

Felice Brothers

"How We Swang"

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[Hook]

We riding Cheves and them Lacs, on them thangs
Down Souh, that's how them boys do it mayn
Get out of line, them thangs rain
Paint change, everytime we switching lanes

Yeah we thugging in this bitch, steady busting at my
Foes
Got that Ruben Studdard money, it be busting out my
Clothes
Standing tall as light poles, or a statue in the park
I'm the wizard tin man, I'm here to give you boys some
Heart
Down here we spit it for real, icicles in my grill
Candy green say I'm deuce, look like a pickle on wheels
No American idols round here no Paula, Randy or
Simon
Just a old school Impala, rolling candy shining
If you grinding keep grinding, cause ain't nothing in
Life for free
I'ma be a G-A-N-G-S-T-A, till the day I D-I-E g'eah

[Hook]

[E.S.G.]

What you know bout groupie freaks, Gucci shoes and
Gucci seats
Bout my ends like Pimpin' Ken, ghetto streets to
Executive suites
Ashton Mars and EXT's, platinum screens and DVD's
28's and 23's, six T.V.'s in the SUV
S.U.C. now I bet you E, spitting nothing but hits for
Boys
Bring a role of toilet paper (why), cause I'm shitting
On boys
Underground bully, I ain't scared to smash it to ya
This year I'm punking rappers, you can call me Ashton
Kutcher
Blades chopping like a butcher, they can't stand me
now
Can't be like 50 Cent new album, and let my fan's down

This for my Vice Lord GD's, Bloods, Crips, Latin Kings
Blacks, whites, Asians, everybody in between
Yeah that chopper to chop ya, srop toppers can't stop
Us
Crooked coppers think they got us, so they watch us
With binoculars
Bottle popping trunk knocking, stopping traffic in the
Lac
Cause I got one-two-three-four-five-six-seven-eight,
15's in the back g'eah

[Hook]

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