

Rollin' on Swangaz

Z-Ro

Chuuch chuuch (yeah), ay...

Now what you know, bout those Texan wire wheels
So clean on the scene, we make haters stop drop and roll like it's a fire drill

Pimp C told you, that us Texas boys fly and trill
Screwed Up Clicksters, we keep it hood and ride for scrill
Glance at the roof top, it's transformative time baby
Blink twice, now it's panoramic time baby
Take a good glimpse, you see them stars in the night
Now take another one, cause we them stars in the night
Swang left then turn a right, wide circle then run alight
I'm out of sight out of mind, you already know where my gun is right
I got them diamonds, pressing up against the wood grain steering
They glaring like the paint, so them jazzy bops is staring
Yeah they calling my issue pound, apple express way
A three and a pound apple crush, helps me express in the best way
So yeah I'm leaning, off a hundred worth of that mud
I'm golden, I'm holding in the place they see dot Dub

I'm rolling on swangas, and smoking that good
One hundred dollas worth of drank up in my cup, it tastes so good
The jack boys watching me, but I really wish they would
Hell yeah I'm a playa, but don't get it misunderstood
Cause I'm rolling on swangas, and I'm looking so fly
All the women break they neck, watching me as I pass by
And you can do it too, if that's really what you feel
Just hit up www.texanwirewheels

No one on the corner, got swangas like us
We don't do regular wheels, not even if it's a truck
Yeah they free for me, for you they gon' cost a couple bucks
So if you po' hustling dog, you best to get your hustle up
I got swangas on my van, and swangas on my 300
And whichever one I'm in, you better believe I'm so blunted
I might be 8-7-3-2, down to flo' in a pair of gators
Dickie top Dickie bottom, and a fresh pair of Chuck Taylors
Either way it go I'm so clean, and all of my diamonds bling bling
One deep for life, if you ain't a weapon then you ain't riding with me
And I only believe half of what I see, and none of what I hear
Addicted to promethazine with coedine, what the hell is a beer
We don't drink that over here, cause that's a no-no
I never tasted a Corona, but I can tell you all about that drank and that do e-doe
First the fresh meat then a yellow stripe, then a white wall
And that's why your woman head, go up and down all night dog

I'm a gangsta, by any means necessary
I won't be making love to your lil' Jodeci, I'm a be doing you to Street Military baby
So hood, I might put swangas on a Mercedes baby
And my ride so clean, I know you wanna have my baby baby
Thinking you gon' take something from me, you must be crazy
Cause this gun I'm packing, is way bigger than your 3-80
And I ain't a killer, but please don't push me baby
Cause real homies, know glocks don't have a safety baby

I'm a legend in this game, I know you heard of me
Z-Ro the Crooked, I'll turn a peaceful place into a murder scene
My love is for the money, it damn sho' ain't for these hoes
And I can't forget about cars and clothes, that's all I know
As soon as a broad commit, she on her way back out the do'
Since I'm a pimp, I don't want the booty all I want is that do'
Girl drop it off to daddy, then go out and get some mo'
And bring it to 3rd Coast Customs, the realest homies I know