Swang on 'Em

Bun B

We ride we ride 22s or betta'
We we ride we ride 22s or betta'
I swang on em swang on em [Repeat x2]Now if I catch you at the light (i swang on em swang on em)
Dat candy paint ain't lookin' bright (i swang on em swang on em)
We ride we ride 22s or betta'
We we ride we ride 22s or betta'[Bun B]
Now if you come down to this dirty south
Betta' watch your ears cause country boys talk with a dirty mouth
And they on them corners and they hustlin' up the dirty deep
Betta watch them dirty boys down south we keep it dirty g
I know you heard of me
I got that work
Man I got that white and I got that purp and I got that brown and I got that green
When I'm in yo town and I hit your scene in a candy painted car that'll sit so clean
trunk on pout with the 5th on lean
Trill dvd playin' on my screen sittin' on cream
man you know what I mean[Chorus]
Now if I catch you at the light (i swang on em swang on em)
That candy paint ain't lookin' bright (i swang on em swang on em)
We ride we ride 22s or betta
We we ride we ride 22s or betta
I swang on em swang on em [repeat x2][Bun B]
Now if you come to this t.e.x.
Betta show some love cause homey you don't wanna see me plex
We be bout that paper and ain't no shortstop in my cash or checks
I get full of ana and get to standing up on these niggas necks
Betta show respect we pullin' out them tecs
Man I got dem mac's man I got dem k's
and I got dem nine's and I got them a's r-15's and them 22-trey's
Player wanna ride I'm a ride for days
no I don't miss and I sho' don't graze
Bring what you got and I bet it don't phase
I'm a trill ass nigga man it's in my ways[Chorus][Lupe Fiasco]
Now I'm chi-town born and I'm chi-town bread
Call me west-side lu'
But I know about them north-side blue's and them south-side red's
I run the f&f crew
Till my man chilly-chill come home and he back on deck
My garage keep a very fast car keep a classic gold chain wrapped around my neck

Yea I came from the left but I'm down right fresh
Speak on
How you on the song bun b on
Complete 180 how crazy has he gone how strong is the brand of the d that he on
How come he do what he wanna neva' do what we want
I'm Rick James of this game
Need some wide leather couch for me to plant my feet on
The Murphy's didn't jump me
Told me to get comfy even brought the lil' seat for me to spill my drink on
Willy d gave me my stamp shout to Mike Jones and the swisha camp
The boy cali-on and the rap a lot ranch
The boss on the north and the peoples champ
Coolest nigga what coolest nigga what
Bein' swallowed by them city lights
Ball till I'm benched then I put it on the pimp f&f u-p ugk fo' life[Chorus]

Songwriters
BERNARD FREEMAN, RICHARD HERVEY, W. JACOPublished by
Lyrics Â© BMG RIGHTS MANAGEMENT US, LLC

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/