## T.I., Swing Ya Rag

[Swizz Beatz] Woo, woo Swizzy, I need y'all to take y'all rags out, man! (T.I.) And let it swang, swang, swang Let it swang, swang, swang! (ATL)

[Swizz Beatz] Alright (Alright), okay (Okay) I don't dance (I don't dance), no way I just take my Louis rag out and wave it around in the air Take my Gucci rag out and wave it around in the air Alright (Alright), okay (Okay) I don't dance (I don't dance), no way I just take my Louis rag out and wave it around in the air Take my Gucci rag out and wave it around in the air Hey, swang

## [T.I.]

New Akoo outfit with a Gucci rag Tied to my belt loop and my Louis bag Full of stacks, rubber bands 'round big cash Got a sick swag, tell the haters get mad, come on We in the club, homes, gettin' our thug on Bottles of Patrón, 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, sucka nigga, eat your heart out I'm too advanced, super swag in my Louis pants Ballin' on my Louis shoes, shirt match my Louis rag

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[T.I.]

I say, "Whoa, Kemosabe!", big ballin' is my hobby I'm boppin' while I'm walkin,' rag fallin' out my pocket If big money ain't the topic, homie I ain't even talkin' Hated on by the workers, but I'm cool with all the bosses Catch me flossin at the mall (Mall), talkin 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 hangin' out of my jeans Naw, homie, I ain't thinkin,' I'm just doin' my thing!

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[T.I.]

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 (Ha) And when this song on, ballers peel stacks off And make it rain on them broads, watch your stacks fall Hey, pull your rag out (That's right), and wave it left, right Let it sag wit' ya pants, get ya swag just right Ridin' Bankhead, flare flyin' out the Benz Once a fool with it, we 'gon bring 'em out again

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