

# Hilary \$wank

## Joey Bada\$\$

We don't say swag no more we say swank[Verse 1]  
Yo, yo, Hip-Hop's a jungle  
Uh, lost in his time I'm just tryna get it like a boss in his prime  
These fake niggas sumblime, light for fine sights  
Wishing we'll fortune but the price ain't quite right  
The slice ain't quite ripe  
Still pulling strings how I fly but I don't like kites  
How they gon' treat Brooklyn's finest not as fine as diamonds?  
And fine nice, surrounded by hard flow like Iceland's  
Now we getting icing, finances nice  
And I don't like surprises, I like superb prices rising  
It's the least I could do, these verses priceless  
Rehearse in private, reverse her eyelid until she curse in silent (insolent)  
Got a problem solve it, all my Pros solids  
We all gon' dine and until then we mobbing  
So don't push me, Uh, I'm close to the pussy, even  
Closer to the know-ledge dropped out of college  
In advance hit the ground running like its ants in my pants  
Honey, pop was a bumbaclot and had a queen bee Mommy  
Uh, I love her to the tissue, disrespect my blood and it's an issue  
She like "This you on the cover for real? Ah you so official."  
Now go ahead and buy you some shoes that really fit you  
I know she always think of little me, but now I got big literally  
Worldwide and physically  
I'm saying I used to take walks around Little Italy  
Now I roam 'round Sicily  
And I'm plotting on a mili[Verse 2]  
Hmmm another loud pack another proud cat  
Hey pound that, Hip-Hop sounds been profound back  
Slow down that, metronome nigga  
Let it hit home when the specimen showin' gon' glitter  
Gold and ices trigger, your true ideology  
I can subtract one with the gun that's true trigonometry  
But that won't coincide with the true nigga that I'm a be  
He's royal poverty I kicks philosophies  
Not because I rock Soccer tees  
I ain't gon' beg but I can please  
Rock ya socks and sockets out your knees  
Fulfill your needs with similes non similar

Spit that unfamiliar, put that on familia  
If ya love Hip Hop, ladies rub your papillas  
Fellas beat they chest like they Silverback Gorillas  
It's the new age, children of the crystal healers  
Thinking I butterfly i try catapult caterpillars[Outro] x 2  
After years of constructing they start assumptions  
So I keep my circumference of deep fried friends like dumplings  
But fuck that nigga we munching, we hungrySwanking x 3  
I see you Jigga!  
Hilary Swanking

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