Swang

Mandre

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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