

St. Lunatics "Midwest Swing"

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It's a Midwest thang y'all
And ain't got a clue
(Ain't got a clue)
Why my cutlass blue
And I got them thangs on that motherfucker too
It's a Midwest swang y'all
Ain't gotta trip
(Ain't gotta trip)
While we swing and dip
'Cuz we do big thangs on the motherfuckin' hip

What you think, we live on a farm? Nigga, be for real
We got Benz's, Rovers and Jag's, Hummer's and
Deville's
Got a green S Class, ain't broke the do' seal
Shit ain't been the same since I signed fo' reel
This shit got ill, when I hit 4 mil
Five and countin', dirty six at will
Did seven on the slide, 8 worldwide
I'll be on my third Bentley by the time I'm at 9

I hear 'em cryin', "You gon' sell out"
Ya damn right, I done sold out before and re-caught
the same night
Straight hopped the next flight, too icy for sunlight
Dunkin' without sprite, yeah you heard me dirty
I'm from the Show-Me State, show me seven I'll show
you eight
Karats in one bling, heavily starched jeans
Representin' St. Louis every time I breathe
In the city I touch down, and I bob and weave, ay

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I sport my beeper on my boots, that's why I be a buzz
when I kick
Maybe it's on my lips, it's chaos when I spit
Quarter man, quarter schoolboy, half Lunatic
Quarter rubber, quarter dick, other half in yo' shit
Keep a quarter of some sheeeit, I'm the Pookey of the
backyard
All colors and all types like a junkyard
High young boy with high young ways
'Cuz I connect three blunts and be high for three days

You can tell by the way I walk I ain't from 'round hurr
Probably couldn't tell 'cuz I ain't walkin' now hurr
I got a old-school cutlass, with a hole in the urr
TV's urrwhurr wood grain to sturr
I don't curr, hell naw I ain't cuttin' my hurr
10 and a half in the Air force One's, give me two purr
ugh
I'm from the Lou and what I do is a Lou thang
One rapper, two rings and three chains

Nothing but some ole country boys that ride V12 horses
Saddle up and put spurs on my Air force's
Back porches made for hide and go seek
We got space out here, we can ride and chief
Ain't gotta worry 'bout nobody approachin' us
By the time they catchin' up, we smokin' up
And my eyes be red, my lips a lil' dark
St. Louis sportin' the rams, cards and lil' arch

My dirty's love to spark, and love to sparkle
Love homies vocal coats with matchin' cargos
We racin' down Skinker, see how fast a car go
Granny be like, "Ay, ya ya" like Ricky Ricardo
I know you wanna know why we do what we do
You cats ain't got a clue why the cutlass blue
Brand new 22's on new UP's
With one, two, three, four, five TV's

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I'm sittin' on the front porch, writin' a hood rhyme
Waitin' on my connect to deliver that good line
Wish I would find, one seed in my weed
Sticks and shit, if I do somebody bleed
Pull right here, eight pounds of Chinamen
Two stay hittin' some blunts and Heineken
Hidin' in the back with the po' po'
Stickin' my do' do', man they some ho' hoo's

They put the gun to my earr
You know the law don't fear
Nann nigga, nann hoe, let's keep that bullshit clear
They had me face down in the skreet
Errbody watchin', thinkin' I'ma pull the heat
And leave the D-tects with a leak in the skreet
And that pussy ass nigga that set me up my peeps
Gon' give it to this nigga like NYPD
Beat the K, fuck Coke, now I'm back on my granny
poche hustlin'

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