

# Bang

Busta Rhymes

Yeah Yeah

Ayo we done opened the floodgate for the new New York hot shit to come through bitch

(Turn it up come on, turn it up come on, turn it up come on, turn it up come on)

Flipmode bitch

Get familiar

Labba Labba Labba (New Crack City)

Welcome to Flipmode new recruit Reek da Villian nigga

Spliff get 'em

See I been through the worst, yeah I been through it all  
Yeah I live on the battlefield survivin' the war  
See the code of the streets is never talk to the law  
Give a fuck if you handcuffed face down on the floor  
Why you whip the gang if you split on your mang  
Why you pullin' guns out when you ain't gon' bang? Bitch nigga  
Play your part or find yourself in a hole  
See the mac gon' blow, hit your back of your throat  
Ain't no time for debate we on the grind everyday  
Give me mines now nigga I could die any day  
I put my blood and my sweat in every hustle I get  
Near niggas satisfy the [?] perfect (New Crack City nigga)  
The real niggas connect  
Motherfucker I ride and die for the love of my set  
I'm supreme with my team, niggas can't intervene  
Comin' through this motherfucker like the tattle [?] nigga (Clinton Sparks)

Squares to the left, gangsters to the right  
Real niggas do real things, we all could let it bang  
(Turn it up come on, turn it up come on, turn it up come on, turn it up come on)  
If we want bang well then we gon' bang  
And if we want slang then we gon' slang  
Squares to the left, gangsters to the right  
Real niggas do real things, we all could let it bang  
(Turn it up come on, turn it up come on, turn it up come on, turn it up come on)  
If we want bang well then we gon' bang  
And if we want slang then we gon' slang (Reek da Vill' nigga)

Ma you rollin' with me shoot like strollin' with cheese  
Be on the dancefloor iced out holdin' the heat  
Have you in the mens' bathroom showin' your teeth  
Blowin' Spliff and I ain't talkin' 'bout smokin' no weed  
My nigga Labba behind me with two llamas  
They rockin' some old school and I'm stylin' in Gucci Pradas  
Flipmode runnin' this shit who's hotter?  
Big thing gang [?] shoe pradas  
So go ahead lil' bitch nigga act tough  
Bet you get either beat down or smacked up  
Come through your block like A-Team in a black truck  
Gats tucked shirt bulgin' like I got a fat gut  
Bang a snake ass nigga soon as he rattle  
Bang hard like Shawn Kemp when he played for Seattle  
Bang a cross at your lips and pull day to skidaddle  
Let 'em hangers get at you throw a flag up like brap dukes

Squares to the left, gangsters to the right  
Real niggas do real things, we all could let it bang  
(Turn it up come on, turn it up come on, turn it up come on, turn it up come  
on)

If we want bang well then we gon' bang  
And if we want slang (More exclusive shit) then we gon' slang  
Squares to the left, gangsters to the right  
Real niggas do real things (Produced by yours truly)  
We all could let it bang  
(Turn it up come on, turn it up come on, turn it up come on, turn it up come  
on)  
If we want bang well then we gon' bang  
And if we want slang then we gon' slang

Shouts out to whole Flipmode (Yeah yeah yeah)  
Aftermath  
Turn it up (Clinton Sparks) come on  
Turn it up come on  
Turn it up come on (Yeah, yeah)  
Turn it up come on  
Get familiar niggas  
Get fuckin' familiar (We Run this shit)