Waiting to stick my finger so far in your baby's mother's anus (Anus)  
He keeps looking, while I keep staring  
Smoking more happy than, uh, Bobby McFerrin  
With the Looie Crew, bitch, and Miami's got a choppa  
I came with my folks but now I'm leaving with a head doctor

It's that throw, bitch  
And we gotta let you know, bitch  
We park and perk, put in work  
Gotta get that dough, bitch  
It's that throw, bitch  
And we gotta let you know, bitch  
We park and perk, put in work  
Gotta get that dough, bitch

Stepped out the lid, famo', dipped in butter  
Looking fatter than that other Dre that be with Ed Lover  
L-U-Gz on my F-double E-T's  
So cool I can freeze like 32 degrees  
G's in pocket, stuffed like potatoes  
Ready to play hoes 'cause that's how my day goes  
I'm Dre, hoes, and yes, the rumor is true  
Donkey curve to the left a little and way cool  
But ooh, I heard they giggin' in Alameda  
Crack heem, and cuddie rolled some weed up  
Nigga tryna party 'til he hear cock fartin'  
Then I'm departin', actin' a fool like Martin  
Leavin' rubber parallel 'cause I got posi  
Got to stay tight to shake Detective Cozi  
Everybody's jockin', but I ain't stoppin'  
I'm outie to the throw where the pussy's poppin'

It's that throw, bitch  
And we gotta let you know, bitch  
We park and perk, put in work  
Gotta get that dough, bitch

It's that throw, bitch  
And we gotta let you know, bitch  
We park and perk, put in work  
Gotta get that dough, bitch

Now 'fore I blast up outta the pad, did I forget somethin'?  
I puts this dick on my broad, I gots to hit somethin'  
I try to split somethin' (Split it), I represent when it counts  
Give her 93 minutes, bust a nut then I bounce  
Jump on the freeway, I'm still down to roll  
Slide through Sacramento and clown some more  
Bump a couple of bitches, sell some game  
Be all about my riches, never tell 'em my name  
I serve and switch just like I was taught to  
Not a motherfuckin' thing is what I bought you  
I don't give a fuck about laws  
Tonight, man, I'm all about drawers  
Fightin' with a hutch, it's big bread in my clutch  
I never heard about any of the players that get down this much  
If you looking to get toked, come spend a buck with me  
But if you see me at the throw, don't even fuck with me

It's that throw, bitch  
And we gotta let you know, bitch  
We park and perk, put in work  
Gotta get that dough, bitch  
It's that throw, bitch  
And we gotta let you know, bitch  
We park and perk, put in work  
Gotta get that dough, bitch