Throw Back

Fabolous

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
All you gotta check is the player's stats
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 Soxs 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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