

I'm Too Throwed

Messy Marv

What Rich say? Nigga I'm a businessman
Business man? Hahaha
Let's run it nigga
Yeah

I'm too throwed for these bitches nigga I'm a gangsta
Somebody get a net nigga
We do what the fuck we wanna do
Yeah Click Clack gang nigga
I'm too throwed for these niggas bitch I'm a gangsta
Somebody get a net nigga
Don't fuck wit us, and we won't fuck wit you
Yeah Click Clack gang nigga

Look, I'll bust the bag off a brick nigga
I'm a gritter mane, the money come quick nigga
Cross me, I'll murder the whole click nigga
I'm from the block where it's money over a bitch nigga...eaah
I ain't in love with a ho, but I'm lovin this life
Gettin my Makaveli's dirty tryna shoot these dice
Huggin the corner in my 430s
Yeah it's gangsta with me pussy, I ride dirty...eaah
I'm a Click Clack nigga, livin life on the run
Bouncing out on some real shit behind my gun
Yeah, fuck a flesh wound; I'm tryna knock out a lung...
And pierce a neck, ride out and rep my set
I'm a b-boy homie, but I fuck wit locs
I let a dope fiend from the block clean my spokes
I hit the source award daddy wit peru' in my nose
Like somebody get a net, I'm too throwed for these hoes

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I could talk a cat off the back of a fish truck
Got soldiers on the team that's younger than Buck
And none of them lil niggas know how to read or write
But could do a driveby bitch and take yo life
Yeah, baby let me put the milk in ya cookies
I could make that bitch Ciara give me the goodies
You know? Mess back up in this bitch like woah!
I'm cut from the cloth of the game...I'm from the Sco!
I squat through hyphy, smoking good with the heat mane
Pilly on my lap, fuck under the seat mane
I push a hard line and gettin money is a must
Rollin over on the mob? get your head bust
Been in this shit five day but nigga I'm so fresh
Have you ever seen a drum on a SKS?
I hit the Soul Train with peru' in my nose
Like somebody get a net, I'm too throwed for these hoes

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Look at the homie next to you mane...is he real dog?
Ridin wit a poodle will fuckin get you killed dog
I can't fuck wit them niggas like that
The Police was behind us...he wouldn't even jump out with the strap!
Now that's what I call a bitch
Niggas like that get caught and fuck around and snitch
You yankin on five homie? Put up your Glock dude
Ridin round here, you liable to get shot dude
Beat up and stomped, and that bad bitch popped dude
Niggas why you bullshittin? We sell rocks dude
Yeah...bustaniggahead.com
These tef's wipe the data out your CD-ROM
I come from a dying breed; y'all don't thug like me
Who keep a burner in they Timbs in the club like me?
I'm all at the Vibe wit peru' in my nose
Like somebody get a net, I'm too throwed for these hoes

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