

Bun B

"City of the Swang"

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[X2 - second time screwed]

[Bun B:] City of the swang, swang

Pop your trunk and bang, bang

[Slim Thug:] City of the swang, swang

Pop your trunk and bang

[Bun B:] City, city, swang, swang

Pop your, pop your trunk and bang, bang

[Mike Jones:] Don't let me catch you slippin when you in
the turnin lane

[Bun B]

I'm from the city of the swangs, mayne the land of the
stains

This is Candy Paint County (county), I'm known as the
game

Where them trunks on bang (bang), the candy paint
drip (drip)

The trunk knock and bang and the grain gettin gripped
You come down here on the trip - don't let the wrong
words slip

Cause them heaters on they hip will leave your Levi's
ripped

This is H-Town baby (man), the rockets, the Texans
And the strobes so you hoes best not come down here
flexin (down here flexin)

Boys think we on some country Alabama shit (bama
shit)

Till that hammer spit and you or your man are hit (hold
up)

So watch your manners cause we packin them bananas
For you boys actin monkey - we can go and make it
funky

From the 5th ward, 4th ward, acres to the tray
Southside to the West, all the way to BA (hey)
The sixteen slidin, fifty-nine flippin (flippin)
Forty-five flossin and nineteen tippin in the

City of the swang, swang

Pop your trunk and bang, bang

City of the swang, swang

Pop your trunk and bang, bang

City of the swang, swang

Pop your trunk and bang, bang
Don't let me catch you slippin when you in the turnin
lane, lane

[Screwed]

City of the swang, swang
Pop your trunk and bang, bang
City of the swang, swang
Pop your trunk and bang
City, city, swang, swang
Pop your, pop your trunk and bang, bang
Don't let me catch you slippin when you in the turnin
lane, turnin lane

[Mike Jones talking over screwed section]

Aaaaaaay
Corey Mo you a fool for this one homie
OG Bun, I see ya baby

[Mike Jones]

I'm the city of the candy paint, city of the swang
Ice Age and team, yeah we run the game
I got my eighty-fours tippin, wood grain I'm grippin
I'm swayin lane to lane with my pinky ring glistenin
And on my H-Town set, all my cars I wet
Me, Paul and Slim Thug made em give us our respect
Can't forget about Chamillionaire, my boy Lil' Flip
It you hatin on H-Town, (Motherfucker eat a dick)
Scarface and Rap-A-Lot, yeah they opened up the
doors
Now we lettin the world know how we roll eighty-fours
Scarface and Rap-A-Lot, yeah they opened up the
doors
Now we lettin the world know how we roll eighty-fours
If you ever in my city chillin on a Sunday night
Come to club Ice Age and Mike Jones will have you right
If you ever in my city chillin on a Sunday night
Come to club Ice Age and Mike Jones will have you right

I'm from the city of the swang, swang
Pop your trunk and bang, bang
City of the swang, swang
Pop your trunk and bang, bang
City of the swang, swang
Pop your trunk and bang, bang
Don't let me catch you slippin when you in the turnin
lane

[Screwed]

I'm from the city of the swang, swang
Pop your trunk and bang, bang

City of the swang, swang
Pop your trunk and bang
City, city, swang, swang
Pop your, pop your trunk and bang, bang
Don't let me catch you slippin you in the turnin lane,
turnin lane

[Slim Thug]

{Slim Thugger motherfucker!}
I'm from the city of the swang, grain grippers and the sippers
Candy slab flippers choppin boys like clippers
Gotta represent my town so I'm ridin top down (top down)
With the trunk in the air showin off my surround
H-Town niggas roll hard on the board
I be up in your hood and drive all in your yard (what?)
Blue boy boss still reppin that Texas (Texas)
Ain't shit changed, badge still on my necklace (I know you see it)
You know Thugger, I'ma spit the game how it go (yeah)
I'm on the stairs swangin slow with the music low (yeah)
Them makers on the greens point back to the fo'
(what's up)
5th Ward got my back, you already know (you already know)
South West, no Thugger ain't got plexed (what's up West?)
It's H-Town till they put me to rest
I'm from the city of the swang (swang), pop trunk and bang (bang)
Don't let me catch you slippin when you in the turnin lane mayne

City of the swang, swang
Pop your trunk and bang, bang
City of the swang, swang
Pop your trunk and bang, bang
City of the swang, swang
Pop your trunk and bang, bang
Don't let me catch you slippin when you in the turnin lane, lane

[Screwed]

City of the swang, swang
Pop your trunk and bang, bang
City of the swang, swang
Pop your trunk and bang
City, city, swang, swang
Pop your, pop your trunk and bang, bang
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lane, turnin lane

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