

Bun B

"Swangin On Em"

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(feat. Lupe Fiasco)

[Intro]

We ride, we ride 22's or better

We, we ride, we ride 22's or better

{I swang on 'em, swang on 'em}

{I swang on 'em, swang on 'em}

Now if I catch you at the light {I swang on 'em, swang on 'em}

That candy paint ain't lookin right {I swang on 'em, swang on 'em}

We ride, we ride 22's or better {Swang on 'em; I swang on 'em, swang on 'em}

We, we ride, we ride 22's or better {Swang on 'em; I swang on 'em, swang on 'em}

[Bun B]

Now if you come down to this Dirty South, betta watch yo' ears

Cause country boys talk with a dirty mouth, and they on them corners

And they hustlin up that dirty D, betta watch them dirty boys

Down South we keep it dirty G, I know you heard of me
I got that work (work) man I got that white and I got that purp', and I

got that brown and I got that green when I'm in yo' town
and I hit yo' scene

In a candy painted car that'll sit so clean

Trunk on pop with the fifth on lean

"II Trill" DVD playin on my screen

Sittin on cream, man you know what I mean?

[Chorus]

Now if I catch you at the light {I swang on 'em, swang on 'em}

That candy paint ain't lookin right {I swang on 'em, swang on 'em}

We ride, we ride 22's or better {Swang on 'em; I swang on 'em, swang on 'em}

We, we ride, we ride 22's or better {Swang on 'em; I

swang on 'em, swang on 'em}

[Bun B]

Now if you come down to this T-E-X, betta show some
love
Cause homey you don't wanna see me plex, when we
'bout that paper
And ain't no shortstop in my cashin checks, I get full of
ana
And get to standin upon these niggaz necks, betta
show respect
Or we pullin out them tecs, man I got them macs and I
got them K's
And I got them 9's and I got them A's, R-15's and them
two-two-treys
Player when I ride I'ma ride for days, no I don't miss
and I sho' don't graze
Bring what you got and I bet it don't faze
I'm a trill-ass nigga man it's in my ways

[Chorus]

[Lupe Fiasco]

Yup! Now I'm Chi-Town born and I'm Chi-Town bred;
call me Westside Lu'
But I know about the Northside blues and them
Southside reds
I run the F-N-F crew 'til my man Chilly Chill come home
and he back on deck
My garage keep a very fast car, keep a classy gold
chain wrapped around my neck
I came from the left but I'm downright fresh
Speak on - how you on a song Bun B
Complete 180 how crazy-ass he gone
How strong is the brand of D that he on?
How come he do what he want and never do what we
want?
I'm Rick James, in this game
There's a wide leather couch for me to plant my feet on
The Murphys didn't jump me, told me to get comfy
Even brought the loveseat for me to spill my drink on
Willie D gave me my stamp
Shout to Mike Jones and the Swisha camp
That boy Callion and the Rap-A-Lot Ranch
The "boss of the North" and "The People's Champ"
Coolest nigga what? Coolest nigga what?
Been swallowed by them city lights
Ball 'til I'm benched and I put it on a pimp
F-N-F, U-P, U-G-K fo' life

[Chorus]

{I swang on 'em, swang on 'em}
{I swang on 'em, swang on 'em}
We ride, we ride 22's or better {Swang on 'em; I swang
on 'em, swang on 'em}
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