

## **"Mike Jones, Three 6 Mafia, PAUL WALL" "Swervin'"**

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I keep purple stuff all in my cup, 84's when I'm rollin' up  
I got them TV screens fallin' down  
Purple stuff all in my cup, 84's when I'm rollin' up  
Gettin' high ridin' ripped swervin' side to side

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On a Sunday afternoon you can see it in my eyes  
I been chieffin' like an Indian player, this the shit  
Ridin' down to the park, strip holla'n at a bitch

Put your foot on the brakes then hit the gas and make it  
flick  
Then watch the hoes start lookin' but they can't see off  
in my tint  
'Cause' its some players out this motherfucker ridin' in  
the backseat  
But before you wanna' get off in my whip you gotta  
suck me

You got me leainin' to the right, you got me leanin' to  
the left  
I done sipped so much syrrrp, I might not think I need  
some help  
You mix three fuckin' hoes and a two liter of player  
Then you better go get, you a freaky little girl

You ask her, "Does she smoke weed?" And that bitch  
holla, "Yes"  
She pulled out some cigars and some weed with purple  
haze  
Then my kinfolks call, and say that he got purple drank  
And I turned that fuckin' corner headed to the purple  
drank

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I got them 28's on the Chevy sittin' so high  
The plastic cups in the cup holder's gettin' dry  
And before I see the bottom I'ma holla at LL  
'Cause that means, I need a R E F I L L

From the bottom to top nuthin' but that thick  
I got a thick bitch playin' with my dick  
And she done got lit, now she curious  
She lookin' at my dollar wantin' to take a hit

You know I'm passin' it, long as you actin' right  
If she get gonzo I'ma smack the daylight  
Clean up out the hoe, kick her out the do'  
Call up get high, Chris, go and get some mo'

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