

Throwback

Freddie Gibbs

Yea

What you kno', nigga
What you kno', nigga
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What you kno', nigga
What you kno', nigga

Back in the days, my uncle was cool as a fan
He wore diamonds on his pinkie, in name of the other hand
He moved heavy coke, so they knew as "The Man"
'Till "The Man" came and got his muthafuckin' ass
I'm still rolling down the city with my dad
700, flip the bricks, nigga, what's the pass?
Now I call my ye "Throwback"
'86 MJ, nigga, good crack
If you slangin' Joe Montana, that's new hustling
That means you moving with the Republicans and Columbians
You won't even have to worry 'bout yo codeine smuggling
The closest you'll get to any dope is taking Aspirin
Now you can sit back and watch yo dope stack
Smoke plenty fenty and hit bitches from the back
If a nigga hating that, get the K or the mac
And blow his brains out, fuck it, roll his brains back to back

I got that throwback, I got that throwback
I got that throwback, I got that throwback
I got that throwback, I got that throwback
I got that throwback, I got that throwback
I got that [?] Walker
I got that Joe Montana
I got that MJ
I got that [?] Sanders
I got that [?] Walker
I got that Joe Montana
I got that MJ
I got that [?] Sanders

Keep the birds at my momma house
Heard what the drama 'bout
Niggas tryna jack it, then I have to take another route
Think it's all about this rapping, I'ma bring the thunder out
Start slacking at your trap and watch you niggas run up out
Sticking with this crack until a better hustle come about
We can get it crackin', hating, I don't give a fuck about
P\$C about that action, pimpin' is all my front about
The way niggas stop talking when we walked in, like a gun was out
Start on the first of June, ball till the Summer out
Do a bill, then spend half a mil on a Summer house

We in the game, cook it up and get it ready rocked
Give it to me A.S.A.P., and we be on every block
I'm buying 10, front me 10, pimpin' like the Summer lot
That'll give you way more clientele than you ever got

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I'm representing Steel City, Indiana, that's where you can find me
I got them fiends up 24/7 like zombies
Go get your people, I got plenty of heaters behind me
That 40. will have you running to your mommy
I suggest you hit that deck when you cannon spark
Otherwise, you gonna be catching bullets like Shannon Sharpe
Bow down, you and your partners ain't worthy
I got something that'll erase the numbers off your jersey
Some women think I'm handsome, some women think I'm arrogant
I'm rocking that Michael Jordan, McDonald's, all American
I get a broad, take her home, give it to her, very long
Put her on my team, now these girls call me Jerry Schlong
I'm strobe-robbin' in the hood, flexing Russell Homes
Sticking paper in my pocket because I get my hustle on
So you don't even gotta ask where the blow at
Holla at your boy, Freddie Gibbs got that throwback

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