Swang

Chardy

Intro (Fat Pat) N****z betta see a n***a roll Shorts down and I'm rollin' on 84's Chorus (Fat Pat) Swang-swang and I swang and I swang to the left Pop-Pop my trunk yep, yep, yep, yep (x4) Verse 1 (Trae) I'ma swang I'm a swanger 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 man Like a pimp without the numbers still so fly when I slide man Plus I'm lethal fully loaded ain't no takin' my ride man We gangsta And it ain't too much you can do to stop us Don't try to knock us cuz these diamonds got boppas try'na jock us We the best and 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'll make you picture just how fast they'll be foldin' A few of them'll have you leakin' 'til you dead or you swollen But still I ride like the law Floatin' above everything I'm Screwed Up Click until it's over n***a fresh off the chain Beat the slang Chorus (Fat Pat) Verse 2 (Big Hawk) I'ma 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 fact bring the whole crew back Only God can do that so I'ma 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' Cory Blunt was home Ridin' on chrome Bangin' with my bub lights on Ridin' home South east of the astrodome I'm Fat Pat's clone It's J go see Harry's own His heartbeat pumps through my flesh and bone Flippin' with Trae Mobbin' down MLK He's blue up with grey On tint on southern deuce today

> It's Dub K Chiefin' on some lovely And we on the boulevard actin' ugly We gon' Chorus (Fat Pat) Verse 3 (Trae)

ABN is my type of nature my understanding is nothin' Stacks in the back of a 'Lac on this glass you finna see me struttin' Cuttin' corners on a daily basis Move fast like Kanye West samples when I be chasin' faces I'm known to tip like a waiter when I be leaned to the left I brung the city through the dark with a fifth of boppers and belts I'm ABN the Impala 67 Chevy be spinnin' Invisible set displayed 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 toppin' my game Just don't come off the side of my range I might be leavin' a stain Whether my slab or beam N****z 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 so loud when I bang And thanks to Screw and P-A-T we got 'em diggin' our slang huh Verse 4 (Pimp C) I'm a Screwed Up affiliator strictly rollin' red Every time we hit the parkin' lot we turn heads I've been watched by parole, task force, and by the feds Cuz they know I got 'em for 10 and they know the game ain't dead It's too late

I'm deep up in it ain't nuthin' about me scary Chiefin' in the club try'na find me somethin' hairy Dippin' at the bar Smokin' on the stokey Since I came home from the pen seems like everybody know me You got lots of friends when you up and when you ballin' Just like Pookey all the haters started callin' They see the diamonds and the Bentley and the candy thing They know I'm mob stompin' Texas they know that I'm rollin' with Jane They know it's UGK for life and that I'm down with Bun They know we grindin' b***h'll hitcha with another one It's UGK records right now we need distribution Since Laura Rebel free the pimp is goin' down in Houston Chorus (x2) (Fat Pat) Outro (Fat Pat) Love it man Love it man Love it man

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