

# Swag City Bitch

King Los

Swag City Bitch  
I said it's Swag Swag City Bitch  
And I'm back, back, yeah  
Check it, uh, look  
Nigga slide to the side, let a flyer guy in  
As I light that ass up like a firefly then  
Put hot shit out like I'm fire fightin  
At my funeral you couldn't been as live as I am  
And I promise I am,  
My swag ain't even from this mother fuckin planet  
I'm surprised that I am  
Niggas wanna battle me, but not like serious  
Cause I'm the best dot, but dot like period  
Used to fuckin bitches that's magazine cover gorgeous  
My mattress covered with models, my boxers covered in horses  
My rollie covered in diamonds, mother fucker it's gorgeous  
In the winters push the hummers again and cover them porsches ah,  
I got it covered, you couldn't cover a portion  
I'm killing you son I hope my insurance cover abortion  
Cause I'm on that bullshit,  
There ain't a sicker brother that rap  
I'm dope as stuffin your nose with that shit that come in that pack  
They sick if I'm on a track, they better show me respect  
Cause I had it up to my neck like a nigga covered in tats  
Don't mix me up with this rap, they subtract my energy  
Try to do me but they lack identity  
Black eye spendin cheese,  
Just to throw ice on a face like a nigga with a black eye finna' be  
I black out, you niggas back out timidly  
I pass out ass whoopins you pass out physically  
Stick with me,  
Niggas out they lame ass mind  
Every bitch you see me with, you playing name that dime  
Make em knock the walls down between the Louis and the Gucci store  
So I could shop at both at the same damn time  
You a train, I'm a plane, you playin you need to train  
You need to watch too, your watch too plain you need a chain  
Your fox too lame, she just wanna ride shotgun  
Ironically she give a lot of brain and ain't got one  
Stop son, sun won't let another one block em  
By summer's come, I'm the number one option  
Yup, here come another one  
Niggas better group up, mob up, gwap up, yeah niggas troop up  
Get your little jewelery together, shine your coupes up  
Pop your pills hit all your kush, pour your juice up  
Cause when I put this war paint on and lace these boots up  
All that fly shit, don't fly, just throw the deuce up  
Ah, I just want that lambi and I'm cool cuh  
Thinking bout that Grammy, got me Sammy Sosa juiced up  
If she got her fanny little mammy gettin scooped up  
I fucked her in Miami, left her panties in my new truck  
Ask about me, I just smashed the beat  
Looking like cash my bitch looking like fashion week  
Plus that's what it look like, looking in my closet  
You going through withdrawal bitch I look like a deposit  
Sturrin out them Bentley windows looking at the projects  
Take a step back bitch, you looking at the process

Some don't see the picture some just only see the object  
So my objective is for you to see my progress  
I guess with this momentum that I'm gaining  
You can feel it in the air, I'm a billionaire in training  
I said with this momentum that I'm gaining  
You can feel it in the air, this is billionaire in training  
Swag City Bitch, Swag Swag City Bitch  
It's Bad Boy, yeah I'm back back with Diddy bitch  
Swag City Bitch, Swag Swag City Bitch  
I'm King Los Swagga Boy and you know this shit bowww!