Swing

Camp Lo

Don't give me your swing
I got mines an' that's the thing
Blahzay, blahzay, blahzay, who name bell rings?
Don't give me your swing
I got mine an' that's the thing
Blahzay, blahzay, blahzay, who names bell ring?Now for the grab the stash to the alley Varner any splash
Tryin' not to crash, swervin', got the la la on the dash
Gettin' bent up in the armored truck, stuck him for his glam
Shit is candy yams, now we movin' on the ancient mansThey usin' psycho vision for the Valentino Gorabani
Fuck Armani Butter, we above these climbs, heist the harbors
Word to godfathers gettin' bleed, chasin' on Savannah
Down to Venice, tellin' sire 'bout my alley runnin' ways
That's how it was 'cuz now they got us blamin' at the fuzzIt's all gun an' poses on a bed of roses gettin' shugged
Wrap him in a rug, leave him on the roof 'til he stink
Hit the pool-hall, fled the Calico an' watch him blink
Movin' on Picaso, paintin' my portraits an' condos
'Cuz when the Lo blows only the Lo knows who don' knowsDon't give me your swing
I got mines an' that's the thing
Blahzay, blahzay, blahzay, who name bell ring?
Don't give me your swing
I got mine an' that's the thing
Blahzay, blahzay, blahzay, who name bell ring?I don't hate players, I'm from the crown rhyme sayers
'Whatever kid' sayers get down with no delayin'
I play my cards shark style, kings an' aces
Welcome to New York, the illest of all placesI never bleed even through this plaza of greed
You got the rarest, true, ain't game in yo world
Not them Forrest Gump niggas with shades an' S curls
I tilt my crown fly, I'm tryin' to angle you, girlThe me an' you alliance, is no doubt the fly science
We'll prosecute the phony star picks with our style
The million dollar necks, word, go 'head crack a smile
My name is Ish an' that's somethin' even in this tishOf pimps, players, hustlers an' killahs an' they wish
Your pretty to me, put in me in your frame
Your complex attitude intrigue me, stronger than Blow
You know, we can play the scenes like Pacino an' PfiefferMy queen'll shine on brinks three karats an' brighter
Finesse in foreign fabrics crit seers tighter
Them clown kids you dealt never belt
I came around swift an' got felt
That champagne brand name style got meltMy man, Killah Jules put me close to these jewels
Thats dropped in the lesson sent to crush fools

Crush 'em, peaceYo, yo, don't give me your swing
I got mines an' that's the thing
It's not your swing, it's mines an' that's the thing
So all that blahzay, blahzay, blahzay, who name bell rings?
All that blahzay, blahzay, blahzay, who name bell rings?

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