Fabolous, Throw Back

[Fabolous talking]
Dont try to fuck wit me yall
Cause you cant
Uhh, I stay way ahead of the game
Ya know, Catch me if you can nigga
Uhh, Haha

[Verse 1]

Throwback this, Throwback that It aint where you from its where you wear ya throwback at I rock the Reds Pete Rose when I'm in the 'Natti And 4X, You cant see the semi-automatti When I'm in the Chi' you think they aint 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, 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

[Chorus]

Throwback this, Throwback that
They even look better with the matching hat
All you gotta check is the players stats
It aint where you for its where you wear ya throwback at
Throwback this, Throwback that
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[Verse 2]

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 dont play with it Im in the Athletics with the matchin' A's fitted This aint even for the minors Cause they dont know nothin' bout the Joe Montana, 49ers Seattle, Probally 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 Ehhhh In Pheonix I do the old Suns Cause the new jerseys is cool, But nothings really like the old ones Ya know

[Chorus]

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[Verse 3] 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 couldnt 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 dont hit the streets too often Not even Miami could take the Heat of Dolphins Aint 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 comin, And Imma keep it comin

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