

**B.B. King****"Swing"**

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Ish:

Don't give me your swing

I got mines and that's the thing

Blahzay blahzay blahzay who name bell rings

Geechie:

Don't give me your swing

I got mine and that's the thing

Blahzay blahzay blahzay who names bell ring

Verse One: Geechie Suede

Now for the grab the stash(?)

To the alley Varner(?) any splash

Tryin not to crash

Swervin got the la-la on the dash

Getting bent up in the armored truck

stuck him for his glam

shit is candy yams

Now we movin on the ancient mans(?)

They using psycho vision

For the Valentino Gorabani(?)

Fuck Armani Butter

We above these climbs

Hiest the harbours

Word to godfathers getting bleed

Chasing on (?) down to Venice

Tellin sire bout my alley runnin ways

Thats how it was cus

Now they got us blammin at the fuzz

Its all gun and poses

on a bed of roses gettin shugged

wrap him in a rug

leave him on the roof till he stink

Hit the pool-hall

Fled the calico and watch him blink

Movin on Picaso

Painting my portraits and condos

Cuz when the Lo blows

Only the Lo knows who doe knows (hey hey)

Ish:

Don't give me your swing  
I got mines and that's the thing  
Blahzay blahzay blahzay who name bell ring  
Geechie:  
Don't give me your swing  
I got mine and that's the thing  
Blahzay blahzay blahzay who name bell ring

Verse Two: Ish

(check this)

I don't hate players, Im from the crown rhyme sayers  
Whatever kid- sayers get down with no delaying  
I play my cards shark style, kings and aces  
Welcome to New York the illest of all places  
I never bleed even through this plaza of greed  
You got the rarest, true aint game in yo world  
Not them Forrest Gump niggas with shades and S-curls  
(uh)  
I tilt my crown fly I'm trying to angle you girl  
The me and you alliance, is no doubt the fly science  
We'll prosecute the phony star picks with our style  
The million dollar necks word go head crack a smile  
My name is Ish and that's something even in this tish  
Of pimps, players, hustlers, and killahs and they wish  
Your pretty to me, put in me in your frame  
your complex attitude intrigue me...stronger than blow  
you know, we can play the scenes like Pacino and  
Pfeiffer  
My queen'll shine on brinks three karats and brighter  
Finesse in foreign fabrics crit seers(?) tighter  
Them clown kids you dealt never belt  
I came around swift and got felt  
That champagne brand name style got melt  
My man Killah Jules put me close to these jewels  
thats dropped in the lesson sent to crush fools (crush  
em..peace)

Yo yo, Dont give me your swing  
I got mines and thats the thing  
Its not your swing  
Its mines and thats the thing  
So all that blahzay blahzay blahzay who name bell rings  
All that blahzay blahzay blahzay who name bell rings

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