

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
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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

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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'

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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

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