

Trae f/ Fat Pat, H.A.W.K.**"Swang"**

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[Fat Pat]

niggaz better see a nigga roll
shorst town and I'm rollin on 84's

[Chorus x4]

swang, and swang, and swang to the left
pop, pop my trunk big pimpin

[Trae]

I'ma swang, I'ma swing my slab lean to the left
pop my trunk and show what I'm about
so Houston Texas gott to be fit
I'ma be suicide automatic when I'm swinging my wide
frame
4 4,s to 24's I'm subject to gline man
like a pimp without the whip I'm still so fly when I slide
man
plus I'm whipped and fully loaded ain't no takin my ride
man
we gangsta and it ain't to what you can do to stop us
dont try to knock us cause these diamonds got poppers
tryna chop us
we the best and we gon be when 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 think they fly just picture what I be
holdin
till all them boys that make you picture just how fast I
be foldin
a few of them had you thinking till your dealin and get
swollen
but still I ride like the law, flo and flip everything
I'm screwed and thick and till its over nigga fresh of
the chain
peep the slang

[Chorus x4]

[H.A.W.K.]

I'ma swang, and a swang, and a swang to the left

pop my trunk for Fat Pats Death
I would give my last breath if I could bring you back,
bring screw back
a matter of fact bring the whole crew back
only God can do that so I'ma leave it alone, moving on
moving till this sew gets on, I'm cruising along
still got a screw tape on, still in the zone
wishing Kobe Blunt was home, ridding on chrome
banging with my bud lights on, ridding home
I reach southern astrodome, with Fat Pats clone
cuz niggaz see harrys on
hes heart beat pumps through my flesh and bone
flippin with Trae, rolling down MLK
this wood with glay, I'm chunkin seven duce today
his dove k, cheefin some love lay
and we on the boulevard acting all gray
we gon

[Chorus x4]

[Trae]

They be haneous my type of nature
my understand to this bip
stacks in the back on the lack of this glimpse funna see
me strip
cutting corners on the daily basis
we fast like kanye west samples while I be changin
faces
I'm low like tips of waiters when I lean to the left
I roll the cd through the door for the fifth, poppers and
pimps
or maybe in the impala 67 chevy be spinnin
invisible samples play everytime they catching me grin
off in they face ain't too much 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 chop in my game
just don't come off the side to my range I might be
leaving the stage
with in my slab I be niggaz gon respect to be gangsta
teach certain dickeys plus the kids to lay wusup for you
wanktas
everydays still the same I be still loud when I bang
and thanks to Screw and P18 we got them digging my
slang huh

[Chorus x9]

[Fat Pat]

Love it man, love it man, love it man...

