

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 Affliated, 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 - Johhny 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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