

Swishahouse

"Swervin'"

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[Talking:]

Yup-yup, that's what it is
Uh that's what it do, yeah-yeah
Yup-yup, uh-huh yeah
Yup this what it is, check it-check it

[Lil' Keke:]

Crawling and cutting, pressing the button coming
through
24 inch shoe, and I'm banging on the Screw
Pop trunk, with neon lights to get them peon brights
My chrome pipes, taking flight tonight
I keep the cold black steel, strapped tight to my waist
Cause they probably getting mad, while I'm hurting
they face
In the new vehicle, candy tricycle
Boppers on the sideline, trying to get some air time
Cause the trunk glow, parked at the front do'
5000 Watts, DJ Screw got it so slow
We puffing hydro, start cuffing your hoe
Keep the heater on me, if they trip I'll let one go
I got em right now, hollin' turn the bass down
Home of candy paint and purple drank, this is H-Town
We on them blocks, and we showing off them rocks
Young Don Ke', and I'm pimping the parking lot

[Hook: x2]

Swangling jangling, bouncing and swerving
Pimping the parking lot, boppers out and they serving
Heater on me, cause I never floss lonely
Banging on that Screw, and it got 5000 Watts homie

[Coota Bang:]

From the North to the South, Screwed Up slow motion
homie
R.I.P. Soulja Slim, slow motion fo' me
Banging on Screw, it got 5000 Watts on it
Strap on my lap, I should install a dot on it
Fifth wheel relax, trunk wave fists clutching grain
Swang and bang chain hang, it's a southern thang
Diamonds on my neck, di-diamonds on my neck

G. Dash Swishablast, ca-camas on my check
I'm H-Town stomping, and man still repping
For my boy A.D., I'll pop trunk on a pedestrian
Gorilla pimp the parking lot, in need for a lesbian
With dreams, of becoming my head source of
intelligence
For boppers on a mission, trying to be where the
cheddar went
Missing a corner rolling here, make you a President
The theory I'm banging, will make you breathe easy
It's A-Leezy, coupe B.G. with Kekeezy

[Hook x2]

[Archie Lee:]

I'm swanging dangling, I'm bouncing and swerving
These niggaz on the cut, and these hookers out here
serving
I'm perving, gone off the Henn I'm a yack boy
If I front you some work, you better bring it back boy
Beating up the parking lot, setting off car alarms
Niggaz see me coming, and start grabbing on they girl
arms
H-Town, bitch you can respect my mind
I got blue or canary yellow, bitch respect my shine
We got Soft in the front, Quack in the back
Two killers at the do', just in case they wanna jack
Don't worry I'm not lonely, trust me homie
Everytime you see me flossing, I got the heater up on
me
Mr. Masta Archie Lee boy, I drive slow
Trunk like Bruce Leroy, it got that glow
Hey I'm only strapped, with that 4-5 on me
Banging Swishahouse, and I got 5000 Watts homie

[Hook x2]

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