

# 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 mans They 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 fuzz It'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't knows Don'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 places I 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, girl The 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 tish Of 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' Pfeiffer My 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 melt My 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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