

Swing Ya Rag (Feat. Swizz Beatz)

T.I.

Whoo! Whoo!
Swizzy
Need y'all t take y'all rags out man
T.I.
And let it swang
Swang
Swang
Swang
Let it swang
Swang
SwangAlright (alright) okay (okay)
I don't dance (I don't dance) no way (no way)
I just take my Louis rag out and wave it round in the air
Take my Gucci rag out and wave it round in the airAlright (alright) okay (okay)
I don't dance (I don't dance) no way (no way)
I just take my Louis rag out and wave it round in the air
Take my Gucci rag out and wave it round in the airSwang!New Akoo outfit with a Gucci rag
Tied to my belt loop and my Louis bag
Full of stacks rubber bands 'round big cash
Got a sick swag tell the haters get mad (come on)
We in the club holmes getting our thug on
Bottles of patron if you grown get your buzz on
We bought the bars out and brought the cars out
I'm like the moon I shine and bring the stars out
When it dark out get the squad out
We ball hard sucka' nigga eat ya heart out (sucka' nigga)
I'm too advanced super swag, and my Louis pants
Falling on my Louis shoes, shirt match my Louis ragAlright (alright) okay (okay)
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Take my Gucci rag out and wave it round in the airI say whoa kimosabe big balling is my hobby
I'm bopping while I'm walking rag falling out my pocket
If big money ain't the topic homie I ain't even talking
Hated on by the workers but I'm cool wit all the bosses
Catch me flossing at the mall (Mall) talking to a broad (broad)
She follow me and Gucci and I taught her how to ball (ball)

Three pair of shoes four shirts six rags
Chick said dag that's more in my bag
Shorty I can show you how to spend this bread real fast
Then get a group of chicks to give you head real fast
Silk scarf hanging out of my jeans
Nah homie I ain't thinkin' I'm just doin' my thing Alright (alright) okay (okay)
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Take my Gucci rag out and wave it round in the air Alright (alright) okay (okay)
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I just take my Louis rag out and wave it round in the air
Take my Gucci rag out and wave it round in the air I took some time off and now I'm back y'all
You in the line at the club I'm in the back dog
And when this song on ballers peel stacks off
And make it rain on them broads watch the stacks fall
And pull your rag out and wave it left, right
Let it sag wit ya pants get ya swag just right
Ride Bankhead flare flying out the Benz
Once a fool wit it we gonna bring 'em out again Alright (alright) okay (okay)
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Songwriters

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