

# Throw Back

## Fabulous

Don't try to fuck wit me y'all  
'Cause you can't  
Uhh, I stay way ahead of the game  
You know  
Catch me if you can, nigga  
Uhh, haha  
Throwback this, throwback that  
It ain't where you from, it's where you wear ya throwback at  
I rock the Reds Pete Rose when I'm in the 'Natti  
And 4X, you can't see the semi-automatti  
When I'm in the Chi' you think they ain't that shocked  
To see the kid roll through in the St. Pat's Socks  
So pull out the Chicago and the script to wear on Soul Train  
The Bulls, when Mike had hair and a gold chain  
I get the spirit in St. Louis, how could the God lose?  
I do back flips in the Ozzie Cardinals  
They love me in Cleveland, everytime I travel there  
I'm in the Indians or that Cavaliers  
When I hit Minnesota, that kid from Brooklyn wear  
The Vikings or the Timberwolves from Garnett's rookie year  
And in Milwaukee I had to pimp it and go back  
20 years with the Bucks and Brewers throw backs  
Throwback this, throwback that  
They even look better with the matching hat  
All you gotta check is the player's stats  
It ain't where you from, it's where you wear ya throwback at  
Throwback this, throwback that  
They even look better with the matching hat  
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It ain't where you from, it's where you wear ya throwback at  
I might charge through San Diego with the bolts on my shoulder  
Rock the Trailblazer warm-up, 'cause Portland gets colder  
And even the pimps be jealous  
When I'm in the floor seat at the Forum in the M.P.L.S  
And they be askin' what teams on the kid chest  
This the Rams before they moved to the Midwest  
When I'm in the Bay with it, I don't play with it  
I'm in the Athletics with the matchin' A's fitted  
This ain't even for the minors

'Cause they don't know nothin' 'bout the Joe Montana, 49ers

Seattle, probably heard different rumors  
Either about the Payton or the Griffey Jr.  
I come through Denver like 4th quarter with Elway  
Or the Nuggets that make them yell, "Ehh"  
In Phoenix, I do the old Suns  
'Cause the new jerseys is cool, but nothings really like the old ones  
Ya know  
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In New York, what I wear the the club may vary  
Mets or Yankees like the Subway Series  
When I'm in Boston, I melt the bean  
In a hot Red Sox or Celtics green  
In the city of Philly, I roll up on the biddes like feel these  
In a size 56 Phillies  
In Jersey I got the Nets on that you can bet on  
In D.C. I couldn't pull it without the Bullets  
When I stop in Atlanta, I can't talk long  
Them birds know I got the Falcons or the Hawks on  
That peach Tampa Bay, don't hit the streets too often  
Not even Miami could take the Heat of Dolphins  
Ain't no complaints on when I'm in New Orleans with the Saints on  
In Houston, I pass hoes in the Astros  
In Dallas, my boys gotta have the Cowboys or the Mavs  
Rules, help, keep the keep it comin', and Imma keep it comin'  
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