

Throw Back (Early Fade)

Fabulous

[Fabulous]

Don't try to fuck wit me y'all

Cause you cant

I stay way ahead of the game

Ya know, catch me if you can nigga Throwback this, throwback that

It ain't where you from its where you wear ya throwback at

I rock the reds pete rose when I'm in the 'natti

And [repeat: x4]

You cant 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. pats 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, every time 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 [Chorus:]

Throwback this, throwback that

They even look better with the matching hat

All you gotta check is the players stats

It ain't where you from its where you wear ya throwback at

Throwback this, throwback that

They even look better with the matching hat

All you gotta check is the players stats

It ain't where you from its 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
In phoenix I do the old suns
Cause the new jerseys is cool, but nothings really like the old ones
Ya know[Chorus]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 cant 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 I always gotta have
The cowboys or the mavs
? to keep it coming, and I'ma keep it coming[Chorus]

Songwriters

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