

Swang (ft. H.A.W.K, Fat Pat, P

Trae

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 'cause 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 'cause 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
 'cause 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
 'cause 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' bitch'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

Songwriters

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