

## Swang Remix

Trae

Love it mayne - love it mayne  
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Yeah this the remix

Swang and I swang, and I swang to the left  
pop - pop my trunk, and yup, yup, yup  
Swang, Swang and I swang, and I swang to the left  
pop - pop my trunk, and yup, yup, yup  
Swang, Swang and I swang, and I swang to the left  
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These bitches wanna see a nigga roll  
five - fifty flossin, leave the tag for the toe  
ice cold AC, butter scotch guts  
hard top Benz with the roof popped up  
every tooth rocked up, nigga swangin with the glock nine  
sixty duece cocked up, bangin at the stop sign  
and I'm a pass, not my nigga H.A.W.K dogg - I'm a miss  
everytime I think about him when I'm drivin, I'm a just (I'm a just)

I'm a Screwed Up Affiliated, strictly rollin red  
everytime we hit the parking lot, we turn heads  
I've been watched by parole - task forcin by the feds  
'cause they know I got e'm for ten and they know the game ain't dead  
it's too late I'm deep up in it, ain't nothin about me scary  
chiefin in the club, tryna find me somethin hairy  
pimpin at the bar - smokin on a stoggy  
since I came home from the Pen seems like everybody knows me

Slim Thugga, motherfucker!  
The trunk bang with the belts, while I swang to the left  
pop my trunk and yup, yup, yup  
chrome spokes when I step down the ave in the slab (huh)  
pull up to the wash, give the Cadillac a bath  
my car lookin mirror, peanut butter interior  
poppin trunks, surround they can't sound no clearer  
they like damn, he here that boy Thugga shut e'm down  
them Blue Boys shinin'all over H - Town

I gotta shout my niggas in Houston (aye Trae - what up)  
they ride old school, and they system in screwin (aye Bun B)  
I'm from New York so in my city we cruisin (Eastside)  
them '06 whips with the glittery jewels - in (Mazarati's)  
I don't go in the club till I get all my goons in (not at all)  
them bouncers don't frisk so we get all our tools in (keep the gats)  
and yeah we cop the bottles, get the bitches to groovin (shake it ma)  
and won't you tell the DJ, it's a Dipset intrusion

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I'm the king, I'm the mayor of the city - got the game locked down  
I roll twelve cars, one with my top down  
I be swangin in that candy, they don't understand me  
got my slab complete, watch me pull up on this brandy  
I'm swangin in this slab with the peanut butter guts  
if she hop inside my ride then the bitch know she gon'fuck  
I ain't playin with no skeezer, the hoe know I don't need her  
I pull out my Visa to tease her, not please her  
they see the diamonds shinin - hand on the wood wheel  
even though I sold a mill, streets got me hood still

I still swang to the left, 84's sittin under Tha Truth  
and these haters watchin my moves, from the way I butterflyed the Coupe  
I'm black over alligator so niggas know that I got it  
trunk lift up at the light but my droppa remainin squated  
still bangin my Screw, doin my thing  
see the sun been out on me, but they swear I been in the rain  
my swangas poke out so wide like I'm ridin in double lanes  
Texan wide wheels lookin like they never stoppin mayne - I'm a...

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I'm a 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 of fact bring the whole crew back  
only God can do that so I'm a leave it alone  
movin alone, groovin to this soothin song  
I'm cruisin along, wishin Cory Blunt was home

Well I'm a swang, I'm a swang, I'm a swang to the right  
I'm comin down candy on swangas - it's super tight  
when I pull up at the light, at a quarter to midnight  
you pull up right - scared to death, gotta call in the life flight  
UGK is back on the slab and turnin the wheel  
once again the Bun and the Pimp, the return of the trill  
you can love to hate us, or hate to love us - it ain't a thing  
to them Underground Kingz, we still gon'swang

I put the H up in the air for that A dub K  
that fifth wheel, bow down and pray I'm brandy wine over gray  
I'm swangin with Trae, sprayed by my home boy Ed  
that third coast custom paint job, got me lookin ready  
that Swisha House around my neck - Johnny Dang on my wrist  
trunk bang like ABN with wood grain on my fist  
Cadillac by David Taylor with retractable roof  
swangin and bangin on that Screw and throwin boys that duece, It's Paul Wall  
...

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