

# Bang

G-Eazy

Aye

I'm a balla, baby, he ain't got no game  
I'm a big dog, baby, rock big chains  
And I need a super freak like Rick James

Pop that ass for me baby make that shit  
Bang, bang, bang  
Make that shit  
Bang, bang, bang  
Make that shit  
Bang, bang, bang, bang, bang  
Pop that ass for me, baby  
Make that shit bang

Why so serious, I'm never fuckin' around  
These pigeons dead stock, they never touchin' the ground  
Plane Jane Patek I'm never bustin' it down  
Flagrant as fuck, I'm never toning it down (Yeah)  
Oh, you big mad?  
Why you chasin' a chick that I been had?  
Took your dream girl down, yeah I did that  
Got some pop-star bodies, been hit that  
Believe me my belt got notches  
Safe full of diamonds, a couple nice watches  
Made some mistakes and they think they could stop us  
But Tiger plays golf and the whole world watches

Aye, (yee)

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Load it up, aim, pop, shoot it up  
Boot it up, strapped up, toot it up  
It's game time, put me in, I'm suited up  
Bitch I'm good enough, I don't need the luck  
Heartbreaker like Suzie, hotter than jacuzzi  
Make her buy open mouth like a scary movie  
I got 10 cars, park them like Lil Uzi  
Proof's in the income, I ain't gotta prove it (nope)  
She got a man, nigga I ain't stupid  
But the way you work that body mean you gotta lose it  
And that pussy good, show me how you use it  
Step by step, baby go through it

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Yeah, talk to me nicely  
Fifty on the chain, oh my god I'm so pricey  
Mami she Spanish, she keep it so spicy  
She throw it back, she like "Papi, don't bite me"  
Make her bend down  
She 'gon let me clip when I'm in town  
Big Bentley truck, rolled her tints down  
10k a month, Hell's Kitchen in Midtown (Yeah)  
L.A. to New York, Bicoastal  
I'm international, not local  
I'm banned for these vintage Chanel bifocals  
If you ain't talkin' bags then I'm antisocial (Be gone)

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