

Z-RO, Swang On 4's

(Big Moe)

Swingers, and droppers, Southside
We're gonna ball baby, living so lavishly
And you know that I'll, grab and break
Wreckshopping all night long baby
Swing on 4's with me

[Verse 1]

Swing 4's with me, come roll with me
As the po-po, cause I'ma flow the tree
Make tracks stop, beating up the block
Ass end hop on the 4's and chop
Can't let these haters take what I got
Blue and frail, fresh out the shop
Some gone bop, the lighters gone light
That's why I keep glocks with infrared dots
No time to plex, got to push the lex
Keep them diamonds shining round my neck
Shots of chrome while I'm on the phone
Popping legs walking in my home
Walking through the doors, on marble floors
Chandeliers and studios
Got to pimp the pen, when I'm in the wind
And swanging 4's with optimos

[Hook - 2x]

Swang on 4's with me, and I like it
Shoes finest on my rims cause I swing on 4's
Swang on 4's with me, oooooh-oh-oh-oh-oh
Shoes finest on my rims cause I swing on 4's

[Z-Ro]

Ooooooh I'm one swinger, with wood grain
All on my dash, when I pass I'm looking oh so clean
Oooooone in the chaaamber they must be
Out of their minds if they're trying to take my bitch from me
I won't be taken, releasing shots from my gun
Ain't the one to get took off my four
Cause I know these jackers be waiting
That's why I'm strapped at all times, I think you better let go

[Hook - 2x]

[Z-Ro]

Bubble lights they shining bright, bull-guard in the turning lane
I'ma rock candy coat, then I'ma play with a remote working with wood grain
Z-Ro gone bleed the block not with the rocks, I bleed red like the flesh
It ain't no more hoops, just candy Coupes rings filed in the STS
Little young got a gun and beam, and I make you scream
I work too hard when I grind, for niggas that wanna take my shit
And niggas will get hit, I promise these fellas gone mind
If I got to pull my piece to make a hater retreat
Then I'ma focus on taking him out with red dots, they will smell
It in the wind 'fore they try to move in I'm busting in the parking lot
In a big body Dave & Taylor ain't no haunt day
Going the wrong way on the one way, screams falling
Like rain drops, they gonna try to take me one day
But I'm armed and dangerous, eliminated the plex
When it came to us unlike these muts
I ain't no bust, riding on 94's and the game to us
Realizing that there ain't no changing us, re-arranging us
Homicide be naming us, drunk too many 4's now there ain't no waking up
And ghetto hoes be paging us, and steady broads be claiming us
But I'ma hit my switch, drop the top and unlock my kid

From South coast to a million copies, we swinging bitch

[Hook - 2x]