

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]