

# Super Thrown

## The Game

You a throwed nigga  
You a 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' molls 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