

## Swerve & Lean

## Nappy Roots

If them niggas wanna play  
Let them ball till fall dog  
Me, I want it all, y'all  
From here to Californi-a  
Hit the button, get the On-star  
Pull up if your front yard  
And fuck up your ordinary day  
It's the N-A-P-P-Y, y'all  
On the grind 'cuz time's hard  
Find me sippin' Grand Marn-ier  
At the bar with a bad broad  
Yes I drive a fast car  
Holla if you're tryin' to get laid  
That's on my son, Billy Kay  
Best believe I'ma get you paid  
And represent the motherfuckin' K  
How I was raised, that's the way  
And you live by this shit, then you die by the same  
I ain't trippin', puttin' half on the Jane  
I'm gettin' good about this math and even better 'bout my change  
I hug the lane like I'm drivin' with the wide load  
I'm comin' down, country clean, forever bona fide, ho

(2x)

So whatcha know about it?  
Ain't nothin' slow about it  
That boy sure got it  
Give a fuck about nobody

Swerve and lean  
Swerve and lean  
Swerve and lean  
Bounce with it, bounce with it

Yeah, Skinny pull in a Range  
Not the sport, but the big body  
Supercharged, 24 inches, leather with the wood grain  
Sunshine or the rain, ain't a motherfucking thing  
Hit a button, watch it take off like a plane  
For the cash, not the fame  
I'm the last one to laugh and get it all 'fore the fat lady sings  
See me shine without the bling  
Got a bitch to wear my diamonds and I got a watch they call a bright Lane  
Country clean on the right team  
Some haters want to fight me  
But I ain't got nothin' but the flame  
That's so bright from my forty cal' ri'  
'Fore you run your mouth  
Change your face like L'Oreal, dang  
That nigga sly with his slang slump  
Fifty-five, don't give a fuck  
Especially 'bout no sucker ass, lame  
I come and snatch your lil' chain  
Put a hundred on the situation that you won't do a damn thing

Yo, they try to call me in-sane  
The way I flip it up the wall, man

Bitches on my dick, 'specially 'cause the way I let my nuts hang  
They call me billy big balls  
Ain't shit she can tell me dog  
I'm raw for seven, twenty-four, damn  
I know I'm worth a couple hundred grand  
And I ain't spittin' another verse until I got my money in my hand  
And we gon' stick to the plan  
Swerve and lean on these suckers  
Makin' sure you city slickers understand  
That the dollars never made the man  
Plain as day they never did  
Nappy's what I represent  
I run this shit, call me Skinny D, the president  
Drop it down so effortless  
I'm slummer than you've ever been

Bounce with it, bounce with it  
Bounce with it, bounce with it