

## **Trae f/ H.A.W.K., Pimp C**

### **"Swang"**

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[Fat Pat]

niggaz better see a nigga roll  
starched down and I'm rollin on 8-4's

{Pimp C talks over Chorus}

[Chorus-Fat Pat Repeat 4X]

swang, and swang, and swang to the left  
pop, pop my trunk down M-L-K

[Verse 1-Pimp C]

I'm a Screwed Up affiliated strictly rollin red  
everytime we hit the parking lot we turn heads  
I've been watched my parole-task forcin by the feds  
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 nothin about me scary  
chiefin in the club tryna find me somethin hairy  
pimpin at the bar smokin on a stoggy  
since I came home from the pen seems like everybody  
know me[uhh]  
you got lots of friends when you up and when you ballin  
just like pookie all the haters started callin  
they see the diamonds and the Bentley, and the candy  
thing  
they know I'm mob style protected they know I'm rollin  
with James  
they know it's UGK for life and that I'm down with Bun  
they know we grindin finna hit 'em with another one  
It's UGK Records right now we need distribution  
since Laura Redmond freed the Pimp it's goin down in  
Houston

[Chorus-Fat Pat]

swang, and swang, and swang to the left  
pop, pop my trunk down M-L-K

[Verse 2-Trae]

Make way for Houston, Texas and they know the truth  
gon'be displayed  
8-4's swangin plus the glass done put them niggaz in a

daze  
I'm nothin like a hater even if I was get out the way  
I'll have the slugs jump in the clip with no delay for Trae  
to spray  
I'll stick and move ya later in the 5th be fallin  
I'm still tippin sittin in somethin blue  
tinted like the feds so they watchin me when I'm comin  
through  
when I lift the trunk up wave it-and bang it slow and  
loud  
It's guaranteed that Trae gon'wreck the crowd  
we gon'do this one right here for DJ Screw and Pat  
where them haters at  
Houston, Texas in the building and finna put a end to  
all the chat  
I know they mad now cause we here to slap it in they  
face  
all chumps gettin squashed now get the fuck up out of  
the race  
I'm in my zone second round gon'be worse then the  
first  
and plus my slab be known to hurt they heart a lil'worse  
then this verse  
and we still tippin on the corner smokin marijuana  
like that Fat Pat all haters are a goner

[Chorus-Fat Pat Repeat 4X]  
swang, and swang, and swang to the left  
pop, pop my trunk down M-L-K

[Verse 3-H.A.W.K.]  
I'm a swang, and a swang, and a 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 of fact bring the whole crew back  
only God can do that so I'm a leave it alone, moving on  
groovin to this soothin song, I'm cruising along  
still got a Screw tape on, still in the zone  
wishing Cory Blunt was home, riding on chrome  
banging with my bug lights on, riding home  
I reach southern astrodome, I'm Fat Pat's clone  
his legacy carry's on-his heart beat pumps through my  
flesh and bone  
flippin with Trae, mabbin down M-L-K  
he's blue over gray I'm tinted sellin duece today  
It's Dub-K chiefin on some lovely  
and we on the boulevard actin ugly we gon...

[Chorus-Fat Pat Repeat 9X]

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