

# Swang

Trae tha Truth

Intro (Fat Pat)

N\*\*\*\*z betta see a n\*\*\*\*a roll  
Shorts down and I'm rollin' on 84's

Chorus (Fat Pat)

Swang-swang and I swang and I swang to the left  
Pop-Pop my trunk yep, yep, yep, yep (4x)

Verse 1 (Trae)

I'ma swang I'm a swanger slab lean to the left  
Pop my trunk and show what I'm about so Houston, Texas gotta be felt  
I'm a vet so it's automatic when I be swingin' my wide frame  
4-4's to 24's I'm subject to glide man  
Like a pimp without the numbers still so fly when I slide man  
Plus I'm lethal fully loaded ain't no takin' my ride man  
We gangsta  
And it ain't too much you can do to stop us  
Don't try to knock us cuz these diamonds got boppas try'na jock us  
We the best and what we gon' be and these haters know it  
So haters hate us to death and I know cuz these haters show it  
I only ride alone so they can picture me rollin'  
And for them jackers thinkin' fly just picture what I be holdin'  
Them hollow points'll make you picture just how fast they'll be foldin'  
A few of them'll have you leakin' 'til you dead or you swollen  
But still I ride like the law  
Floatin' above everything  
I'm Screwed Up Click until it's over n\*\*\*\*a fresh off the chain  
Beat the slang

Chorus (Fat Pat)

Verse 2 (Big Hawk)

I'ma swang and I swang and I swang to the left  
Pop my trunk for Fat Pat's death  
I would give my last breath if I could bring you back  
Bring Screw back  
Matter fact bring the whole crew back  
Only God can do that so I'ma leave it alone  
Movin' on  
Groovin' to this soothin' song  
I'm cruisin' along  
Still got a Screw tape on  
Still in the zone  
Wishin' Cory Blunt was home  
Ridin' on chrome  
Bangin' with my bub lights on  
Ridin' home  
South east of the astrodome  
I'm Fat Pat's clone  
It's J go see Harry's own  
His heartbeat pumps through my flesh and bone  
Flippin' with Trae  
Mobbin' down MLK  
He's blue up with grey  
On tint on southern deuce today  
It's Dub K  
Chieffin' on some lovely

And we on the boulevard actin' ugly  
We gon'

Chorus (Fat Pat)

Verse 3 (Trae)

ABN is my type of nature my understanding is nothin'  
Stacks in the back of a 'Lac on this glass you finna see me struttin'  
Cuttin' corners on a daily basis  
Move fast like Kanye West samples when I be chasin' faces  
I'm known to tip like a waiter when I be leaned to the left  
I brung the city through the dark with a fifth of boppers and belts  
I'm ABN the Impala 67 Chevy be spinnin'  
Invisible set displayed everytime they catchin' me grinnin'  
Off in they face it ain't too much that they can do to a G  
But try to hate me  
Every second due to the fact who I be  
And it don't bother me  
Cuz I still be toppin' my game  
Just don't come off the side of my range I might be leavin' a stain  
Whether my slab or beam  
N\*\*\*\*z gon' respect that we gangsta  
T-Shirt and Dickies plus the kicks that I lace up for you wankstas  
Everyday is still the same  
I be so loud when I bang  
And thanks to Screw and P-A-T we got 'em diggin' our slang huh

Verse 4 (Pimp C)

I'm a Screwed Up affiliator strictly rollin' red  
Every time we hit the parkin' lot we turn heads  
I've been watched by parole, task force, and by the feds  
Cuz they know I got 'em for 10 and they know the game ain't dead  
It's too late  
I'm deep up in it ain't nuthin' about me scary  
Chieffin' in the club try'na find me somethin' hairy  
Dippin' at the bar  
Smokin' on the stokey  
Since I came home from the pen seems like everybody know me  
You got lots of friends when you up and when you ballin'  
Just like Pookey all the haters started callin'  
They see the diamonds and the Bentley and the candy thing  
They know I'm mob stompin' Texas they know that I'm rollin' with Jane  
They know it's UGK for life and that I'm down with Bun  
They know we grindin' b\*\*\*h'll hitcha with another one  
It's UGK records right now we need distribution  
Since Laura Rebel free the pimp is goin' down in Houston

Chorus (2x) (Fat Pat)

Outro (Fat Pat)

Love it man  
Love it man  
Love it man