

# Throw It Back

Trina

If I give it to you daddy would you throw it back Throw it back  
, throw-throw it back  
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If I give it to you, you gotta throw it back  
Gimme the cheese and the keys to yo' Maybach  
You wanna - touch for free, I don't play dat  
And if your money ain't right, nigga stay back  
You better think twice, I like pink ice  
Louis Vuitton boots with the mink tights  
I ain't no cheap, chick you gotta throw it back  
We gotta go to the mall boy and blow some stacks - aowwww!  
And I ain't no golddigger  
But you fin' to pay for this car note nigga  
You gotta pay to play, e'rybody ain't able  
Damn, be a man, bring somethin to the table

Give it to me, let me see you drop it fast  
Girl we could go to Phipps {?} and get to poppin tags  
Or we could ball through the mall, tear shoppin bags  
And take you straight to the tail so I could chop that ass  
Uhh, you wanna ride, we could swerve in the Vette  
I'll fuck you from the back done pinched yo' nerve and yo' neck

That pussy so good you deserve you a check  
You want that ice on your hands with the birds 'round your neck

Uhh, but I ain't no trickin nigga  
I'm a trap cook crack up in the kitchen nigga  
But I will lay pipe 'til that coochie dead  
Nigga squirtin on curtains and Gucci spreads

I need a, sugar daddy baller  
That go to Belle Harbor and tear the mall up  
Uhh, I need a D to call up  
To break me off and tear these sugar walls up  
Heidi Floess is what they call her  
I'm on the private jet and I'm alcoholed up  
Miss Trina, a star is born  
Spoiled and rich, a ghetto Kelly Osbourne  
You know I'm in demand, you see me in Japan  
I'm leanin on your man, my jeans worth a grand  
I'm still the baddest and you knowin that  
And if I, give it to you would you throw it back?

Give it to me... give it to me... give it to me... give it to me  
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