

Swing Ya Rag

T.I.

WOOOOOO!!!!!! Swizzy!!!

Need y'all to take y'all rags out man! (T.I.)

And let it swang! swang! swang! swang!

Swang! swang! swang! swang!

Alright (Alright) OK (OK) I don't dance (I don't dance) no way
I just take my Louis rag out and wave it 'round in the air
Take my Gucci rag out and wave it 'round in the air
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HEY! SWANG!

New Akoo outfit with a Gucci rag
Tied to my belt loop and my Louis bag
Full of stacks rubberbands round big cash
Got a sick swag tell the haters get mad, comeon
We in the club homes gettin our thug on
Bottles of Patron if you grown get your buzz on
We brought the broads out and brought the cars out
I'm like the moon I shine and bring the stars out
When it dark out, get the squad out
We ball hard sucker nigga eat your heart out
I'm too advanced super swag in my Louis pants
Falling on my Louis shoes, shirt match my Louis rag

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I Say, "Whoa kimosabe!", big balling is my hobby
I'm boppin while I'm walking, rag falling out my pocket
If big money ain't the topic, homie I ain't even talking
Hated on by the workers but I'm cool with all the bosses
Catch me flossing at the mall (mall), talking to a broad (broad)
She follow me in Gucci and I taught her how to ball
Three pair of shoes, four shirts, six rags
The chick said, "Dag, that's more than my bag!"
Shawty I can show you how to spend this bread real fast
Then get a group of chicks to give you head real fast
Silk scarf hanging out of my jeans
Naw homie, I ain't thinkin I'm just doing my thing!

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HEY SWANG!

I took some time off (okay), and now I'm back y'all (that's right)
You in the line at the club, I'm in the back dawg (haaah!)
And when this song on, ballers peel stacks off

And make it rain on them broads, watch them stacks fall
Aye, pull ya rag out, and wave it left right.
Let it sag with ya pants get ya swag just right
Ride Bankhead flare flying out the Benz
Once a fool with it we 'gon bring 'em out again

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