

**Mike D****"Swang Down"**

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(\*talking\*)

Yo, you done tuned into radio Boss Hogg Corleone

Yeah that's right, Miggity Mike D and I'm back

Yeah 60 days out the Penn, putting it on you niggaz  
shoulders

Like it go you know I'm saying, My Gift to the World

My Gift to the World, from the Don Corleone is to bless  
you

With all the greatest hits I done been on, you know I'm  
saying

Skeet taste you, for that Hoggin Da Game come out

Cause I'm fin to put it in your face, Corleone Family  
Entertainment

Baby, we fin to take over this thang for the 2 triple 0-4  
you smell me

[Hook - 2x]

Swing down, sweet chariots let me ride

Coming down slow, on the damn Southside

Swanging on 4's, slamming on do's

Gripping your hoe, that's the way it goes

[Fat Pat]

It's the big sugar daddy, bailing none other

Coming down with blunt, in the red and peanut butter

Naw I didn't stutter, popping trunks surround

Coming down slow, watch a playa what clown

On the Boulevard, yeah my swangas we'll mob

I'm coming down the Boulevard, swanging on them  
hard

Me and C.B., got the T.V. on

Got my glock in my lap, riding till dawn

Man it's all goody, hit the parking lot

Pop trunk red neon, it don't stop

Watching hoes bop, cause we on that glass

C.B. crawling, yeah I got on my mask

With my Sacci looks, ready to let my pistol smoke

Cause up in the C, and I'm gone off that dope

Leaning on the drank, so what you think

I got my hand on my glock, plus I got my shank

[Hook - 2x]

[Mike D]

I swang on dots, floss on chops  
Hit the scene beat it up, like a boiling crock pot  
Dipping so low, in the Jag cockpit  
Got my paws frostbit, with six screens lit  
Feeling like the shit, mobbing on twin Z's  
Pat in front of the Lac, I'm in the J-A-G  
Sipping a skeet taste, with a cannon on my waste  
Iceberg to the drawas, putting it all in your face  
Shocking and body rocking, swanging side to side  
Crawling wide body, with Palomino inside  
Tell I'm a 84 glider, on the block glider  
Catch me and 3 in the Pathfinder, with diamonds that'll  
blind you  
Smoking on sticky, sipping lean in my machine  
Through the parking lot crawling, hogging dogging the  
scene  
With my mug on mean, working sixteen  
Swanging on you boys, fulfilling ghetto dreams

[Hook - 2x]

[Mr. 3-2]

Lumilean to Eddies, money over bop hoes  
My Diablo, and see six zeros  
Niggaz sturn like 84's, and switch like kids  
Gotta move around, cause they'll put it in your ears  
Still sipping but no beer, check up in my styrofoam  
In H-Town Texas, my home sweet home  
The Governor and Corleone, P-A-T resurrected  
Vote for Mr. 3-2, to be reelected  
Me Mafia connected, with the streets on lock  
Entertaining my peoples, on the fifty foot yacht  
I move a big body out to, bending corners turning  
heads  
From the Boulevard MLK, to the blocks of Homestead  
We flossing and flipping turning, tipping so low  
Beating the trunk, and dropping the top real slow  
Letting the world feel it, realest from the Gulf Coast  
We swang down up on the block, body rock with my  
folks

[Hook - 2x]

(\*scratching\*)

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