

Trae f/ Fat Pat, H.A.W.K., Pimp C

"Swang"

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(*Fat Pat*)

Niggaz, better see a nigga roll
Starched down, and I'm rolling on 84's

[Hook: Fat Pat - 4X]

Swang-swinging, sawnging swang two yeah
Pop-pop my trunk, and lift-lift-lift

[Trae]

I'ma swang on my swangas, slab lean to the left
Pop my trunk and show what I'm about, so Houston
Texas gotta be felt
I'm a vet, so it's automatic when I be swinging my wide
frame
fo' 4's to 24's, I'm subject to glide mayn
Like a pimp without the limp, but still so fly when I slide
mayn
Plus I'm lethal fully loaded, ain't no taking my ride
mayn
We gangsta, and it ain't too much, you can do to stop
us
Don't try to knock us, cause they bounders got boppers
trying to jock us
We the best at what we gon be, and 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 rolling
And for them jackers thinking fly, just picture what I be
holding
Them hollow points'll make you picture, just how fast
they'll be folding
A few of them'll have you leaking, till you dead or you
swollen
But still I ride like the law, floating above everything
I'm Screwed Up Click until it's over, nigga fresh off the
chain peep the slang

[Hook - 4X]

[H.A.W.K.]

I'ma swang and I swang, and I swang to the left
Pop my trunk, for Fat Pat's death
I would give my last breath, if I could bring you back
Bring Screw back, matter fact bring the whole crew
back
Only God can do that, so I'ma leave it alone
Moving on, grooving to this soothing song
I'm cruising on, still got a Screw tape on
Still in the zone, wishing Corey Blunt was home
Riding on chrome, banging with my bub lights on
Riding home, Southeast of the Astro-dome
On Fat Pat's clone, his legacy carries on
His heartbeat, pumps through my flesh and bone
Flipping with Trae, mobbing down MLK
He's blue over grey, I'm tipping seven deuce today
It's Dub-K, chiefting on some lovely
And we on the Boulevard, acting ugly we gon

[Hook - 4X]

[Trae]

A.B.N. is my type of nature, my understanding is
nothing
Stacks in the back of a Lac, on this glass you finna see
me strutting
Cutting corners, on a daily basis
Move fast like Kanye West samples, when I be chasing
faces
I'm known to tip like a waiter, when I be lean to the left
I roam the city through the dark, with a fifth on
bumpers and belts
Or maybe in the Impala, '67 Cheve be spinning
Invisible set display, everytime they catching me
grinning
Off in they face, and ain't too much that 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 be chopping my
game
Just don't come off the side of my Range, I might be
leaving a stain
Whether my slab or beam, niggaz gon respect that we
gangsta
T-shirt and dickies, plus the kicks that I lace up for you
wankstas
Everyday is still the same, I be so loud when I bang
And thanks to Screw and P-A-T, we got 'em digging our
slang huh

[Pimp C]

I'm a Screwed Up affiliated, strictly rolling red
Everytime we hit the parking lot, we turning heads
I've been watched by parole, task force 'em by the
FED's
Cause they know I got 'em for ten, and they know the
game ain't dead
It's too late I'm deep up in it, ain't nothing about me
scary
Chiefting in the club, trying to find me something hairy
Pimping at the bar, smoking on a stogey
Since I came home from the Penn, seem like everybody
know me
You got lot's of friends, when ya up and when ya
balling
Just like Pookie, all the haters started on calling
They see the diamonds, and the Bentley and the candy
thang
They know I'm mob style protected, they know I'm
rolling with James
They know it's UGK for life, and that I'm down with Bun
They know we grind, and fin to hit 'em with another one
It's UGK records right now, we need distribution
Since Laury Webb done freed the pimp, it's going down
in Houston

[Hook - 8X]

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