

Swing The Wood

Baby Smoove

(Damn, Tye, you made this bitch too? The fuck got into you?)
I'm tripping
I don't take no
Like Kash Doll, I won't crash it

I don't take no Adderall, this lean gon' keep me up
I think that boy obsessed with me, he keep hugging my nuts
Pop a fifty dollar 30, this a fifty dollar blunt
I get sick like Donald Trump if ain't no codeine in my cup
She gave me head, she wore my chain, I don't know it just felt better
I be takin V cuts, I'll never pop a Tesla
I think I'm Future when I'm high, it be feeling way, way better
Pour some pop inside the pint, I'm just tryna get the extra
I've been lookin at the Huracans, I might get one tomorrow
You the type to call your mans like, "What clothes can I borrow?"
Ain't no justice in the streets, we just gon' get them tomorrow
Three guns in my car, y'all know how I ride around
My lil' Asian, she so bad, got Chanel all on her bag
Niggas know I'm rich and rolling, I be bouncing to the bag
I really love the taste of Wock', take a sip and do my dance
I'm in the mall with my chain out, FN in my pants
This a big body Benz, like Kash Doll, I won't crash it
She want me to ice her out like Kash Doll but she average
He think he macho man, he got put right in a casket
Swung that choppa as a kid, I could never call my daddy
No cap I feel like Boonie, I start singing when I want
I really do that shit I rap and if you try me, I won't choke
Automatic MAC-11, it'll stop a moving boat
These niggas know what cracking, I start shooting at my show
I sent her a text, "I wanna fuck," then sent her, "Never mind"
I fell in love with red, my cream soda just look like wine
We might start taking niggas to make sure they never found
My brother got shot twice but we gon' take all of 'em down
Why you talk behind my back? You could've just called my phone
You know the talk behind my back, I've been hopping out way to long
He ran to the internet, that's basically like you told
And I love my money counter, the sound when it cut on
VV on my neck, scratch your bitch off my checklist
I swear to, I miss the days when Hi-Tech was at CVS
Turn that nigga to a cheerleader, he cannot claim the F
We gon' hop out, walk 'em down, put like twenty in his chest
I smoke big Backwoods, I'm good for life in my hood
I'm in LA, fucking, but I ain't pull out, she felt good
I'ma sip this drank forever 'cause it make me feel so good
This a hardwood classic, all my niggas swing the wood

Riding 'round with them choppas, we be up to no good, I be
Yeah, yup, I bounce the hardest, we rich for life
All that, this a Hardwood Classic, all my niggas swing the wood
Yeah
All my niggas play with, we be rolling through the hood
Yeah yeah, if he claim the basketball, then we rolling through the hood
I got, that'll take out
Mhm