

St. Lunatics F/ Nelly

"Midwest Swing"

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[Chorus: Nelly]

It's a Midwest thang, y'all - and they 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 - and they ain't gotta trip
(Ain't gotta trip) while we swing and dip (Ay, ay, ay, ay,
ay)
Cuz we do big thangs on the motherfuckin' hip

[Nelly]

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 door seal
Shit ain't been the same since I signed Fo' Reel
This shit got ill, when I hit 4 mill
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-comped the same night
Straight hopped the next flight, too *Icey* for sunlight
Dunkin without Sprite, yea 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 everytime I breathe
In the city I touch down and I bob and weave, ay

[Chorus]

[Murphy Lee]

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 sheeeiit, I'm the Pooky of the
backyard
All colors and all types like a junkyard
Hot young boy with hot young ways

Cause I connect three blunts and be high for three days
You can tell by the way I walk I ain't from 'round hurr
(here)
Probably couldn't tell cuz I ain't walkin nowhurr
(nowhere)
I got a old-school Cutlass, with a hole in the urr (air)
TV's urrwhurr (everywhere) wood grain to sturr (stare)
I don't curr (care), hell naw I ain't cuttin my hurr (hair)
To the half in them Airforce 1's, give me two purr (pair)
ugh
I'm from the Lou' and what I do is a Lou' thang
One rapper, two rings and three chains

[Kyjuan]

Nothing but some ole country boys that ride V-12
horses
Saddle up and put spurs on my Airforce's
Back porches made for hide and go seek
We got space out hurr, we can ride and chief
Ain't gotta worry 'bout nobody approachin' us
By the time they catchin' up, we smoked it up
And my eyes be red, my lips a lil' dark
The Lou is more than the Rams, Cards and lil' Arch
My dirty's love to spark, and love to sparkle
Love homies *Vokal* coats with matchin' car do's
(doors)
We racin down Skinker, see how fast our car go
Granny be like "Ay-yi-yi" 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 twenty-two's on new UP's
With one, two, three, four, five TV's

[Chorus]

[Big Lee A.K.A. Ali]

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'
kicked in my do'do', man they some ho' hooo's
They put the gun to my earr, you know the Lord don't
fear
Nann nigga, nann hoe, let's keep that bullshit clearr
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
porch hustlin

[Chorus] - repeat to fade

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