

Stanley Clarke Featuring Politix "Swung On"

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Woo! Politix, two thousand and ten
Politix like that
You are not only but nose up
Who the hell you talkin' to?
I will knock the black off you

Come on, come on, come on
Come out swingin', ha
Politix, heh heh
Check it out, check it, check it

Yo, I grab motha*** and throw 'em across the room
Hit 'em with the boom, bam, Gotti
Might body slam a n***
Drop that cat even if he is bigger

See, I know more Kung Fu than Hoof Digger
And I smack a n*** before I squeeze the trigga
Let me hit ya with a smack to the grill
And move you back to the real, you suckas act like ya
thrilled

Your whole style's chump, tryna front like you dumb
Huh, what, you just a drunk f*** punk
About to get your nose broke, nobody likes those folk
Watch out for them brothas with them swelled flows

You tryna get away, we stickin' you like Velcro
I'm steady steppin' over all the posers
I spit the cool lyrics and it froze ya
Just for a second made ya think

Realize, we on a break, no time to blink
The future's now, products of life and times
Be responsible and use your mind
'Cuz I'm quick on my feet like a kick from Jack D

That you did not expect, now, there's pain in your neck
Shake it off, yo, you gon' live
Just pay more attention to the gifts we give
'Bout to get swung on, bringin' violence to me

I ain't f*** with y'all so don't be f*** with me
You could get swung on if you ain't actin' right
Did you ever think you would get smacked tonight?

Swingin' on 'em
Left rights, right lefts
Upper cuts

Yo, whatever bull*** you could, bring some
My Kung Fu's weigh a ton, about to swing one
Rock you, knock you and I sock you

Lock you, stop you, chop you, trick and drop you
I swung with Kung but now, it's time for hip-hop, fool
I never thought like K

A fight scene at a club, ain't enough love
Dope beats get hug, focus precise, this thug
All chromes, y'all swept under the rug
Bodies drug, sucka what, show love

Styles and tactics are not efwitable
Don't attempt, you wanna limp
Futuristic flow, quite terrific like
The glow in the baby's eye, we be them guys

Get swung on, bringin' violence to me
I ain't f*** with y'all, so don't be f*** with me
I figure to treat a n*** like a punchin' bag
If he disrespects my space and gets up in my face

Yo, back up, you better back up, do I gotta hit you?
And get into an altercation with the n*** with you?
I catch that little faker with the hate naked
I swing, bump, bump, like we in Jamaica

Yo, we all got fists but y'all got dissed
Whatever, whatever, n***, it's all Politix
Universal, J. Thorn, Politix been born
Know that, uh uh

Get swung on, swung on
Smack the black off you
Get swung on, swung on
Crazy

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