

Throwback (Feat. Chris Brown) (Produced By B.o.B)

B.o.B

Go crazy to this
Go crazy to this
Go crazy to this
All my bitches get together, go crazy to this
Go crazy to this
Go crazy to this
Go crazy to this
All my bitches get together, go crazy to this And throw that back, throw that back
Don't be scared, bitch throw back
This dick right here is cleaner than a hypochondriac
Po' that yack, po' that yack
This flow, you know that's crack
This beat, you know that track
I put my city on, you be on the map
Two hands when she on, like a scooter
She told me she wish she knew me sooner
If I hit her wit' a new maneuver
What she gon' do? Scream hallelujah!
Her eyes rollin', she gone
She gettin' in her zone
And when she gimme dat look
Then I'ma do whatever I want Go crazy to this
Go crazy to this
Go crazy to this
All my bitches get together, go crazy to this
Go crazy to this
Go crazy to this
Go crazy to this
All my bitches get together, go crazy to this And throw that back, throw that back
Don't play bitch, throw that back
Throw that back, throw that back
Don't play bitch, throw that back
Throw that back, throw that back
Ba-ba-ba throw that back
Throw that back, throw that back
Don't play girl, throw that back Don't play wit' it
I'ma lay in it
I'ma paint yo walls, I'mma spray in it
Never go lickie lickie wit' my face in it

If it's country wood, then you takin' it
I said my chain so bright I'mma vacation in it
And you fake ass nigga ain't made of shit
I got a hundred fifty racks just to show up
You had to pay? Nigga I got paid to sit
I bet yo girl know me, a young nigga but I'm feelin' like a OG
Add a 'r' and a 'y', that's a orgy
I got her legs in the sky she gon' walk up out your life with no feet
She said her booty from the motherland
She started wobblin' and poppin' like a rubber band
I'm throwin' ten racks with my right
She told me grab her ass wit' my other hand
Go crazy to this
Go crazy to this
All my bitches get together, go crazy to this
Go crazy to this
Go crazy to this
Go crazy to this
All my bitches get together, go crazy to this
And throw that back, throw that back
Don't play bitch, throw that back
Throw that back, throw that back
Don't play bitch, throw that back
Throw that back, throw that back
Ba-ba-ba throw that back
Throw that back, throw that back
Don't play girl, throw that back
I'ma pimp, did ya know that?
Bobby Ray finna throw that
And when I throw that, D I never hold back
Hoes lookin' for me like a lo-jack
'Ca-Cause she wanna ride it like she stole it
That camel toe, I'm finna poke it
She got her best friend wit' her and we playin' hokey-pokey
She jus' tryna focus on this wood in this pine
Bow down to the wood like a shrine
I be the 6, you be the 9
That's the only time you'll be less than a dime
Girl it's showin' time
Time to stretch, time to whine
I wanna see you whine
I wanna put it on your mind when I see you grind
Give life to the death, give sight to the blind
I wanna hit it from the back like "Aah-aah-aah!"
Look, go crazy to this, go crazy to this
Now I'm layin' the pipe 'cause you ain't fuckin' her right
A nigga lazy as shit
They go crazy to this, I could go crazy to this

Soon as that song drop, that thong drop
Just shake that! Throw that back, throw that back
Don't play bitch, throw that back
Throw that back, throw that back
Don't play bitch, throw that back
Throw that back, throw that back
Ba-ba-ba throw that back
Throw that back, throw that back
Don't play girl, throw that back Throw that back,
Don't play girl, throw that back
Ba-ba-ba throw that back
Don't play girl, throw that back

Songwriters

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