

Swishahouse

"Magno and Killa"

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[Hook - 2x]

The game is a struggle, we gotta get scrilla
Fuck the fame it's a hustle, (it's Magno and Killa)
When you see us at them shows, on 4's or 24's
Pulling top notch hoes, (true hustlers get do')

[Magno]

This game is a hustle, but Mag's on a money plot
Catch me on a hundred blocks, entourage big but
nobody do the bunny hop
And y'all think, the sun is hot
You ain't seen shit, I stay swarmed by a hundred bops
Getting crunk, whenever they see paper
Can't believe my wallet's more swoll, than A.C. Slater
And yours is low like Screech, I got fo' white freaks
In a black Taurus, I'm the black Zach Morris
Who has a colder flow, than my shit
My whip equipped with hot shit, radio flipping too a
Motorola Sidekick
When it comes to fly shit, Magno's a pilot
Since the last time that I spit, I just got harder
Hop out white Tee, S dot Carter's
Bitch pressed away the hate, so my chest got broader
The rest, got frauder
My paper bubble, courtesy of the hustle nigga

[Hook - 2x]

[Kyleon]

I'ma let the screens rain mayn, pop trunk and bang
mayn
Piece and chain hang, like I'm in a chain gang mayn
Everytime I swang bang, Killa finna lane change
Gripping on the grain, while I'm puffing on the Jane
mayn
On any track it's a fact, Killa bring the pain mayn
To these other cats, that's trying to jack us for our
slang mayn
So I'ma wreck and push eject, it's time to change the
game mayn
And bring the noise to these boys, that's trying to claim

my fame mayn
I'm flyer than a plane mayn, connected like a train
mayn
Boss Hogg, Swishahouse we well respected in this
game mayn
Don't make me aim the thang mayn, and put it to your
brain mayn
And turn you five-dolla dudes, into a pile of change
mayn
Killa Kyleon flow is, hotter than a flame mayn
I'm blowing up, just like a pot of hot caine mayn
Sick hustle game mayn, like I need medication
I keep haters heads turning, like a swanga's rotation
mayn

[Hook - 2x]

[Magno]

This is audio dope, A-1 no whip
Uncut numb your tongue, after one song you sprung
Inhale it hard enough, in one lung you done
And that's as real as it get, I'm on the grind
I'm trying to stay up in the game, I can't remain on the
pine
And now-a-day's a lot of niggaz, hating for real
Cause I'm in front of cameras with the mic, like April
O'Neal
That's why I stay strapped, for enemies
These days even your friends'll do you in, ask Patrick
Dennehey
Niggaz swear they flow is colder than mine, before
they heard it
Now I got 'em sweating like Kobe Bryant, before the
verdict
Here's a napkin asswipe, now pass the mic
You should of known I control the streets, like traffic
lights
Money stretch, like elastic right
Collection Plate all flows, that's a classic right ask your
wife
But she might just say yeah, because I smashed iight

[Hook - 2x]

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