

Cope Cecil R

"We Gone Swang"

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[Hook - 2x]

We gone swang, lane to lane
Still gripping the wood grain, collecting my change
We gone swang, lane to lane
In the wide frame, on Fondren and Main

[Dougie D]

Fucking with G, the skating Escalade
Flossing all through the city, swanging from lane to lane
Gripping wooden grain, that's the way we do it mayn
On a constant grind working jelly, collecting change
In a wide frame, big body overloading the road
Hogging the street, just like they always be out of control
Roll with us, or you bitches get rolled over
Ain't no chip on my shoulder, I just got money to fold up
It's the Dougie Deezie, off of the heezy please believe me
Gotta be keeping it greasy, for me to see the cheesy
Doing it like it go, and there's one thing I know fa sho
We gon shine and gon hold, because the 3rd Coast is our home

[Trae]

See I'm a grain gripping, 83 swanger
Chromy glass, nigga you in danger
Got a sawed off, that'll repaint you
In a wide body, like the Lone Ranger
I'ma stop and drop, when I wanna roll
I got a big four do', with a big fo'-fo'
Sitting solo, Doug-O wrecked
Now Trae done backdo'
Ghetto superstar, menage tois
Candy paint, done wet up the car
Lane to lane, my drop'll get raw
Running red lights, and don't bar the law
Gotta get paid, stacking my change
Gripping the grain, gliding mayn
Turn out the back, and I'ma gon swang

Untamed, fin to do my thang
Now Trae done wrecked it, world respected
Out the Southside, of Houston Texas
Living wreckless, don't neglect it
Moving on, and ain't baring plexas
Bubble eyed, fin to lead the way
Diamonds shining, like a heat wave
Back it up, 'fore I blind your face
Slow Loud And Bangin', fin to lead the race

[Hook - 2x]

[Jay'Ton]

I swing blocks, when I'm in the drop
Where the throwed bops, and the haters jock
It's Jay'Ton on 84's, Volvos fin to glide the road
I'm 16 all in your face, braided up and I'm out of sight
With a bad dyke on a motor bike, screened up lighting
up the night
I'm blue red coming out the I, turning heads on the
boulevard
My AK'll make a nigga know, when I cock it back I'm fin
to hit you hard
Southside fin to go get it, all about stacking a mill ticket
I'm still playa don't get it twisted, sideways with the
trunk lifted

[Lil' B]

The window tinter, wood grain gripper
Wet candy paint, and a chrome pistol
Eyes on me, like a thoed stripper
Showing naked, better take a picture
On the boulevard we don't guard
84's and vogues, down to South Park
Cause I'm Lil' B, and I don't barge
Slow Loud And Bangin', we'll pull your car
That's on the Lord, we'll leave a stain
Hogging lanes, in a wide frame
With my nigga too, all against the grain
On the Dirty South, is where we gon swang
Riding two deep, or solo
Platinum FUBU, or Polo
With a bad hoe, rocking J-Lo
Skating up the block, I'm crawling slow

[Hook - 2x]

[Z-Ro]

Solid, as a rock
Profiling in the turning lane, banging down your block
Hell naw it just don't stop, matter fact it never slow

down

When I'm in the kitchen whipping, my prices tend to go
down

Then I dog my Intrepid, mash on the gas on down to
the flo'

Till I hit my block and set up shop, anything you need
come to the Ro

Might got prices on my head but I'm not scared, I'm
gon shine

Relaxing in Rolls Royces, attempting to pass time
I be smoking on that stink, had to retire from that ink
Cause you just can't think, when your mind goes blank
Full tank of unleaded, then I'm head to Probilla
Fucking with that Big Mello, because my click require
killas

You ain't gotta holla at me, when you see me outside
Cause when I go to my ride, I got your woman inside
She got her mouth open wide, ready for me to drop it in
My shine is unstoppable, but you wanna stop it here we
go again

[Hook - 4x]

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