

# 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

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

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!