

# Midwest Swing

## St. Lunatics

It's a Midwest thang y'all  
And ain't got a clue  
(Ain't got a clue)  
Why my cutlass blue  
And I got them thangs on that motherfucker too  
It's a Midwest swang y'all  
Ain't gotta trip  
(Ain't gotta trip)  
While we swing and dip  
'Cuz we do big thangs on the motherfuckin' hip  
What you think, we live on a farm? Nigga, be for real  
We got Benz's, Rovers and Jag's, Hummer's and Deville's  
Got a green S Class, ain't broke the do' seal  
Shit ain't been the same since I signed fo' reel  
This shit got ill, when I hit 4 mil  
Five and countin', dirty six at will  
Did seven on the slide, 8 worldwide  
I'll be on my third Bentley by the time I'm at 9  
I hear 'em cryin', "You gon' sell out"  
Ya damn right, I done sold out before and re-caught the same night  
Straight hopped the next flight, too icy for sunlight  
Dunkin' without sprite, yeah you heard me dirty  
I'm from the Show-Me State, show me seven I'll show you eight  
Karats in one bling, heavily starched jeans  
Representin' St. Louis every time I breathe  
In the city I touch down, and I bob and weave, ay  
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'Cuz we do big thangs on the motherfuckin' hip  
I sport my beeper on my boots, that's why I be a buzz when I kick  
Maybe it's on my lips, it's chaos when I spit  
Quarter man, quarter schoolboy, half Lunatic

Quarter rubber, quarter dick, other half in yo' shit  
Keep a quarter of some sheeeiit, I'm the Pookey of the backyard  
All colors and all types like a junkyard  
High young boy with high young ways  
'Cuz I connect three blunts and be high for three days  
You can tell by the way I walk I ain't from 'round hurr  
Probably couldn't tell 'cuz I ain't walkin' now hurr  
I got a old-school cutlass, with a hole in the urr  
TV's urrwhurr wood grain to sturr  
I don't curr, hell naw I ain't cuttin' my hurr  
10 and a half in the Air force One's, give me two purr ugh  
I'm from the Lou and what I do is a Lou thang  
One rapper, two rings and three chains  
Nothing but some ole country boys that ride V12 horses  
Saddle up and put spurs on my Air force's  
Back porches made for hide and go seek

We got space out here, we can ride and chief  
Ain't gotta worry 'bout nobody approachin' us  
By the time they catchin' up, we smokin' up  
And my eyes be red, my lips a lil' dark  
St. Louis sportin' the rams, cards and lil' arch  
My dirty's love to spark, and love to sparkle  
Love homies vocal coats with matchin' cargos  
We racin' down Skinker, see how fast a car go  
Granny be like, "Ay, ya ya" like Ricky Ricardo  
I know you wanna know why we do what we do  
You cats ain't got a clue why the cutlass blue  
Brand new 22's on new UP's  
With one, two, three, four, five TV's  
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'Cuz we do big thangs on the motherfuckin' hip  
I'm sittin' on the front porch, writin' a hood rhyme  
Waitin' on my connect to deliver that good line  
Wish I would find, one seed in my weed  
Sticks and shit, if I do somebody bleed  
Pull right here, eight pounds of Chinamen

Two stay hittin' some blunts and Heineken  
Hidin' in the back with the po' po'  
Stickin' my do' do', man they some ho' hoo's  
They put the gun to my earr  
You know the law don't fear  
Nann nigga, nann hoe, let's keep that bullshit clear  
They had me face down in the skreet  
Errbody watchin', thinkin' I'ma pull the heat  
And leave the D-tects with a leak in the skreet  
And that pussy ass nigga that set me up my peeps  
Gon' give it to this nigga like NYPD  
Beat the K, fuck Coke, now I'm back on my granny poche hustlin'  
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