

Swang

Trae

Niggas betta see a nigga roll
Starched down and I'm rollin on eighty fours-fo-fo-fo

Swang and I swang and I swang to the left
Pop-pop my trunk and yep yep yep
Swang-swang and I swang and I swang to the left
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I'm a swang, I'm a swang the slab, lean to the left
Pop my trunk and show what I'm about so Houston, Texas gotta be felt
I'm a vet, so it's automatic when I be swingin my wide frame
4-4's to 24's I'm subject to glide mayne
Like a pimp without the look but still so fly when I slide mayne
Plus I'm lethal fully loaded, ain't no takin my ride mayne
We gangsta and it ain't too much you can do to stop us
Don't try to knock us cuz these bouncers got boppers tryin to jock us
We the best at what we gon be and these haters know it
So haters hate us to death and I know cuz these haters show it
I only ride alone so they can picture me rollin
And for them jackers thinkin fly, just picture what I be holdin
Them hollow points will make you picture just how fast they'll be foldin
A few of them will have you leakin til you're dead or you're swollen
But still I ride like the law, floatin above everything
I'm Screwed Up Click until it's over, nigga fresh off tha chain, peep tha sl
ang

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I'm a swang and a 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 fact, bring the whole crew back
Only God can do that so I'm gonna leave it alone
Movin on, groovin to this soothin song
I'm cruisin along, still got a Screw tape on,
Still in the zone, wishin Corey Blunt was home
Ridin on chrome, banging with my bub' lights on
Ridin home Southeast of the Astrodome
I'm Fat Pat's clone, his legacy carries on
His heart beat pumps through my flesh and bones
Flippin with Trae, mobbin down MLK
He's blue over grey, I'm tippin sellin duece today
It's dub K, chiefin on some lovely
And we on the Boulevard acting ugly, we gon

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A.B.N is my type of nature, my understanding is (?...?) stacks
In the back of a Lac on this glass, you're finna see me struttin'
Cuttin corners on the daily basis
Move fast like Kanye West samples when I be chasin faces
I'm on the tip like a waiter when I be leanin to the left
I'm roll the city through the dark with a 5th on bumpers and belts
Or maybe in an Impala '67 Chevy be spinnin
Invisible set display everytime they catchin me grinnin
Off in they face, it ain't too much that they can do to a G
But try to hate me every second due to the fact who I be
And it don't bother me cuz I still be top of my game
Just don't come off inside of my range I might be leavin a stain
Whether my slab or beam
Niggas gon respect that we gangsta
T-shirt and Dickies plus the kicks that I lace up for you wankstas
Everyday is still the same, I be slowed loud when I bang
And thanks to Screw and P-A-T we got 'em diggin our slang, ha

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Love it man, love it man, love it man, love it man