

Swalla (feat. Nicki Minaj, Ty Dolla Sign)  
Jason Derulo

Intro: **G#m F# G#m F#**

Verso:

**G#m F#**

Drank

**G#m F#**

Young Money

( **G#m F# G#m F#** )

**G#m F# G#m F#**  
Love in a thousand different flavors  
**G#m F# G#m F#**  
I wish that I could taste them all tonight  
**G#m F#**  
No, I ain t got no dinner plans  
**G#m F#**  
So you should bring all your friends  
**G#m F# G#m F#**  
I swear that to Allah you re my type

Pré-Refrão:

**G#m**  
All you girls in here, if you re feeling thirsty  
**G#m**  
Come on take a sip  
**G#m**  
cause you know what I m servin , ooh

Refrão:

**G#m F# G#m F#**  
Shimmy shimmy yay, shimmy yay, shimmy ya (drank)  
**F# G#m**  
Swalla-la-la (drank)  
**F# G#m F#**  
Swalla-la-la (swalla-la-la)  
**F#**  
Swalla-la-la  
**G#m F# G#m F#**  
Shimmy shimmy yay, shimmy yay, shimmy ya (drank)  
**F#**  
Swalla-la-la (drank)  
**G#m F#**  
Swalla-la-la (swalla-la-la)  
**G#m**  
Swalla-la-la  
**G#m F# G#m F#**

Freaky, freaky gyal

**G#m F#**

My freaky, freaky gyal

Verso:

**G#m F#**

Shimmy shimmy shimmy yay, shimmy yah

**G#m F#**

Bad girls gon swalla-la-la

**G#m F#**

Bust down on my wrist in this bitch

**G#m F#**

My pinky-ring bigger than this

**G#m F#**

Met her out in Beverly Hills, ay

**G#m F#**

Dolla got too many girls, ay

**G#m F#**

Met her out in Beverly Hills,

**G#m F#**

all she wear is red bottom heels

**G#m F#**

When she back it up, put it on a snapback

**G#m F#**

When she droppin low, put it on her backpack

**G#m F#**

DJ poppin , she gon swallow that

**G#m F#**

Champagne poppin , she gon swallow that

Pré-Refrão:

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**G#m**

Come on take a sip

**G#m**

cause you know what I m servin , ooh

Refrão:

**G#m F# G#m F#**

Shimmy shimmy yay, shimmy yay, shimmy ya (drank)

**F# G#m**

Swalla-la-la (drank)

**F# G#m F#**

Swalla-la-la (swalla-la-la)

**F#**

Swalla-la-la

**G#m F# G#m F#**

Shimmy shimmy yay, shimmy yay, shimmy ya (drank)

**F#**

Swalla-la-la (drank)

**G#m F#**

Swalla-la-la (swalla-la-la)

**G#m**  
Swalla-la-la  
**G#m F# G#m F#**  
Freaky, freaky gyal  
**G#m F#**  
My freaky, freaky gyal

**G#m**  
Bad gyal nuh follow nuttin, word to the Dalai Lama  
**G#m F#**  
He know I m a fashion killa, word to John Galliano  
**G#m F#**  
He copping that Valentino, ain t no telling me no  
**G#m F#**  
I m that bitch, and he know, he know  
**G#m F#**  
How you wifin these thots? You don t get wins for that  
**G#m F#**  
And another good year, we don t get blimps for that  
**G#m F#**  
Pussy game still cold, we don t get minx for that  
**G#m F#**  
When I m poppin them bananas, we don t link chimps for that  
**G#m F#**  
I gave these bitches two years, now your time s up  
**G#m F#**  
Bless her heart, she throwing shots but every line sucks  
**G#m F#**  
I m in that cherry red foreign with the brown guts  
**G#m F#**  
My shit slappin like dude did Lebron nuts

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**F# G#m F#**  
Swalla-la-la (swalla-la-la)  
**F#**  
Swalla-la-la  
**G#m F# G#m F#**  
Shimmy shimmy yay, shimmy yay, shimmy ya (drank)  
**F#**  
Swalla-la-la (drank)  
**G#m F#**  
Swalla-la-la (swalla-la-la)

**G#m**

Swalla-la-la

**G#m F# G#m F#**

Freaky, freaky gyal

**G#m F#**

My freaky, freaky gyal