

Swanananana (feat. Slim Thug & Stooie Bros)

Baby Bash

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

[Mickael]
Cold Chamber[Chorus:]
[Mickael in background]
[Slim Thug] I'm smoking kush, gettin' higher than a plane (Swanananana...)
And the Cadillac sittin' on the thangs (Swanananana...)
I'm so high, can't control my brain (Swanananana...)
Where everybody keep staring at me, mayne (Swanananana...)
[Rich Rap] I got that bloom blap boom in the trunk (Swanananana...)
I got a superbabababy in the front (Swanananana...)
And every time, they see fly by, I be like (Swanananana...)
Swanananana, na, na (Swanananana...)[Verse 1: Baby Bash]
I roll around, made higher than gas prices
And I don't even got a valid driver's license
I'm pushin' luxury wheels, my pictures lookin' priceless
My primo Pica and the clika hook me with the paisas
They hang themselves when they see the Suicide doors
I'm in the game, mayne, gettin' all them high scores
Trunk quakin' and it's shakin' up my rear view
I'm livin' barbecue, mayne, you livin' mildew
I'm a factor, not an actor, comin' through in a Hummer tracker
Got them pills and pur-falactic, mayne, that player's makin' racket
That boy Bash be hustlin', he be handlin'
Catch 'em out in Vegas, pimpin', panderin' and gamblin'[Repeat Chorus][Verse 2: Slim Thug]
Thugga flyin' first class and ain't talkin' about a plane (Naw)
I'm talkin' 'bout the sticky icky sack of Mary Jane (Uh)
So gone off the smoke, feel like I'm 'bout to crash (Roll up)
That's what a nigga get for gettin' high with that Bash
Paint lookin' splish-splash, Pops got me on they radar
I'm tryin' to take you home, baby, I don't need to stay far (Let's go)
Roll with the Thug, gon' show her Hogg love
Cause you the baddest bitch I done seen in this club
I ain't lookin' for no love, I'm lookin' for a freak (Uh, freak)

Now let me beat it up, til I fall out to sleep (Hun)
The boss dive deep, better ask around 'bout me (Bout me)
I keep them girls sprung, they say they can't live without me[Repeat Chorus][Verse 3: Da Stooie Bros.]
[Rich Rap]
I got that bloom blap
Blap-pap-that, pitty-pat, pimpin' that idi-at
Slap that back, that baby gon' clap, clap, clap, clap, clap
Hangin' out the Cadil-liac
Follow that slip, that sauce, that wet, that drip
Drippin' wet, never slip
I'm elegant, but I can't help that we melt all over shit
Who you rollin' with[Angel Dust]
I got that blap bloom
That zoom-zoom, wham-wham, swananananana, I
Put it in the air, put it in her life, fly by like I die-die-die
Frustrating, didn't see, know why
Paint pretty wet with the butter in her tie
No lie, we're high, all night[Grimm]
And we don't care, hands in the air
Raised with the shades, squares don't compare
I'm bowlin' dowlie, dowlie, rollie, rollie, yeah, I'm rollin'
And yeah, you better know it, if you don't, then get up on it, aw, ready[Repeat Chorus]

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