

# Throw Back

Royce da 5'9"

You niggaz can hold it cause I am a throwback  
I'm spillin these cold raps, cause I am a soldier  
You shoulda been told that cause I am a throwback  
I'm spillin these cold raps, you feelin the soldier  
You niggaz could hold that, cause I am a throwback  
I'm spillin these cold raps you feelin the soldie  
Cause you niggaz could hold that, cause I am a throwback  
I'm spillin these cold raps, I am a soldier (yeah) I  
begone

Raps wolf is BACK, to attack crooks is BACK  
The slap snares, and CLAP at the tracks foot (yeah)  
I'm too vicious for him, too vicious for you  
And my kitchen is huge, we do dishes wit dudes  
Coldest flow of the summer, I see 'em come and they GO  
See 'em fumble the flow, it's more goers then comers  
Put the piece to ya dome, do you at peace wit the chrome  
Build ya ?? eat you, and pick my teeth wit ya bones  
I'm from the city of GATORS, haters I dealt wit them dudes  
If you don't like me, then likely I'll make a belt wit ya shoes  
Put a hole in ya soul, it trickles badder than good  
Flow is sold, before any nigga rag on your hood  
I'm not a hip hop nigga, don't confuse me wit them  
Truest at the beginnin, and truer when it's do to your end  
I'm just sellin my game, for cheddar forever  
My intelligent brain, is clever when spellin my name, like

I'm back to call the advantage, have you and on bananas  
And hands rep, rap +Grand Theft Auto+ mechanic  
I'm bout to tighten my plugs, bout to be fightin in clubs  
Ya blood might give me love, and likely highten my buzz  
Ya type is simply a bitch, and fightin wit me's a risk  
I might empty my clip, if the hype will get me my niche  
I'm out in front of ya, guns out  
Bout to knock ya fronts out, boxin about to drop without Columbia  
I spit this venom myself, me independence is felt  
Finish wit Slim and his help, long as he winnin I'm good  
Long as I'm known as one of the most vicious  
MC's spittin from the "D", low and behold and mitten  
This is how I rose you bitches, Rock City chosen niggaz  
We stole this, on our road to riches  
I'll show you the golden picture, glow, lock  
Product is fears, I'm soda pop, like Hova, Pac, and Big

I go beyond bootlegers, they slow me down, but HEY  
I'm holdin my ground, long as the stolen sound should PLAY  
5'9" is a winner, I speak to keep the progression  
My views take you to school, my piece'll teach you a lesson  
Never been deep in the streets, I can't be somethin I'm not  
Test me and get to know me, I'll put you inside of a box  
Chalked and signin off and, put ya hands on me now  
Later they lay on ya chest, crossed inside a coffin  
The .30 Caliber SHOT, who wanna take home  
Where they give you wounds, you goons could put a stape on  
All them hoe ass niggaz could DO, is cry wit the children  
And PRAY, if I was a civilian for a day  
I'd take a glance at my daddy - another me

Raise my hand on the stand like Shaggy - "It wasn't me" (yeah)  
I will melt you, smell the aroma of a coma  
I'm comin to get you, I will help you SPELL!

Yeah it's on, my name is Royce 5'9"  
My nigga Ty Fyffe, we gone