

Bangin Dope

Esham

B-A-N-G-I-N-G
True 313 K-I-N-G
Who is he? P-I-M-P
I am him, and he is me
Ridin' down 7 in a Magnum Hemi
Sippin' on Remy, still tote that semi
Bang 'em! Buck 'em!
Clap 'em! Fuck 'em!
Buck 'em down grinnin' with an evil frown
Fall to the ground when you hear the bang sound
Shots I let 'em rang out
Tryin' to blow your brains out
Blood's everywhere
And I couldn't get the stain out
I bang 'em! Buck 'em!
Clap 'em! Fuck 'em!
Shoot 'em all up, make a bloody mess
I must confess, I murder, yes
Pop hot shots straight through your chest
'Cause you don't wanna fuck with me
And you don't wanna thug with me
And bust these slugs with me, 'cause we
Bang 'em! Buck 'em!
Clap 'em! Fuck 'em!

Bullets for ya, they'll destroy ya
And all I feel is paranoia
Can't stop shakin', can't take it
I gotta bang 'em, buck 'em, clap 'em, fuck 'em
Police comin', always runnin'
Switch the clip and remain gunnin'
Hidin' in the shadows, my gat blast hoes
As I bang 'em, buck 'em, clap 'em, fuck 'em

Blasphemy, I'm sacrilegious
Spit this wickedness so vicious, then I
(I am Captain Oblivion)
Warn 'em when you get this
Murder music, I commit this
Then I bang 'em! Buck 'em!
Clap 'em! Fuck 'em!
With the quickness, catch the sickness
I inflict this pain and anguish, then I
(In a moment, you will hear the voices of actual dope fiends)
The noose surround her neck, should I hang her?
Or Harvey Wallbanger?
Bang 'em! Buck 'em!
Clap 'em! Fuck 'em!
In the streets, I see my enemy
Shots heard in the vicinity, I
(Wonderful to be able to do good and make money, too)
Drivin' real slow
When I see the po-po, my Calico go
Bang 'em! Buck 'em!
Clap 'em! Fuck 'em!

Bullets for ya, they'll destroy ya

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What y'all know about a wicked flow?
The dope I spit compared to blow
Walk you through Hell, too scared to go
Plus, I'm highly flammable
Smell of gunpowder in the midnight hour
Your bound to get wet when the bullets shower
I bang 'em! Buck 'em!
Clap 'em! Fuck 'em!
How many times can I bust the nine?
Put a gun in your mouth and let it blow your mind
Sanity insanity intertwined
This might be the end of the line
Bullets whistle quick from the pistol grip
Get pistol whipped, what, is you sick?
Bang 'em! Buck 'em!
Clap 'em! Fuck 'em!