

Celine Dion

"Swangin' and Bangin'"

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(*talking*)

Aww yeah, it's 1995

So we want you to just, turn your burns up

Cause we gon show the whole world

How we do it down South, fool

Gotta do, what I gotta do - 4x

[E.S.G.]

1995, so fools give it to me

And this is for them buster type G's, who wanna do me

I never had no love, for them crooked 5-0's

Chrome mirror 84's bro, and some low pro bowl

Tight ride bubble head lights, sheisty G's pause

Damn there go the laws, got me stuffing my yay up
under my drawas

Trying to jack this G, cause I'm caught up in my click
I ain't with it, they throwing me down cause I didn't pay
my tickets

But um you fools you know, I got my hand on my glock
And my left is on my steering wheel, so watch someone
get dropped

4 deep up in that Lac yeah, coming down tight
Swigity swangin bigity bangin, like I'm turning left I'm
bigity bustin a right

And now you know in and out, out and in I dip

Damn them G's in the South, are a trip

And my homies steady mobbing, our game is for real
With that fifth wheel grill, mo-mo wood grain steering
wheel

Working it with that fo' and go ahead, with that three
way

Candy painted be so wet, leaving drips up on that
freeway

Baby give it to me, cause you know I won't quit
And I'll be mobbing with my playas, extra gat on my hip
And to the fools down South, keep slanging them
thangs

It's '95 yeah fool, we comes again yep to swang and
bang

And now you know, what my real G's do

Sip syrup swang and bang, jam nothing but that Screw
fool

[Hook - 4x]

Gotta do, what I gotta do
Gotta do-gotta do, what I gotta do
We come to swang and bang

[E.S.G.]

So freaks back the hell up, cause tricks you ain't
holding
You wasn't even down with my G's, wasn't rolling
And now that our pockets got thicker, this gal I had to
hit her
Sorry playa hater, he shouldn't of been in love with her
Cause a trick is a trick, and a trick ain't it
And if you keep slipping, she gon hit you for a quick
lick
Dummies stop roaching, trying to keep her up
Cause while you out there capping, she be blowing my
beeper up
Now she's saying that she love you, you think that gal
for real
All the time, that freak be phonier than a four dolla bill
And just to show my G's, that I ain't too fake
I think that last night fried out, jamming my Screw tape
It's the E just jumping up, in and out and with my crew
And after I put my mack down pass it around, so what
you wanna do
Undercover fools, they giving up that thang
Hotel 6-6 hit trick, you wanna swang and bang

[Hook - till end]

(*talking*)

Aww yeah, y'all know who this is, ha-ha
It's that E.S.G. baby, swanging and banging to that 9-5
Now I'm bout to holla at all my playas nationwide

And all my boys in Houston Texas
(swanging and banging)
And what about, down in Dallas
(swanging and banging)
I can't forget, San Anton'
(swanging and banging)
Yeah, we got it going on
(swanging and banging)
And all the playas in Atlanta
(swanging and banging)
My young fools, from Louisiana
(swanging and banging)

Them G's, way up in Memphis
(swanging and banging)
I can't forget about Chi
(swanging and banging)
And all my boys, in Detroit
(swanging and banging)
And what about, that Cleveland
(swanging and banging)
And all the playas in New Jersey
(swanging and banging)
And can't forget, Killa Cali
(swanging and banging)
And all the fools, in Seattle
(swanging and banging)
Yeah, what about Denver
(swanging and banging)
I can't forget, St. Louis
(swanging and banging)
Way down in Miami
(swanging and banging)

Ha-ha, fool

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