

# Swervin' (feat. Polyester the Saint)

## Chuck English & Sir Michael Rocks

Pop my trunk on 'em  
Looking like I got a bunch of dope on me  
Sitting at the light got police scoping Cause these folks shouldn't have that much gold on 'em  
They want a young nigga photo so I pose for 'em  
Middle finger up to the store for 'em  
Rubbing elbows with the store owner  
Paper bag boy at your local grocery  
Paid about a knot, riding through last night  
Might do it, rock to it, Rod Stewart's guitar  
Staying Jimmy Page paid rage against the machine  
Eric Clapton, BB King, Eagles trafficking cream  
And we run DMC I know you know what that mean  
Running Rebels '93 white UNLV  
Like what could that be? White drop GMC  
Might cop me a P, I talked it down to a G  
Downtown in new gear, riding 'round with that thing  
Now we got us some rings so take a pic with the team  
Trophy?? gold case, Polo?? with the green  
You know it ain't the only way that we can win whipping cream  
This is how my day go  
This is how my day go  
Swerving!  
This is how my day go  
This is how my day go  
This is how my day go  
Swerving!  
This is how my day go  
This is how my day go  
This is how my day go  
Swerving!  
This is how my day go  
This is how my day go  
This is how my day go  
Swerving!  
This is how my day go  
Yo girl cute to me  
I'll buy her ass some sandals take her ass to the beach  
That wawa, that aqua, that agua, that Spanish  
I'm on some Rio Grande shit  
Coming up from nothing, now I'm always puffing something  
That'll start with?? hoes be focused on me  
Cause my garage like a stable, I'm a dog with the ladle

When I'm whipping, working, come get a bowl of this soup  
Man I'm a god with the labels, that Givenchy, that Mariani  
Margielas, snapbacks that I brought back  
Sold 'em to all those false flaggers  
On the TV screen at 'em like damn  
Those niggas is just gon' bite  
We limelight, go get your shades if we're just too bright  
This is how my day go  
Swerving!  
This is how my day go  
This is how my day go  
This is how my day go  
Swerving!  
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Swerving!  
This is how my day go  
This is how my day go  
This is how my day go  
Swerving!

This is how my day go  
What's shaking, on vacation and stayed caking  
And Boobie picking and choosing  
She say she digging the music  
And she be already going with the charms ready  
Had her palms sweaty, I pass her pussy to Inglais  
I'm two iPhones deep, I can't focus on her  
But she a piece believe I tried to squeeze  
Hit that ass Virgin Mary, Buddha, Dalai Lama, Jesus  
Rich nigga or broke nigga, you lazy I don't smoke with you  
Swordfish on the boat, Moncler on the coat  
Mama ain't a ho, she just know who to bust it for  
It's simple

Cartiers on the temple  
When I told 'em man it's juking (juking), smacking (smacking)  
Word around town is you wanna lay it down with a big dog, captain  
You wake up in the morning what happened?  
You like  
This is how my day go  
This is how my day go  
Swerving!  
This is how my day go  
This is how my day go  
This is how my day go  
Swerving!  
This is how my day go  
This is how my day go  
This is how my day go  
Swerving!  
This is how my day go

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Swerving!  
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Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>