

# Throwback (feat. Chris Brown)

## B.o.B

Go crazy to this  
Go crazy to this  
Go crazy to this  
All my bitches get together, go crazy to thisGo crazy to this  
Go crazy to this  
Go crazy to this  
All my bitches get together, go crazy to thisAnd throw that back (throw that back)  
Don't be scared, bitch throw back  
This dick right here is cleaner than a hypochondriac  
Po' that yack, po' that yack  
This flow, you know that's crack  
This beat, you know that track  
I put my city on, you be on the map  
Two hands when she on, like a scooter  
She told me she wish she knew me sooner  
If I hit her wit' a new maneuver  
What she gon' do? Scream hallelujah!  
Her eyes rollin', she gone  
She gettin' in her zone  
And when she gimme dat look  
Then Im'a do whatever I want  
Go crazy to this  
Go crazy to this  
Go crazy to this  
All my bitches get together, go crazy to thisGo crazy to this  
Go crazy to this  
Go crazy to this  
All my bitches get together, go crazy to thisAnd throw that back, throw that back  
Don't play bitch, throw that backAnd throw that back, throw that back  
Don't play bitch, throw that backThrow that back, throw that back  
Ba-ba-ba throw that backThrow that back, throw that back  
Don't play girl, throw that back  
Don't play wit' it  
I'ma lay in it  
I'ma paint yo walls, I'mma spray in it  
Never go licky licky wit' my face in it  
If it's country wood, then you takin' it  
I said my chain so bright I'mma vacation in it  
And you fake ass nigga ain't made of shit  
I got a hundred fifty racks just to show up  
You had to pay? Nigga I got paid to sit  
I bet yo girl know me, a young nigga but I'm feelin' like a OG

Add a 'r' and a 'y', that's a orgy  
I got her legs in the sky she gon' walk a bunch of life with no feet  
She said her booty from the motherland  
She started wobblin' and poppin' like a rubber band  
I'm throwin' ten racks with my right  
She told me grab her ass wit' my other hand  
Go crazy to this  
Go crazy to this  
All my bitches get together, go crazy to this  
Go crazy to this  
Go crazy to this  
All my bitches get together, go crazy to this  
I'ma pimp, did ya know that?  
Bobby Ray finna throw that  
And when I throw that, D I never hold back  
Hoes lookin' for me like a lo-jack  
'Ca-Cause she wanna ride it like she stole it  
That camel toe, I'm finna poke it  
She got her best friend wit' her and we playin' hokey-pokey  
She jus' tryna focus on this wood in this pine  
Bow down to the wood like a shrine  
I be the 6, you be the 9  
That's the only time you'll be less than a dime  
Girl it's showin' time  
Time to stretch, time to whine  
I wanna see you wind  
I wanna put it on your mind when I see you grind  
Give life to the death, give sight to the blind  
I wanna hit it from the back like "Aah-aah-aah!"  
Look  
Go crazy to this, go crazy to this  
Now I'm in the pipe cause you ain't fuckin' her right  
A nigga lazy as shit  
They go crazy to this, I could go crazy to this  
Soon as that song drop, that thong drop  
Just shake that!  
Go crazy to this  
Go crazy to this  
Go crazy to this  
All my bitches get together, go crazy to this  
Go crazy to this  
Go crazy to this  
All my bitches get together, go crazy to this  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>