

Three 6 Mafia, Swervin

[Chorus x2 (Mike Jones & Paul Wall samples)]

I Keep purple stuff all in my cup, 84's when I'm rollin' up
I got them TV screens fallin' down
I Keep purple stuff all in my cup, 84's when I'm rollin' up
Gettin' high ridin' ripped swervin' side to side

[Juicy J]

Gettin' high ridin' ripped swervin' side to side
On a Sunday afternoon you can see it in my eyes
I been cheifin' like an Indian player this the shit
Ridin' down to the park strip holla'n at a bitch
Put your foot on the brakes then hit the gas and make it flick
Then watch the hoes start lookin' but they can't off in my tint
Cause' its some players out this motherfucker ridin' in the backseat
But before you wanna' get off in my whip you gotta suck me

[Crunchy Blac]

You got me leainin' to the right you got me leanin' to the left
I done sipped so much syrrrp I might not think I need some help
You mix three fuckin' hoes and a two litre of player
Then you better go get you a freaky little girl
You ask her "Does she smoke weed" and that bictth holla "yes"
She pulled out some cigars and some weed with pruple haze
Then my kinfolks call and say that he got purple drank
And I turned that fuckin' corner headed to the purple drank

[Chorus x2]

[DJ Paul]

(I got, I got) I got them 28's on the Chevy sittin' so high
The plastic cups in the cup holder's gettin' dry
And before I see the bottom ima holla at LL
Cause that means I need a R-E-F-I-L-L
From the, bottom to top nuthin', but that thick
I got, a thick bitch playin', with my dick
And she, done got lit, now she, curious
She lookin' at my dollar wantin' to take a hit
You know, I'm passin' it, long as you actin' right
If she get gonzo im'a smack the daylight
Clean up out the hoe, kick her out the do'
Call up "get high" Chris, go and get some mo'

[Chorus x2]

[Sample Playing]

"Gettin' high ridin' ripped swervin' side to side"