# Super Throwed

**The Game**

You a throwed nigga
You a you a throwed nigga
You a throwed nigga
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Codeine in my cup, bitch all in my face
Kush all in my blunt, super throwed on that ace
You a throwed nigga
You a you a throwed nigga

Ridin' round with that super soaker
Red cup I'm super throwed
My straight eight all suped up
I'm a dry this ho to the Super Bowl
Trukfit, tank top, tell them hoes I'm super lean
Look like I won the super lotto
Damn my condo super clean
Left your bitch at the Super 8
She sucked my dick I'm super straight
Got Nicki Minaj tied up in my trunk 15's kicking out, that's Super Bass
In the hood we got super bands
My cotton piece stuff super grams
My bitch layed out with a super ten
She flying high with super man
Picture that, no Instagram
Real life no side show
Real nigga, no Tony Parker
Your main bitch is my side-ho
Blowin' purp I'm high fi, redrum in that Mai Tai
Rubbing on the bitch tattas she scared of dick, Sci Fi
Hooked her up to that Wi Fi
Wiped my dick and said bye bye
Dropped the ho off at Pop Eyes and continued eating my hot fries
My old partner, AR said you a cold nigga
I simply said my day job my day job, ain't lovin' hoes nigga
Ask Juicy J about me

What you know about mixing molly with the loud
Hotel smoked out nigga fuck a towel
Nigga all my wet burn blunts like cigarettes
Benz got my teeth grindin' like I'm chewing Nicorette
Every three hours need a re up from the weed man
Afghan purp strand super man head band
Eyes so tight got me looking like Jackie Chan
Me and the Game like Red and the Method Man
Smoking on the roach, you ain't really feeling that dope that you smoked
Try to mix lean with the blunt let it soak
All you gon' do is choke
Niggas can't handle weed from the west coast
Smoke so much till a nigga overdose
I stay high when I'm in and out the booth
Gotta thank Mary for this verse that I wrote
Big buzz in every club don't need a plug I am the plug
Taylor Gang, I'm on the plane
I'm leanin' man, I'm on them thangs
Only strong up in the bong, I've been high for way too long
Codeine I sip, hotbox the whip

I stay throwed, Cheech and Chong

Roll kush, fuck hoes, start fights, shoot niggas
How many niggas hurricane done killed, shit quite a few niggas
I'm like two Nas', two Jiggas, two Pacs, two Biggies
Cop the Rari for 250, then made the Rari do 250
Crash the Rari got two Bentleys
Blowing dank like two hippes
Give a nigga bout eight months in the gym
I'm gonna come through looking like two fifties
Half a mill on that xbox
John Madden probably owin' me
Ask Bow Wow, ask Fat Joe, ask Ocho they know me
On that 2k, I od
That C.O.D. you D.O.A
Fuck nigga put your money down
Start worrying bout when the fuck we gon' play
Put six bad hoes in one big room
Stuff six grams in one big blunt
Load six shells in one big pump
Stuff six chickens in one big trunk
Right next to a body, black John Gotti
Like a nigga shotty, hit em with the shotty
Fuck her good once then send her to the lobby
Fuck her so good momma looking for the body
Poppin' mollys and Bugattis, coppin' Mozzys no deposit
Runnin' through the money when a nigga get throwed
Tires screeching when the story get told
So much money that the shit don't fold

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