

## **Banda Cheiro De Amor**

### **"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 Picasso  
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  
Pfieffer  
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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