

Big Pokey

"Swang"

Visit "[Swang](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Intro

(Fat Pat)

Love it man

Love it man

Love it man

(Trae)

Yeah this the remix

Chorus (Fat Pat)

Swang and I swang and I swang to the left

Pop-pop my trunk yep yep yep yep (x4)

Verse 1 (Big Pokey)

These b***hes wanna see a n***a roll

550 flossin' here's a tag for the toll

Ice cold AC butterscotch guts

Hard top Benz with the roof popped up

Every tooth rocked up

N***a swangin' with the glock 9

60 duece cocked up bangin' at the stop sign

Mamma passed now my n***a Hawk dawg I'ma miss

Everytime I think about him when i'm drivin' I'ma just

Verse 2 (Pimp C)

I'm a screwed up affiliator strictly rollin' red

Everytime we hit the parkin' lot we turned heads

I've been watched by parole task force and by the feds

Cuz they know I got it 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

Chieffin' in the club try'na find me somethin' hairy

Pimpin' at the bar smokin' on the stokey

Since I came home from the pen seems like everybody

know me

Verse 3 (Slim Thug)

Slim Thugga

Muthaf***a

The trunk bang with the belts when I swang to the left

Pop my trunk and yep yep yep
Chrome spokes when I step down the ave in the slab
Pull up to the wash give the Cadillac a bath
Like my chrome lookin' mirror
Peanut butter interior
Pop the trunk surround it can't sound no clearer
They like to have me here the boy Thugga shuttin'
down
Them blue boys shinin' all over H-Town

Verse 4 (Jim Jones)

(South let's go I know what it is)
I gotta shout my n****z in Houston (Ay Trae what up)
That ride old schools and they system is screwin' (Hey
Bun B)
I'm from New York so all my city we cruisin' (Eastside)
Them '06 whips with the glittery jewels in (Masseratis)
I don't go in the club til' we get all my goons in (Not at
all)
The bouncers don't frisk so we get all the tools in (Keep
the gats)
The Cali poppin' bottles get the b****hes groovin'
(Shake it ma)
And won't you tell the DJ it's a Dipset intrusion
(Thug game)

Chorus (Fat Pat)

Verse 5 (Mike Jones)

I'm the king I'm the mayor of the city got the game
locked down
I roll 12 cars one with my top down
I be swangin' in that candy
They don't understand me
Got my slab complete watch me pull up on Miss Grandy

I'm swangin' in my slab with the peanut butter guts
If she hop inside my ride then the b****h know she gon'
f***
I ain't playin' with no ceasar
The hoe know I don't need her
I pull out my beezzer to tease her not please her
They see the diamonds shinin' hand on the wood wheel
Even though I sold a mil'
Three's got me hood still (I said)
They see the diamonds shinin' hand on the wood wheel
Even though I sold a mil'
Three's got me hood still

Verse 6 (Trae)

I still swang to the left 84's sittin' under the shoes

These haters watchin' my moves from the way I
butterfly'd the coupe
And I'm black over alligator so n****z know that I got it
Trunk lift up at the light but my dropper remain in squat
Still bangin' my Screw doin' my thang
Somethin' bout a week but they swear I've been in the
rain
My swangas poke out so wide like I'm ridin' in double
lanes
Texan wild wheels lookin' like they never stoppin' man
I'ma

Chorus (Fat Pat)

Verse 7 (Big Hawk)

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
Movin' on
Groovin' to this soothin' song
I'm cruisin' along
Still got a Screw tape on
Still in the zone
Wishin' Cory Blunt was home

Verse 8 (Bun B)

Well I'ma swang I'ma swang I'ma swang to the right
I'm comin' down candy on swangers it's super tight
When I pull up at the light
At a quarter to midnight
You pull up bright
Scared to death gotta call it a light flight
UGK is back on the slab and turnin' the wheel
Once again the Bun and the Pimp gon' return to the trill
You can love to hate us or hate to love us it ain't a
thang
To them Underground Kingz
We still gon' swang

Verse 9 (Paul Wall)

I put the H up in the air for that A dub K
That fifth wheel bow down and pray
I'm brandy wine over gray
I'm swangin' with Trae
Spray by my homeboy Ed
That third coast custom paint job got me lookin ready
The Swishahouse around my neck Johnny dang on my
wrist

Trunk bang like ABN with wood grain on my fist
Cadillac by David Taylor with retractable roof
Swangin' bangin' on this Screw and throwin' boys that
duece
It's Paul Wall

Outro
(Fat Pat)
Love it man
Love it man
Love it man

Visit [Big Pokey](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.