

Touchdown

Soulja Boy

[Intro/Chorus:]

Swag - touchdown, touchdown

I just wrote a play and made a touchdown, touchdown

A hundred racks a day that is a touchdown, touchdown

Both hands up cause it's a touchdown, touchdown

Shawty get out my way! (Go!) Shawty get out my way!

Stay up on to that boy, it's twelve points in your face (uhh)

Shawty get out my way! (Uh-oh!) Shawty get out my way!

Stay up on to that boy, it's twelve points in your face (uhh)

Beezy gon' stay up on, make it rich mane

Ridin in my Hummer, twenty-eight with a switchblade

Girls on your bumper cause I swags it like Kinte

And you know I got twelve writ, call me Wednesday

Call up Antonio, that step stair monster

I'm gon' let my chain hang like Lil B The Based God

Twenty-five on my whip got them girls screamin "Hey, uhh

Ooh, can we get yo' autograph?" I guess

Yeah I'm ridin in that 'Vette, twenty inches on the track

And you know what's comin next, Soulja TellEm 'bout to flip

Girls bout to trip, on my whip, cause you know I flip whip

With that ice cake, no kiss me on my neck hahhhh!

[Chorus]

Girls know my name; two pistols on me

So I strut like Max Payne - 'bout to make it rain

Try to snatch my chain then that nine touch yo' brain

Rearrange yo' frame and I rap like Gucci Mane

Ridin in that van, please tell me what is next

Bubble Chevy dawg, back in the day I break 'em all

Breakin all the laws, only the fools follow the rules

I was ridin around my school with a backpack plus a tool

The chopper will hit you fools if that boy disrespects

Man I'm swagged up with hella tattoos on my neck, yuh!

Hella swagged up, see the Gucci stashed up

Make a nigga back up, chopper flash if he act up

[Chorus]