

A Hundred Words You Could Say Instead of Swag

Watsky

Swag Swag Swag Swag
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I thought Swag was dead way before this
I thought Swag had been buried in the forest
But then Bieber said Swag in a chorus
And I went and bought a big fat thesaurus

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You're a Boss hog, you're a top dog
You're so slamming, that I would say you've got pogs
You're suave, swell, sick
In the sense of being ill, chill, slick

You're hip, You're a hit, You're the tits, You're it
If I were being rude then I would say you're the SSHSHHHHS--
Shimmy shimmy cocopuffs, You're so loco
You're so dope it's nuts. you're raw as an open cut

You're bold, you're golden, You're Funner
A stone cold stunner, A real mean mugger
You're colder than the other side of my pillow
Or hot as the underside of the cover in a Los Angeles summer

You're not dumb and dumber, You're smart and smarter
You're hard and harder You're Peter Parker
Right after the spider bite You're so dynamite
Brightest light A hypest hype

You're so zen, you're a ten, you're gem
You're the Creme de la creme de la creme de la creme

In 1860 Walt Whitman wrote "I cock my hat as I please" in his famous poem Leaves of Grass
In 2012 Just Bieber said "Swag swag swag, on you
Chillin by the fire while we eatin fondue
I don't know about me, but I know about you
say hello to falsetto in three, two, swag

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Presence, essence, pizzazz, panache, dashing, flashy, brazen and brash
The verve, the nerve, the truth, the proof, the cash, the passion and class
Better than ever, cool as a cucumber, smoother than butter, a little bit smug

Hotter than a mug, eye of the Tiger, the heart of a lion, the look of thug;

Pick of the litter, the attitude, the cleanup hitter, the baddest dude;
Totally sure, full of allure, a raconteur, the poison and cure;
Gravitas, glamour, you're droppin' the hammer, a swashbuckling debonaire
A lister, with an X Factor, a capital G with the best hair

Dragon slayer, the franchise player, The king, the president, governor, mayor

You're rare, the opposite of square and pompous, You're shaped with flair like a rhombus

Confident, jaunty, awesomely saucy, You got more props than Gandhi
You got it on lock, rocks and moxie, you're rocking some brand new socksies

From city to city the grittiest kid, and he could be little bit cocky

But saying Swag is obnoxious

And if you be looking capture the confident way that I'm walking and talking
there's options!

Just say he's got 'Watsky"