

# 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]