

Stanley Clarke, Swung On

[Featuring Politix]

Woo!

Politix, 2000 and 10

Politix like that

"Who the hell you talkin' to?

I will knock the black off you!"

Come on, come on, come on

Come out swingin', ha

Politix, heh heh

Check it out

Check it, check it

Yo, I grab motha f***** and throw 'em across the room

Hit 'em with the boom, bam, Gotti

Might body slam a n****

Drop that cat even if he is bigger

See, I know more Kung Fu than Hoof Digger

And I smack a n**** before I squeeze the trigga

Let me hit ya with a smack to the grill

And move you back to the real

You suckas act like ya thrilled

Your whole style's chump, tryna front like you dumb

Huh, what, you just a drunk f***** punk

About to get your nose broke, nobody likes those folk

Watch out for them brothas with them swelled flows

You tryna get away, we stickin' you like velcro

I'm steady steppin' over all the posers

I spit the cool lyrics and it froze ya

Just for a second made ya think

Realize we on a break, no time to blink

The future's now, products of life and times

Be responsible and use your mind

Cuz I'm quick on my feet like a kick from Jack D

That you did not expect, now there's pain in your neck

Shake it off, yo, you gon' live

Just pay more attention to the gifts we give

Bout to get swung on, bringin' violence to me

I ain't f***** with y'all, so don't be f***** with me

You could get swung on if you ain't actin' right

Did you ever think you would get smacked tonight?

Swingin' on 'em

Left rights, right lefts

Upper cuts

Yo, whatever bulls*** you could bring some

My Kung Fu's weigh a ton, about to swing one

Rock you, knock you and I sock you

Lock you, stop you, chop you, trick and drop you

I swung with Kung, but now it's time for hip-hop fool

A fight scene at a club, ain't enough love

Dope beats get hug, focus precise, this thug

All chromes, y'all swept under the rug

Bodies drug, sucka what, show love

Styles and tactics are not ?efwitable?

Don't attempt.. you wanna limp

Futuristic flow, quite terrific like the glow in the baby's eye

We be them guys

Get swung on, bringin' violence to me

I ain't f***** with y'all, so don't be f***** with me

I figure to treat a n**** like a punchin' bag

If he disrespects my space and gets up in my face

Yo, back up, you better back up

Do I gotta hit you?

And get into an altercation with the n***** with you?

I catch that little faker with the hate naked

I swing (bump bump) like we in Jamaica

Yo, we all got fists but y'all got dissed
Whatever, whatever n****, it's all Politix
Universal, J. Thorn, Politix been born
Know that, uh uh
Get swung on
Get swung on
(Smack the black off you)
Get swung on