

# Rich Boy, Throw Some D's Remix

(Intro - female voice)

I used to think about immature things  
Y'know like, do you love me? Do you want me?  
Are you gon' call me like you said you would?  
Is this really your real phone number?

(Lil Jon)

Wait a minute motherfuckers!

(Andre 3000)

Ain't a hood nigga but a nigga from the ho-od  
See mama stayed on me so I turned out pretty go-od  
But if you wanna try it sucker now then we can do it  
Ha ha sleep, Tylenol PM if I pull it  
Sh-sh-sheep, count 'em for the rest of ya life  
Yeah yeah ya partner got away but now he vegetable-like  
So so I sent his mom and dad a whole case of V8  
He can die, any second, how much long it's 'gon take?!  
'Gon get it over with, oh what if, you were in my loafers then  
You might be the dope but I would flush it down the toilet  
Like the boys in blue, when they come through with them boots  
And they kickin down the do', and they don't care who they shoot  
But we do care who they shoot, so we do what we must do  
So we act like we run track, then we run straight to the back  
But they comin from the back, so we run back to the front  
They say get down on ya knees we say what the fuck you want?!  
They want cheese, they want bread, they want dough, they want mo'  
Than I wanna give 'em but if I keep talkin they won't know  
That my cousin in the back, and we call him Roto-Rooter  
Slash plumber, cash runner, and he fire on them computers  
Log out!

(Chorus: Rich Boy)

... fuck niggaz wanna jack  
Shit tight, no slack, just bought a Cadillac  
Throw, throw some D's on that bitch! Just bought a Cadillac  
Throw some, throw some D's on that bitch! Just bought a Cadillac  
Rich Boy sellin crack, fuck niggaz wanna jack  
Shit tight, no slack, just bought a Cadillac  
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(Jim Jones)

Shout outs to Rich Boy, Mobile Alabama  
Let's get it

Shout outs to Rich Boy, we all wanna be rich boy  
Alabama Bricks Boy tryin to get them big toys (HUSTLIN)  
Two-twelve motorin tell Harry "Throw some D's on that bitch!"  
Now I'm gettin fly couple G's on the fit  
I'm at the jeweler now throw some freeze on the bitch  
I got a chest cold and I might sneeze on the bitch  
We at the strip club we throw some G's on that bitch cause we BALLIN!!!!  
We all OutKasts, hot cars, we coppin cash  
Chop shop, the added stash, cop cars can kiss my ass  
The car wash my whips, glowin no tints we fish bowlin  
No top with the piff blowin "Throw some D's on that bitch!"  
And we go hard, Zone 4, D-Boy squad  
We don't need the bar coast with lawyers baby just to beat the charge  
We got a fetish coppin speedy cars charge it to my Visa card  
They never thought that we'd get large

(Murphy Lee + (Nelly))

Lunatics sittin fat (St. Louis on the map)

Sixty nine wet black (I just got my Cutty back)  
Throw some D's on that ho (I just got my Cutty back)  
Throw, throw some D's on that ho (I just got my Cutty back)

(Nelly)

How could I slip? How could I fall?  
When yo baby mama got my poster high up on her wall  
And that ain't all she done gave me them drawers

(Murphy Lee + (Nelly))

I'm Murphy Lee please tell yo' sexy little sister (I called)  
Last time she asked me for some money I was (sent to the North)  
But now I'm rich and she can get it see these D's match my fitted

(Nelly)

My paint is banana splitted inside is totally ignant  
Outside is totally kitted  
To be specific it's wicked how them Derrty Boyz did it

(Murphy Lee + (Nelly))

That Buick Regal (I lit it) My Monte Carlo's (terrific)  
That El Dorado (Got switches) Tamika and them (I done hit it)  
That twenty mill (I done spent it) That house on the hill (I live it mayne)  
And that diamond herringbone you know them niggaz did it  
Walk up in the strip club, lookin for a big butt  
Shawty wanna get fucked, I brought about ten what?  
Throw throw some ones on 'em Mo - I brought about ten what?  
Throw throw some ones on 'em Mo - I brought about ten what?

(Chorus: Rich Boy + (Lil Jon))

Rich Boy sellin crack, fuck niggaz wanna jack  
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Throw some, throw some D's on that bitch! Just bought a Cadillac  
Throw some, throw some D's on that bitch! Just bought a Cadillac  
(Let's go!!!!)

(Rich Boy)

It's Rich Boy yeah baby I'm a baller  
I dropped a hit and had to go park my Impala  
I threw some D's on that Lac and now it's taller  
They see the wheels on my De Ville so they holla  
Let's get this dollar, I got the fat man Lac  
Took it to the paint shop and got the fat man black  
I hold my jacket with my Tokyo Adidas on  
Ho don't even call my phone if you ain't gonna get me on  
So fuck you haters, I'll see you later  
Might see the gator, in my Escalator  
Mama told me put some D's on it son you ridin wrong  
So I took them 20's off and put the monster wheels on

(Chorus: Rich Boy)

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(The Game)

All red Chevrolet, 26's ridin high  
Dukes of Hazzard doors, in Compton we call 'em suicides  
Suede roof, leather seats, woodgrain steerin wheel  
Candy apple hardtop, Game logo on the grill

California license plate ridin through the A-T-L  
Keep my tires bald I never leave a paper trail  
Nah I'm a keep it clean, ball when I hit the scene  
Elbow out the window, show 'em how to gangsta lean  
Put Cali on the map, westside on my back  
Hometown on my face, forty five on my lap  
Twenty in my earlobe, hundred on my neck piece  
Just bought a Bentley nigga and I'm a "Throw some D's on that bitch!"  
Pull up at the rim shop and "Throw some D's on that bitch!"  
Might as well cut the top  
Let the sunshine in and the bass jump out  
Hit the block 15's vibratin the whole fuckin house

(Chorus: Rich Boy)

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