

Los Tres

"If You Can Swing It"

Visit "[If You Can Swing It](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Intro: Hell Razah (Tray Bag)

Man, stop frontin, fakin
It's time to stop frontin, man
Niggas be actin like they got millions
(If you can swing it, then bring it)
YouKnow!msayin? You got children to be feedin
Seeds, nigga (If you can swing it, then bring it)
Makin eachother bleed, makin eachother bleed
Know!msayin?

[Hell Razah]

Yo, another day for the Sun to come out
BLOAW! I'm like the gun inside your mouth
Raise the temperature, got a short temper
Move with the grand emperor, get a V.I.P.
The beat left R.I.P., your idol seems
It's too many neighborhood heros playin Robert
DeNiros
I explode, 'til your froze to sub-zero
Nuclear deliro to your ear hole
Nocturnal 7 burn a reverend, put away your Mac-11
Stick your head inside this guillotine
This is how we drug a fiend
with the power, to refine it, clean
I devour teams, death by the hour scheme
High beams, shine inside your dreams
I seen your gun gleam, aftermath, your steamed
Eh yo, Supreme, if you took time to alright, support
mines
Hell Razah, bachelor extort rhymes, deport minds

[7th Ambassador]

All imports and exports will be lost
by the time you reach your next thought
You best walk, or death will be your escort
Let's talk, if you want to negotiate
Me and snakes don't associate
Don't complain, I'm on your brain like novacaine
Non-brolic, can't hold the reign
You'll get slain like the Hunchback of Notre Dame

Chorus: Tray Bag

If you can swing it, then bring it and you feel what I feel
Bring your steel and your shield and still get pealed
If you can swing it, then bring it
Let's puff the hydro and do and number on the lumber
and get nitro
If you can swing it, then bring it and you feel what I feel
Bring your steel and your shield and still get pealed
If you can swing it, then bring it
Royalties, higher days, laws, cop some pies for the
Gods

[Tray Bag]

Bounties on your headpiece, flee from my fleet
Duck the ricochets, in these days my luger sprays
My evidence is concrete, my peeps pimped the streets
Harassed by the boss of the drug taskforce
All day, and evenin, them sirens by screamin
You tyrants be fiendin, way past the meanin
Your soil ain't fertile, but you challenged the hurdle
Stung by the tongue, from the heat we get you numb
Coke to a hope, we're all high, bone smoke
Down the Hill and (re)'veal your addiction to dope
Your ropes, lasos and chips of El Paso
Past the Mexicans where our friends do our smugglin
I'm jugglin, my ancient gram's cram royal ham
A wolf in sheep's clothin, bubbles on my holdin
Obsessed to the cess, out the jungles of Key West
in the Caribbeans, rubbin elbows with the Dominicans

Chorus: Tray Bag

If you can swing it, then bring it and you feel what I feel
Bring your steel and your shield and still get pealed
If you can swing it, then bring it
Let's puff the hydro and do and number on the lumber
and get nitro

[Ty-Stick]

Yo, I blast tracks and snatch stacks, we all get paid
Bumrushin A&R's like a TNT raid
Smash walls in half, feel the reign of the wrath
News channels on the scene display the horror,
bloodbath
One man army, Ty-Stick rips the scene
This ain't the ordinary shit Son, youknowwhatImean?
Step aside, form a line, any line, make way
Free agents on loose, yo these cats gotta pay
Banger, multiple wounds from the sharp-edged hanger

No need to speak Son, feel the heat, since the anger
Got shit locked down like a can of sardines
Buried below, underwater like submarines
I slide low key, but swift like a fox
Hold heat e'ryday like two pairs of sweat socks
Keep it real on my tracks, breakin legs and backs
Speak from experience, fuck the fiction, stick strictly
with the facts
Word up, it be true, kid you know how I do
It seems my peoples never gonna learn the
treacherous ways of Yacub
But bustin, it be on, word is bond, I sends heat
My style is nasty and raw like a jar of pigfeed
Word up, it be on like that kid, for real, no lie
Many men are prepared for war, ready to die
My own peoples by snitchin and cuttin throat
Been livin in the US ghetto for so long my peoples
turnin red coat
Word up, be on point for the attack
It's goin down like that, it's goin down like that

Outro: Hell Razah (Tray Bag)

It's goin down like that
(If you can swing it, then bring it)
Youknowl'msayin? It's time to get serious
It's a war goin on, you could get shot
(If you can swing it, then bring it)
We own the territory, youknowl'msayin?
Violators will be prosecuted
(If you can swing it, then bring it)
Knowl'msayin? Hah, yeah, Nocturnal 7
Hah, yeah, Red Hook, Brooklyn
(If you can swing it, then bring it)

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