

# Swing

Brooke Candy

Say hello to my little friend

Get that dick out, get that helicopter ready  
My pussy is a heli-pad, I sauce up his spaghetti  
Bolognese baby, little meat in my sauce  
Queen of Italy, sharin' some to the mob  
I don't like spaghetti, I like tagliatelle  
I don't fuck with a penne boy 'cause he not mozzarelli  
I need something heavy, so fuck vermicelli  
Need a big fat cannoli to come and fill up my belly, what

Let it swing, let it out  
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Let it swing, let it out  
Let it swing (Let it swing)  
Let it swing, let it out  
Let it swing, let it out  
Let it swing, let it out  
Let it swing

Come and meet the boss (Rrah, rrah, rrah)  
Fuck with me and it's a loss  
Kill shot to the ops  
You don't wanna double cross  
Come and meet the boss (Yeah, I'm the boss)  
Come and meet the boss  
Fuck with me and it's a loss (It's a motherfuckin' loss)  
Kill shot to the ops (What, what, a kill shot)

Pierced his ball sack with my stilleto (Rrah)  
'Cause he didn't listen, didn't match my tempo  
Kiss the pinky ring in the back of the Benzo  
S550 and it ain't no rental  
Body in the Benz and in the Gucci bag (Oops)  
Blood on the interior and on the tags  
If Vinny ask too many questions, I tell him to relax  
Or sweet nonni gonna pay inheritance tax (Ooh, bitch)

Uh, all that and then some (Uh)  
Butt big like a mansion (Oh yeah)  
Oh, he think he handsome (Ooh)  
Run me back my bands, son (Ah)  
Sing my name like a anthem (Uh huh)  
Blow it out in the Phantom (Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah)  
These bitches random  
Call it what it is, it's a fandom (Yeah)  
Oh, you a enemy  
Soul-sucking my energy  
Oh, she think she ahead of me?  
Oh, she think she ahead of me (Mm, yeah, man)  
Goddess power, divinity  
From beyond to infinity (Ooh)  
I'm too blessed to be stressed to be  
I am something you'll never be, uh

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Let it swing

Come and meet the boss (Rrah, rrah, ah)  
Fuck with me and it's a loss  
Kill shot to the ops (Uh, kill shot)  
You don't wanna double cross (Nah, you don't wanna)  
Come and meet the boss (Yeah, yeah, I'm the boss)  
Come and meet the boss (What, what, I'm the boss)  
Fuck with me and it's a loss (It's a loss, bitch)  
Kill shot to the ops (Ooh, oh)

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