

Bang!

Killer Mike

Yeah, motherfucker I'm back from the dead
Driving like a bat out of hell in a red
Caprice classic, I spit acid
I don't rap ringtones, I flow classics
I am dirty south hip-hop, what's happening?
True shit talking, you ain't into battling
You know I let the gun go like a gatling
Favorite fucking rappers I am embarrassing
God in the building, nigga, ain't no comparison
I don't need swagger, I'm just arrogant
Martin Luther King Drive made me this way
And I've been real G before Atlanta went gay
I'm down by law, what more can I say?
Got a new AK, a new Chevrolet
Now which fuck boy on the block wanna play?
I'm the best fucking rapper you will find in the A

Grind Time Rap Gang, they're those guys
The truth and the whole truth, they don't lie
They just do (do), do (do), they don't try
And if anybody had a problem, they gonna ride
Like bang, bang, bang, bang, bang bang
Bang, bang, bang, bang, bang bang

Sidekicks hate, they don't wanna see me conquer
Fired my boss, I don't need no sponsor
Truck jewelry got me looking tough like Tonka
Robber try to touch, lose his arm like in Rwanda
In the concrete jungle, you prey or a hunter
When you kill a nigga, they say his soul haunts ya
I'd rather sleep with a ghost than sleep with the fish
Be judged by twelve, than carried by six
Rapper, walk like a man, and ride a nigga dick
Forty-five got the king size jeans on sag
Don't make me put another skull & cross on the flag
Grind Time Rap Gang rep that flag
Bang bang bang, the mack on your ass
Charging with the hemi going vroom vroom fast
Head full of smoke every packet got cash
No love for the haters you can kiss my ass

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Leader of the Grind Time get money Rap Gang
Dope-ass flows, lyrically, I'm cocaine
Dope dick for the bitches, dope lyrics for the dope mang
King Kong is the beast man, no cage, no chain
Top of the world, white girl in my left hand
Some monkey-ass niggas better hear me, clearly
Any mother fucker ain't rappin' payin' dearly
I'm talking weekly, monthly, yearly
Until you punk motherfuckers learn to fear me

I'm on some G shit; I've got a G card
I hit a nigga head, leave his ass a retard
I have his momma saying "No, take me lord!"
Preacher in the pulpit, the choir sings
And on the first row a momma cries and leans
The young fella had to die, it's a goddamn shame
But it's Grind Time Rap Gang, bang bang bang

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