

Camp Lo "Swing"

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Featuring Ish]

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

that's how it was cus

Now they got us blammin at the fuzz

it's 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 Picaso

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

that's dropped in the lesson sent to crush fools (crush

em..peace)

Yo yo, don't give me your swing

I got mines and that's the thing

it's not your swing

it's mines and that's 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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