



Hop up out my bed turn my swag on

ScHoolboy Q Lyrics "Californication" (feat. A\$AP Rocky) Hop up out the bed, turn my swag on Trust me bruh, your bitch is weak, something I would pass on Fuck her with a mask on, ooh, I be tryna chill And your ho be in the front row look like she off a pill [A\$AP Rocky:] Just gimme that bass I need that 808 Sipping on that syrup, worries fade away Got on my chains, I just got off a layaway Do it the player way, okay-okay, okay-okay, okay-okay (Okay-okay) Just know that ASAP be that TDE We got the game in headlocks; I'm talking DVD British bitches love my cock; I'm talking BBC I'm in that BBC, niggas know I Bathing Ape I'm sleeping with my Nina and I never put my blade away Silly nigga fix your face, you drinking all that haterade My candy paint your favorite shake, okay-okay, okay-okay My baddest bitch your sex, your race and age Most sickest since the plaquing age Different shit, this day and age They raise the bar now raise the stakes I'm eating off that paper chase Bread and butter, bacon eggs Ca-ca-ca-californication Cali-for-fornication, fornication, fornication, fornication, fornication, fornication, fornication, fornication, fornication, fornication Cali-for-fornication, fornication, fornicatio state I go now rack it up Everything I wear now stacking up Jeans Dior, no a nigga ain't poor These mothafuckas be a stack and up These new niggas can't fuck with us Yo, Flacko why they wanna rap like Q? Hey, wear they bucket hats like you? Hey, wanna rap like Q? Hey, wear they bucket hats like fucked them too Nigga gon' do what a nigga gon' do l'm a real nigga from around the way, okay-okay Do it the player way, ASAP, TDE here to stay You fade away like Jordan J, okay-okay Still gangsta of the year, and in your favorite gear Whispered in her ear, then drove it in her rear Wipe my dick off threw my hoodie on and disappear See this is very-very, very rare, young listener Ca-ca-californication Cali-for-fornication, fornication, fo [x4] For sure, I bring the baddest through, I sold dope on your avenue The white girls call me radical, the black girls say I'm mad at you The illest gangsta, no debate, a natural you must concentrate I came in this unorthodox with two left shoes, no matching socks But now my Glock will never stop, and now my stomach always show I'm eating look my tummy swole, I guess thats where my money go Eenie-minie-minie ho, I wrap my dick with mistletoe Come pull it out and kiss it ho, there he go G shit through ya stereo, all my shit historical Your shit need a miracle, toss that out my vehicle Make you feel some type of K That body guard won't work today, yawk-yawkyawk, what more can I say? Money I make that shit replay, rewind, stack it up, moving freight Rewind back it up no mistake, bitch come right on my hanky pank All my niggas can't control a bitch, hope my young niggas notice this Ca-ca-californication Cali-for-fornication, fornicating [x4] Hop up out the bed, turn my swag on Trust me bruh, your bitch is weak, something I would pass on Fuck her with a mask on, ooh, I be tryna chill And your ho be in the front row look like she off a pill Thanks to Antonio Rodriguez for adding these lyrics. Writer(s): Rakim Mayers, Quincey Hanley, Mario Loving, Nesbitt Wesonga Jr. mSoulja Boy tell 'em! Hopped up out the bed Turn my swag on Took a look in the mirror said what's up Yeah I but my team on, and my theme song Now it's time to turn it up Yeah, yeah I got a question why they hating on me I ain't did nothing to 'em, but count this money And put my team on, now my whole clic stunning Boy what's up, yeah Boy what's up, yeah When I was 9 years old I put it in my head That I'm gonna die for this gold(Soulja Boy tell 'em) Boy what's up, yeah Hopped up out the bed Turn my swag on Took a look in the mirror said what's up Yeah I'm gettin money (ooh) I'm back again I know a lot of you all thought I wasn't coming back... Yeah, yeah I had to prove them wrong Got back in the studio and came up with another hit Yeah, yeahI told the world my story, the world where I'm from Souljaboy X L dot com, boy what's up Yeah, yeah Now everytime you see me spitEvery time you hear me rhyme Everytime you see me in your state or town Say what's up Yeah, yeah Hopped up out the bed turn my swag on Took a look in the mirror said what's up? Yeah, I'm getting money, oh Hopped up out the bed turn my swag on Took a look in the mirror said what's up? Yeah, I'm getting money, oh Turn my swag on It's my time to turn it up, yeah, yeah I got a question why they hatin' on me I got a question why they hatin' on me I got a question why they hatin' on me I ain't did nothing to 'em but count this money And put my team on and now my hold click stunny Boy wat's up, yeah? Boy wat's up, yeah? When I was nine years old I put it in my head, I'ma die for this gold Soulja Boy Tell 'Em, boy what's up? Yea, I'm getting money, oh Hopped up out the bed turn my swag on Took a look in the mirror said what's up? what's up? Yea, I'm getting money, oh I'm back again, I know a lot of y'all thought I wasn't coming back, yeah, yeah I told the world my story, the world where I'm from Souljaboyxl.com, boy what's up? Yeah, yeah Now every time you hear me spit Every time you hear me rhyme Every time you see me in your state or town Say wat's up? Yeah, yeah, Soulja Boy Tell 'Em Hopped up out the bed turn my swag on Took a look in the mirror said what's up? Yeah, I'm getting money, oh Hottest Lyrics with Videos a4af747e9e83a02fc9f0c603c5052b91check amazon for Turn My Swag On mp3 downloadthese lyrics are submitted by Neshathese lyrics are last corrected by JLGbrowse other artists under S:S2S3S4S5S6S7S8S9S10S11S12S13Songwriter(s): K Mcconndel, Antonio Randolph, Deandre WayOfficial lyrics by Rate Turn My Swag On by Soulja Boy (current rating: 7.33)12345678910 Gaana English Songs iSouljaBoyTellem (International Version) Songs Soulja Boy tell 'em! Hopped up out the bed, Turn my swag on, It's my turn, now turn it up Yeah, yeah I put my team on, and my theme song Now it's time to turn it up Yeah, yeah I got a question why they hating on me, I got a question why they hating on me I ain't did nothing to 'em, but count this money And put my team on, now my whole clic stunning Boy what's up, yeah Boy what's up, ye Hopped up out the bed Turn my swag on Took a look in the mirror said what's up Yeah I wasn't coming back... Yeah, yeah I had to prove them wrong, Got back in the studio and came up with another hit Yeah, yeah I told the world my story, the world where I'm from Souljaboy X L dot com, boy what's up Yeah, yeah Now everytime you see me spit Every time you hear me rhyme Everytime you see me in your state or town Say what's up Yeah, yeah Hopped up out the bed Turn my swag on Took a look in the mirror said what's up Yeah I'm gettin money (ooh) (x2) Requested tracks are not available in your region Listen to Turn My Swag On MP3 song. Turn My Swag On song from the album iSouljaBoyTellem (International Version) is released on Jun 2009. The duration of song is 03:29. 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