

Dyme-A-Duzin **"Swank Sinatra"**

Visit "[Swank Sinatra](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Verse 1: Dyme-A-Duzin]

Difference between me and you
You think you should have it and I deserve it
Dwelling on the past and I'm in the lab working
Never spoke to God in the hood, there's bad service
But I guess I got bars cause he sending 'em for certain
Swanky Sin, got critics questioning what lane he in
I'm just turning crowds into stadiums
Pounds, I be blazin' the haze when I listen to Waves
On the road searching for stones like Jackie and Jade

[Verse 2: Joey Bada\$\$]

Ain't shit fly unless I rock it
High like drop kicks in cockpits
Red Eye fly shit holding chop sticks, split cheese with
monsters
Switching keys in partures, ain't pick a decent sponsor
But bet I'll still archer, yo Dymez, I got them
Slow ride through Gotham, the villain drink black like
I'm
Gothic, I be in the lab spitting topics
Mixing toxics 'til the prophet's pockets profit
Or 'til I get boxed in

[Verse 3: Capital STEEZ]

T-shirt from Polo
The rebirth of YOLO; if I'm trying to find a proto
All I got to do is yodel, steaming on the low
Got me dreaming like a mogul, the humidity is killing
me
I call that the ozone, Capital Swank
Finally had the cash up in the bank, so the snakes want
to
Ask me if I'm great, we laughing in your face
Cause rap was a mistake, when the entrees came
They almost had me eating steak

[Verse 4: CJ Fly]

This hip-hop with a fly feel
You'll be dead if you lie still, it's all about what you
choose
To do, buy steal

Hoods niggas like grim reapers
They soul takers, black hoodie bone breakers
Put you to sleep, then you won't wake up, I mean, you
could go
From weight rooms to waiting rooms, be armed or curl
up
When that piece to your chest, so make your move, no
April Fools
I just say the truth, gonna be a vacant tomb
If you break the rules

[Verse 5: Joey Bada\$\$]

A gift is my curse if I lift and I burst
But fuck arms, I do enough harm when I'm kicking a
verse
I heard niggas went missing, where the dirt is when
you surface?
What you mean I ain't earn this? They ask for my
service
Emotions in his flow caught a wave, now he surfen'
But notice these demons and serpents be lurkin'
It's urgent, still a rebel, fuck school, burn shit
Don't ask him to pull up his pants up, it irks him

[Verse 6: Dyme-A-Duzin]

Til I die of an overdose of the dopeness, I'm floating
higher
Flying above the coast and just scoping and getting
wiser
I am a product of this box we call pop culture
Creative pop filter bringing our collapse closer
Batman of this rap scam, they gasp over
Spit facts over these tracks, deeper than Shaq's vox
Dyme's dope, stay on my grind cause I know
That time slow, puffing that lye smoke but time don't

[Verse 7: CJ Fly]

Wait, you causing quakes
When you're moving plates, illuminate, eliminate
Got me thinking that it's the same, won't let a flow like
mine
Ever slip through the drain, cause I'm fit for the game
Watch me shift through the planes, the rap monster
boss
Is popping off if cops involved, shocked them all
Dropping draws/jaws, now they chakras off, eating
lobster sauce
Stop it, dog, I'm above the law, led 'em on
Weapons drawn, it's the art of war

[Verse 8: Capital STEEZ]

I can feel it getting closer
As Ls turn to clips, clips turn to roaches
And those turn to bowl hits, oh shit
Looks like we getting high again, that's another gram
Of fires right to my diaphragm
I blaze a dutch, then I pay the cut, you be on the wall
Posted up, trying to make a cuff, groupies on my arm
Just to prove that we swank enough
Let me see you take a puff while I break it up

Visit [Dyme-A-Duzin](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.