

E.s.g.
"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
(from the back-back, to the front and to the side
In the Lac-Lac with a blunt, now where the light
From the back-back, to the front and to the side
In the Lac-Lac with a blunt, now where the light)

[E.S.G.]

I'm back in my hood, we gripping wood we call it grain
It's the man who wrote "Wanna be a Baller", and made
you "Swang & Bang"
Yup E.S.G. you know my name, forty G's of in my chain
My rap sheet before the rap game, I had ki's off in my
Range
My homie left me hanging, yup he signed with Pharrell
That ain't stopping shit, round here we getting this mail
For my homies in jail, like Beanie Sigel and Young Pimp
Come back home for black chrome, on a 300 M
Dodge Magnum station wagon, I done told ya son
I'm like Pac, Big and Pun all rolled in one
Yup real O.G. I been that G, still got T.V.'s in my seats
Ice the size of Chris Rock teeth, heat the size of Yao
Ming feet
You can call me Shaq, the way they threw me in the
cross
Now my team's on top, you can't make the playoffs
Yup break boys off my trunk popping, baller blocking
ain't money stopping
Mess with me gon R.I.P., like O.D.B. or Johnny Cochran

[Hook]

[E.S.G.]

Not Mike Jones I'm still tipping, ain't no room for Robin
Givens
Need a chick that's bout her bidness, like Kimora Lee
Simons
Baby this Baby Phat, baby this baby that

Hot boy like Weezy, but I got Baby stacks
Damon Dash cash, so mo' yay we gotta flip
Till my bank account swoll up, like Jay-Z bottom lip
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]

