

T.i. "Swing Your Rag"

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Swizzy, need y'all to take y'all rags out, man, T.I
And let it swang, swang, swang, swang
Let it swang, swang, swang, swang

Alright, okay, I don't dance, no way
I just take my Louis rag out and wave it 'round in the air
Take my Gucci rag out and wave it 'round in the air
Alright, okay, I don't dance, no way
I just take my Louis rag out and wave it 'round in the air
Take my Gucci rag out and wave it 'round in the air
Swang

New Akoo outfit with a Gucci rag
Tied to my belt loop and my Louis bag
Full of stacks rubber bands round big cash
Got a sick swag tell the haters get mad, come on
We in the club homes getting' our thug on
Bottles of Patron if you grown get your buzz on

We brought the broads out and brought the cars out
I'm like the moon I shine and bring the stars out
When it dark out, get the squad out
We ball hard sucka nigga eat your heart out
I'm too advanced super swag in my Louis pants
Ballin' on my Louis silk shirt match my Louis rag

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I say, whoa kimosabe, big ballin' is my hobby
I'm boppin' while I'm walkin, rag fallin' out my pocket
If big money ain't the topic, homie, I ain't even talkin'
Hated on by the workers but I'm cool with all the bosses

Catch me flossin' at the mall, talkin to a broad
She follow me in Gucci and I taught her how to ball
Three pair of shoes, four shirts, six rags

The chick said, dag, that's more than my bag

Shawty, I can show you how to spend this bread real fast
Then get a group of chicks to give you head real fast
Silk scarf hangin' out of my jeans
Naw homie, I ain't thinking, I'm just doin, my thing

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I took some time off, and now I'm back y'all
You in the line at the club, I'm in the back, dawg
And when this song on, ballers peel stacks off
And make it rain on them broads, watch them stacks fall

And pull your rag out and wave it left, right
Let it sag with ya pants, get ya swag just right
Ride Bankhead flare flyin' out the Benz
Once a fool with it we 'gon bring 'em out again

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