

Southside Playaz f/ Fat Pat

"Swang Down"

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[Hook - 2x]

Swing down, sweet chariots let me ride
Coming down slow, on the damn Southside
Swanging on 4's, slamming on do's
Pimping your hoes, that's the way it goes

[Fat Pat]

It's the big sugar daddy, bailing none other
Coming down with Blount, in the red and peanut butter
Naw I didn't stutter, popping trunks surround
Coming down slow, watch a playa what clown
On the Boulevard, yeah my swangas we'll mob
I'm coming down the Boulevard, swanging on 'em hard
Me and C.B., got the T.V. on
Got my glock in my lap, riding till dawn
Man it's on, when we hit the parking lot
Pop trunk red neon, it don't stop
Watching hoes bop, cause we on that glass
C.B. crawling, yeah I got on my mask
With my Sacci locs, ready to let my pistol smoke
Cause up in the C, and I'm gone off that dope
Leaning on the drank, so what you think
I got my hand on my glock, plus I got my shank

[Hook - 2x]

[Mike D]

I swang on dots, floss on chops
Hit the scene heat it up, like a boiling crock pot
Dipping so low, in the Jag cockpit
Got my paws frostbit, with six screens lit
Feeling like the shit, mobbing on twin Z's
Pat and Blount in the Lac, I'm in the J-A-G
Sipping a skeet taste, with a cannon on my waste
Iceberg to the drawas, putting it all in your face
Shocking and body rocking, swanging side to side
Crawling wide body, with Palomino inside
Tell I'm a 84 glider, mono-block glider
Catch me and 3 in the Pathfinder, with diamonds that'll
blind you
Smoking on sticky, sipping lean in my machine

Through the parking lot crawling, hogging dogging the scene
With my mug on mean, working sixteen
Swanging on you boys, fulfilling ghetto dreams

[Hook - 2x]

[Mr. 3-2]

Lumilean to Eddies, money over bop hoes
My Diablo, and see six zeros
Niggaz sturn like 84's, and switch like kids
Gotta move around, cause they'll put it in yo ur ears
Still sipping but no beer, checking up my styrofoam
In H-Town Texas, my home sweet home
The Governor and Corleone, P-A-T resurrected
Vote for Mr. 3-2, to be reelected
We mafia connected, with the streets on lock
Entertaining my peoples, on the fifty foot yacht
I pull a big body out to, bending corners turning heads
From the Boulevard MLK, to the blocks of Homestead
Flossing and flipping turning, tipping so low
Beating the trunk, and dropping the top real slow
Letting the world feel it, realest from the Gulf Coast
We swang down up on the block, body rock with my folks

[Hook - 2x]

(*scratching*)

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