

Throwback (feat. Crazy Cousinz)

Unknown T

Let me tell you 'bout my throwback (My throwback)
Back in the days with my bros, let me tell you 'bout my throwback
All the good memories that I own, let me tell you 'bout my throwback
I miss the young days now that I'm
Grown, let me tell you 'bout my throwback
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Grown, let me tell you 'bout my throwback
Let me tell you 'bout my throwback (I know that)
Back in the days with my broski's yeah 'cause I miss them days
You know knock down ginger from door to door
Wake up, play squares in the cage
And that was a ting for our age, that truly taught me a life lesson
Don't be a dog, be the king in the game
Spitting real facts get that stuck in your brain
And I remember, until November
Mandem writing bars and rhyming
Middle of the circle,
Spitting hard digits Sony Ericsson, playing out Nutty Violinz
Those were the days I got used to, mmm hmm
And you know them ones when your
Boys got twos and you gotta use Bluetooth
(Rah that one's a throwback)
And I remember,
Firework season with the broski's never took no caution
And after the longest day in the
Ends, we'd all grab a munch, a big portion
And you know my meal five piece with the chips
And the barbecue wings, lick our tings in the park
Have a laugh with the tings, rah that one's a throwback
Let me tell you 'bout throwback
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Let me tell you 'bout my throwback (I know that) Back in the days we were chilling in blocks

I remember the drip, it was Voi and I show love top

I came from the ground, now I'm grown, I crept to the top

Look, I still got love for my bros cah I

Miss 'em a lot (Still got love for my bros)

And, hold tight the mandem locked in a steel cage box

Brozay wants to pop and bop, then

Back to the grind bro, watch how the T-line pop

We were kids in the 9 but my circle supplied 'dem crops

Look, the trapping looked peak

I bag and repeat, I slang it and pattern the streets

Wrap that two in the blue of the bujj and crack to supply 'dem feens

Baby rock with the tug and I can provide your dream

Let me come to your crib for some lunch, we can blow some trees

My R.O.D, she my sweetest one and my realest G

She be throwing it back and be brucking it out to the beat

Let me chat in your ear, she's in love 'cah my voice too deep

She's in love 'cah my voice too deep Let me tell you 'bout my throwback

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