

Swing My Arms

T-Wayne

Now watch me, jugg, jugg, hit dem folks
Hit that dab, stop and roll
Now watch me, jugg, hit dem folks
Hit that dab, stop and roll
Now watch me swing my arms around, swing my arms around
Swing my arms around, swing my arms around
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Guess who back in the building?
You know Rickey Wanye 'bout to kill it
Got your girl all in her feelings
Got money all in the ceiling
Got your girl like oh my
Oh me, I'm on fire
Crank up the gas four times
Like an eclipse, they ain't got no shine
Hey, finessing
I ain't even interested
Got me flexing like I'm flexing
They should put me in election
Like some good Wi-Fi
They say that I'm well connected
I don't even want your girl
But she on my line texting

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Dip and I dab, dip and I dab
The way I hit dem folks they think that I'm mad
They think that I'm mad
Hopped out the Porsche like it's a cab
Like it's a cab
I'm swervin' on 'em but I bet I won't crash
I bet I won't crash
Straight up, straight up
You know they hate us
With the lines that they made up
Straight up from the bottom
You know it made us
Now we playing with paper
I don't play no games but I'm still player
It's Rickey for mayor
Ballin' on em like I'm practicing lay-ups
Cool as Himalayas

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