

# Swangin'

Stalley

Climb on in, let's ride  
I'll show you what it really look like  
High up in the sky, like overpasses  
Pullin' in the intersection  
Give a whole new meaning to the words "moon roof"  
Outer space, baby I don't think you were ever this high in a vehicle, ever

I'mma show you how to twerk the wheel  
I'mma show you how to twerk the wheel  
I'mma show you, I'mma show you how how to twerk the wheel  
I'mma show you, I'mma show you how how to twerk the wheel  
Chrome on the feet, chrome pipes, chrome grill  
Swang, cock the wheel, hope my drink don't spill, damn  
(2x)

I'mma show you how to twerk the wheel  
Two fingers, bending corners, the block stand still  
Cops on my heels but I'm beating down still  
Chrome on my lap for these jackers out to kill  
Feet size Shaquille, it's magic how the paint pop the grill  
Pop the clutch and squeal, blades chop like Kill Bill

Grab my shells and roll up, triple stack my cups up  
Jolly Ranchers and Xanax, my special potion cola  
My seats feel like sofas, cup in my hand, no coasters  
This drink don't spill, I'm focused  
I sip up and I smoke up  
All in one motion, doing 60 I'm floatin'  
Elbow out the window, I'm gloatin'  
Ridin' in slow motion, my new car look like my old one

Boy, boy, boy I see you... (I know)  
Boy, boy, boy I see you... (I know)  
Boy, boy, boy I see you swangin'

Cherry red paint make the frame glow  
Them gold flakes make it rainbow  
When the sun hit it it shine from every angle  
Furry red dice dangle from the rearview, a pimp's cathedral  
Diamond in the back, the hard top is my halo  
Let my sweet angel ride shotgun and chill

My music jam, I'm banging Screw  
Shout-out to my Houston crew  
Uncle Bun and Scarface the reason why my car laced  
With a detachable alpine face, fifteens and loud bass  
Had to listen to Screw, right?  
First time I poured lean I had to use up two Sprites  
I swear I drove like all night  
Under that Houston star, lazy - rest in peace to Pimp  
And Big Moe, the Barre Baby, the Barre Baby, the Barre Baby

Glass 84s gleaming under my ride  
A summertime vibe, it's 1995  
Back when DJ Screw had the city slowed down  
Three in the morning, drank was pouring out  
Back to take you back to where you couldn't ride slab

'Cause the elbow killer comin', tippin' up the ave  
And catch a nigga slippin', then beat you for your shit  
And put a bullet in your head, leavin' your people sick  
That's why I be trippin' when I see 'em ridin' Vogues  
I whisper to myself "boy, these niggas don't know"  
Flaked out boat paint, they Hollywood hoppin'  
With French antennas, the pop, doors poppin'  
The eighteens speaking so it's no back seat  
Got them big head rests, and one fat freak  
That'll suck a nigga dick off, a Southside thing  
You can zig, zag and lace, but you ain't Southside, man  
  
You see my swangin'... swangin'...