

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
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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'...