

## Sway "Hype Boys"

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Hype boys, hype boys  
Everyone's a killer  
Drug dealer with the nine mill'er  
That's not sensible  
And I can sense the bull  
That's why these rappers couldn't see me comin'  
If they were vaginas with spectacles  
And I've got the testicles to testify the truth  
Half these rappers are only gansters in the booth  
And they ain't never been to no pen  
They just hold one  
Me I be no gangster, I'm just tellin' you the truth  
But I run up in the game like bang bang bang bang  
That's why, that's why everyone keeps sayin'  
Have you heard Sway he's Nine Nine Nine Nine  
That guy, that guy's heavy in the game  
And ask where buy this Fe Fi Fo  
But them guys coulda never feel my flow  
Sway all the way from the U to the K  
Order Bacardi up in the Te To Oh  
Getting over the cds I've sold in it  
I just want 'em to know that's the goal in it  
That's the goal ain't it  
Half the haters they ain't doing nothing with a mike but  
holdin' it  
They slow, with it  
So they could new bring it to the game in the new  
school  
I play too brutal  
That's why I control like a court side teacher's bugle  
People down in england ain't all wild  
But some places in Britain ain't the place to raise your  
child  
Cause even the royal family ain't all smiles  
Cause everybody knows, Harry don't look like Charles  
See me I've never been to court and I've never been on  
trial, boys  
Never been fought even though I've been around, boy  
What's that thing in your hand? Put it down boy  
Cause you're not a killa, you're a sound boy

[Chorus]

Hype boys, hype boys  
Everyone's a bad man now  
On the mike boys, mike boys  
And everyone's a mad man now  
And the semi goes  
Bratatatatatatata (yeah right)  
And the semi goes  
Ratata (nah), bang bang

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Pound is stronger than the doller (holla)  
Sway, I run up in this game  
Like a rub'er without a rubber  
And now I been around and a pro  
Won a couple of awards now, round of applause  
And now I'm making peas and I'm pleasing my people  
Not even a Jamiroquai hat could fit my ego  
'nough of these rappers ain't real, they just rapping  
hype  
Why you shouting all the time, don't you have a mike?  
Run up in the club like, be-ow, be-ow  
Bust two lyrics then, we out, we out  
Them boys talk to re-al, real  
But they post like, meow meow  
And they don't really want no war time,  
This rap game is all mine  
It will never be your time  
Never bra, 'cause you're small time  
And I got more time, so settle down boy  
Before I make you look like something like a clown boy  
What's that thing in your hand? Put it down boy  
'Cause you're not a killa, you're sound boy

[Chorus]

Are you a liar?  
If your reply is no you're lying now  
Because we living a lie  
and then we die  
and then we're lying down  
Look at my Adam's Apple  
It's not that my neck hurts, no no

Its just the truth is hard to swallow  
And you can see that I'm an expert  
So let, let me elaborate  
As I navigate  
Like a husky  
But trust me  
The truth is, I wouldn't even trust me  
Many rely on religion, that doesn't make sense  
Cause that's considered a sin  
It is really no winning  
'cause every one harbors a liar within them  
It's just that we're different  
Being a bad liar is like having a bad lawyer  
As soon as they get caught they get the sentence uffed  
up  
A good liar's benevolent  
With a memory like an elephant  
Intelegent  
And knows exactly when to shhhhh  
Lies spread around like viruses  
So how can I survive in this?  
'Cause even the truth lies (where?)  
In people's irises  
So how can I resist  
I had to lie to write this verse  
Got my talent for twisting words  
Hence my title, I'm a "lie"ricist  
When you work the people don't want to leave alone  
'Cause you gotta make money you don't need the loan  
I'm a businessman underneath the foam  
But you lie to the people and lead them on  
You're not a bad boy, no  
I got a bad boy flow  
'Cause when in Rome you do what the Romans do  
Especially when all roads lead to Rome  
You need to stop pretending  
Your mix tapes are still in boxes  
'Cause you don't have a fan in your bedroom  
What's that thing, in your hand? Put it down boy  
'Cause you're not a killa, you're a sound boy

[Chorus}

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