

# Swagged Out With Tags Out

## Kj-52

I was like dag if I hear somebody brag  
One more time in they rhyme all about they tight swag  
I'm a write back and tell them what they might lack  
I ain't mad I just had to find where they minds at  
So if it's time to shine and the lights flash  
Holding out my fingers to the sky in a tight grasp  
Then run like Jerry Rice on a nice pass  
Put a spotlight right on Jesus when the mic's passed  
I got a white tag plus a bright bag  
That matches w/ my sneakers and the jeans got a slight sag  
That ain't the meanings where my lifes at  
Its only found when I be proceeding down the right path  
So if I speak I know they might laugh  
But they never seeing what I'm seeing so I ride past  
If I stop my breathing he decides that  
Until that day just happens I keep leaning now in spite of that (swagged out w/ my tags out with my tags out)  
Oh you think you getting?  
Oh you swagged out you think you bad now  
You getting swagged out just with you're tags out  
You think you swagged you on that cash route  
You better change now you gonna get mashed out Hopped up out the bed turned ya swag on  
Took a look at ya mirro on ya dad's wall  
Said whats up feel good about what you have on  
Skinny jeans listening to you're favorite rap songs  
All black on fitted cap on  
Culture really is who you are don't think that's wrong  
Uh uh that's how ye we're shaped  
But when swagger so thick we can't see you're faith then  
That's when God has got a problem  
Bragging about yourself in the contents of ya album  
Swagger is really arrogance hiding behind rhyming  
Coolness eclipses the glory of God the father  
That's inherently wrong  
When the glory of our God gets buried in you're songs  
So the next time you be on stage  
Faith up swagger down so we can seek his face These dudes content man is so sinful  
I made it so simple put it on a slow tempo  
They think they pimps but they more like pimples  
They making little sense like a pennies and 4 nickels

You grow little you live in compromise  
So when you live yo lives you living lies  
The only way they big macking was the very time  
You combined you're fries with a number one supersized  
I'm shooting for the skies so if I land on mars  
I let him guide me like the grips on some handlebars  
His hands were scarred so here's a battle call  
To stand out like hot pink on some camouflage  
I'm standing strong in fact I'm standing on  
The very rock whether off or the camera's on  
Yall can try and knock and go and slam the song  
But did you ever stop to think man before you sing along

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