

Throwedsville

Big Moe

Ha, Southside, worldwide
Know I'm tal'n bout, hold up

I just want to bang my screw, and roll in my Seville
Jackers try to take my shit, so I must pack my steel
Way down here in Throwedsville, you know we keep it real
Run up trying to take my shit, and boy you might get killed

There's a motherfucking nigga, wanna come and try to jack my shit
I'm in a Double R tech'd up, rolling with a extra clip
And if I flip the switch, then I'ma kill a bitch
And leave a nigga face down, with a extra stitch
Over here in Throwedsville, you can catch a playa flipping in a blue Seville
Hand locked up, around a wood grain wheel
And the other wrapped tight around a block of steel, we can pop that grill
If you flip your lid, treat my car like a pint to sip
I know the bitch happy, cause she hit the boulevard talking loud
Now we showing off our shining grill
Hoes like eww he think he real, don't front trick y'all know the deal
Sluts just mad, cause I'm sliding on glass
And she won't open up so they can chill, I know how you feel
But I know your plot, that's how a nigga wind up getting shot
Lay off his game, I may bring one in a vacant spot
Trying to hit the twat, but I know how them haters flow
Trying to creep up onside my do', find yourself with bullet holes
Fresh out of a chrome 4-4, naw nigga
Try to run up get dogged nigga, mad cause a playa boss hogg nigga
Swangas, Vogues, screens fall nigga
Slabbed out, riding like the laws nigga
Trying to jack me, oh no
I'm on my note, get the heat off the flo'
Dirty South we keep it sowed, cock it back and let it go

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M-O-E, still repping S.U.C
Told you boys, can't plex with me
Swang down, in a candy
Top popped up, sitting on three's
Niggaz be watching me, just like hoes
Escalade, two blunts two O's
Six T.V.'s, up in my console
That's how Dirty South, playas stay thoed
I'm swolled, (love it mayn)
On my note, when I'm switching lanes
All y'all niggaz, trying to knock my game
Cause I got your dame, trying to rock my chain
Well move around, if you's a hater
Boss through the fog, cause a nigga playa
Infrared beam, for a perpetrator
Flee the scene, Moe see you later
One dude, came up stepping
Cause we slowed out dranked out, bang Screw
Dumb fool, I'll turn you blue

Bring your crew, and they could get it too
A gang of soldiers, who refuse to lose
Street fame, cause I paid my dues
Y'all ready for war, y'all lace your shoes
Y'all touch my car, y'all getting bruised

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One more time, let a playa come down
Watch a playa come through, doing things a playa do
Acting bad hold the slab, wood wheel I'ma grab
Mayn it gots to be a Caddy, when I'm swinging on the Avy
L-Boots gon jam, bitches get the cab
We be crawling like a crab, chunk the deuce giving dab
Out this clap, with pop trunk crack
The fifth and the straps, Texas plates doing laps
On every inch of the map na-na, now we bout to break the bank
Riding candy paint, nigga fuck what you think
Paint gon stank, then I rank on increase
As we bang to the West, and we mob through the East
Heat kept in hands reach, leave it stashed between the seats
Cause jackers peep quick to cheat, soon as you fall asleep
On these streets, or do you still relieve with a 4-5
Swinging wide and sitting pretty, on that buck hide
Be that lead to grow on, keep a pint to po' for
Got dro to blow on, so bought that so own
Down South gon roll homes, Down South be like maan
Chrome and swangas on the sand, at the beach in Galvestan
By that bar, playas gon ball
Haters gon knock, a glock gon get em up off my jock
Know I'm saying, stop playing

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(*talking*)

Know I'm tal'n bout, am I weak
And that's for all you hoe ass niggaz
That said I can't rap, biiiaaatch
Now run tellat, run tell it, ha-ha