

# Trae, Swang

(Fat Pat)

niggaz better see a nigga roll  
shorst town and I'm rollin on 84's

(Chorus x4)

swang, and swang, and swang to the left  
pop, pop my trunk big pimpin

(Trae)

I'ma swang, I'ma swing my slab lean to the left  
pop my trunk and show what I'm about  
so Houston Texas gott to be fit  
I'ma be suicide automatic when I'm swinging my wide frame  
4 4,s to 24's I'm subject to gline man  
like a pimp without the whip I'm still so fly when I slide man  
plus I'm whipped and fully loaded ain't no takin my ride man  
we gangsta and it ain't to what you can do to stop us  
dont try to knock us cause these diamonds got poppers tryna chop us  
we the best and we gon be when these haters know it  
so haters hate us to death and I know cause these haters show it  
I only ride alone so they can picture me rollin  
and for them jackers think they fly just picture what I be holdin  
till all them boys that make you picture just how fast I be foldin  
a few of them had you thinking till your dealin and get swollen  
but still I ride like the law, flo and flip everything  
I'm screwed and thick and till its over nigga fresh of the chain  
peep the slang

(Chorus x4)

(H.A.W.K.)

I'ma swang, and a swang, and a swang to the left  
pop my trunk for Fat Pats Death  
I would give my last breath if I could bring you back, bring screw back  
a matter of fact bring the whole crew back  
only God can do that so I'ma leave it alone, moving on  
moving till this sew gets on, I'm cruising along  
still got a screw tape on, still in the zone  
wishing Kobe Blunt was home, ridding on chrome  
banging with my bud lights on, ridding home  
I reach southern astrodome, with Fat Pats clone  
cuz niggaz see harrys on  
hes heart beat pumps through my flesh and bone  
flippin with Trae, rolling down MLK  
this wood with glay, I'm chunkin seven duce today  
his dove k, cheefin some love lay  
and we on the boulevard acting all gray  
we gon

(Chorus x4)

(Trae)

They be haneous my type of nature  
my understand to this bip  
stacks in the back on the lack of this glimpse funna see me strip  
cutting corners on the daily basis  
we fast like kanye west samples while I be changin faces  
I'm low like tips of waiters when I lean to the left  
I roll the cd through the door for the fifth, poppers and pimps  
or maybe in the impala 67 chevy be spinnin  
invisible samples play everytime they catching me grin  
off in they face ain't too much they can do to a G  
but try to hate me every second due to the fact who I be  
and it don't bother me cause I still chop in my game

just don't come off the side to my range I might be leaving the stage  
with in my slab I be niggaz gon respect to be gangsta  
teach certain dickeys plus the kids to lay wusup for you wanktas  
everydays still the same I be still loud when I bang  
and thanks to Screw and P18 we got them digging my slang huh

(Chorus x9)

(Fat Pat)

Love it man, love it man, love it man...