

# We Gone Swang

Guerilla Maab

[Hook - 2x]

We gone swang, lane to lane  
Still gripping the wood grain, collecting my change  
We gone swang, lane to lane  
In the wide frame, on Fondren and Main

[Dougie D]

Fucking with G, the skating Escalade  
Flossing all through the city, swanging from lane to lane  
Gripping wooden grain, that's the way we do it mayn  
On a constant grind working jelly, collecting change  
In a wide frame, big body overloading the road  
Hogging the street, just like they always be out of control  
Roll with us, or you bitches get rolled over  
Ain't no chip on my shoulder, I just got money to fold up  
It's the Dougie Deezie, off of the heezy please believe me  
Gotta be keeping it greasy, for me to see the cheesy  
Doing it like it go, and there's one thing I know fa sho  
We gon shine and gon hold, because the 3rd Coast is our home

[Trae]

See I'm a grain gripping, 83 swanger  
Chromy glass, nigga you in danger  
Got a sawed off, that'll repaint you  
In a wide body, like the Lone Ranger  
I'ma stop and drop, when I wanna roll  
I got a big four do', with a big fo'-fo'  
Sitting solo, Doug-O wrecked  
Now Trae done backdo'  
Ghetto superstar, menage tois  
Candy paint, done wet up the car  
Lane to lane, my drop'll get raw  
Running red lights, and don't bar the law  
Gotta get paid, stacking my change  
Gripping the grain, gliding mayn  
Turn out the back, and I'ma gon swang  
Untamed, fin to do my thang  
Now Trae done wrecked it, world respected  
Out the Southside, of Houston Texas  
Living wreckless, don't neglect it  
Moving on, and ain't baring plexas  
Bubble eyed, fin to lead the way  
Diamonds shining, like a heat wave  
Back it up, 'fore I blind your face  
Slow Loud And Bangin', fin to lead the race

[Hook - 2x]

[Jay'Ton]

I swing blocks, when I'm in the drop  
Where the throwed bops, and the haters jock  
It's Jay'Ton on 84's, Volvos fin to glide the road  
I'm 16 all in your face, braided up and I'm out of sight  
With a bad dyke on a motor bike, screened up lighting up the night  
I'm blue red coming out the I, turning heads on the boulevard  
My AK'll make a nigga know, when I cock it back I'm fin to hit you hard  
Southside fin to go get it, all about stacking a mill ticket

I'm still playa don't get it twisted, sideways with the trunk lifted

[Lil' B]

The window tinter, wood grain gripper  
Wet candy paint, and a chrome pistol  
Eyes on me, like a thoed stripper  
Showing naked, better take a picture  
On the boulevard we don't guard  
84's and vogues, down to South Park  
Cause I'm Lil' B, and I don't barge  
Slow Loud And Bangin', we'll pull your car  
That's on the Lord, we'll leave a stain  
Hogging lanes, in a wide frame  
With my nigga too, all against the grain  
On the Dirty South, is where we gon swang  
Riding two deep, or solo  
Platinum FUBU, or Polo  
With a bad hoe, rocking J-Lo  
Skating up the block, I'm crawling slow

[Hook - 2x]

[Z-Ro]

Solid, as a rock  
Profiling in the turning lane, banging down your block  
Hell naw it just don't stop, matter fact it never slow down  
When I'm in the kitchen whipping, my prices tend to go down  
Then I dog my Intrepid, mash on the gas on down to the flo'  
Till I hit my block and set up shop, anything you need come to the Ro  
Might got prices on my head but I'm not scared, I'm gon shine  
Relaxing in Rolls Royces, attempting to pass time  
I be smoking on that stink, had to retire from that ink  
Cause you just can't think, when your mind goes blank  
Full tank of unleaded, then I'm head to Probilla  
Fucking with that Big Mello, because my click require killas  
You ain't gotta holla at me, when you see me outside  
Cause when I go to my ride, I got your woman inside  
She got her mouth open wide, ready for me to drop it in  
My shine is unstoppable, but you wanna stop it here we go again

[Hook - 4x]