

THROW UP

midwxst

(Yeah-yeah, yeah-yeah)

(Yeah-yeah, yeah-yeah)

Yeah, we need to clean this crime scene up 'fore the cops show
I ride 'round in big Benz trucks, not no Volvos
Niggas want some smoke, then what's up? We can go, go
Brodie, yeah, he thrown off that Perc', he might throw up

We gon' have to take off in that Scat, it do donuts
Put that shit on without even trying, yeah, with low touch
I don't even pour anymore, but my bro pour fours up
I was in that coupe, in that McLaren like it's Forza
Shawty weird, but she bad as fuck, yeah, I call her Doja
Tryna learn your anatomy, so, shawty, take your clothes off
I don't ever speak 'bout shit, you know that I been closed off
I told all my brothers, "Man, it's crazy that we glowed up"
Yeah, and that's facts, uh, 'cause I ain't ever expect this
I ain't ever expect to get my logo on my necklace
I ain't ever expect to walk in functions on that guestlist
I ain't expect for nigga to tweak out over my setlist, huh, but
they do, uh

And, yeah, I've been blessed, ho

I got all these fuck niggas, I don't know where my text, though
Thought that I forgot, nah, bitch, I got notes in my head, bro
My stick like a pencil, I'm tryna let off all this lead, bro, h
uh, yeah, yeah

We might let it off, bitch, we might set it off, bitch
I'm gon' get it all, yeah, and I won't ever fall, bitch
I ain't ever stall, bitch, I was born to ball, bitch
I'm gon' shoot from the three, yeah, and I won't miss it all, h
ell nah

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(wxstwrld, bitch)

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