

Bang Bang

G-Unit

Yeah. G-Unit, nigga. 50 Cent. You heard me. Irv, homie, I can't believe you let that nigga talk, you fat cupcake-eating motherfucker. I fuck you up, nigga. Fucking punk-ass niggas. Don't nobody respect you, nigga. You 'preme son, nigga. Motherfuckers been getting extorted since day one. It's all kind of bitch in you. Chinese. Spanish. Black. White

I got X, meth and slabs and cocaine
So the Feds want to search us like Arabs boarding a plane
I'm in the Range switching lanes
Reminiscing on cans of sardines

... and car dreams
I'll burn an unfamiliar bun
Got a shotgun like Elmer Fudd
Gotta let off and leave you in hella blood
Mom hip to the game, two ice chips in the chain
A few nights skipped on the plane
With two white chicks getting brain

Bang bang from big heaters, hundred dollar sneakers
Two-seaters, two meters

... and a bundle of haze
It's enough to last fourteen days
Eat where they sell lobster
My eyes planning like Pharrel's partner

Nigga, respect me like your father when it come to drama
I put the llama to your mama and beat her like a piñata

Nigga, I've been hotter since '97
You've been begging the fifth cake like a kung-fu legend
One blue seven, what's popping, nigga?

Different day, same shit

Well, what you copping, nigga?

X case, more bricks

Shit, you wind up dead-sleeping, so why turn soft?
Straight bullets'll burn a nigga sideburns off

I got a model with a sick ass
Bagged her on Fifth Ave
I fucked her all for a hot dog and a playoff Knicks pass

Now we shopping in the malls on the West Coast
And as far as pussy

... I've been through more walls than asbestos

So let's toast and have a sex on the beach
These niggas quoting my lines like I'm Martin Luther King speech

Remember Patrice? She looked like Kelis
Met her in club [?] and caught her eyeing my piece

And with all the birds at the show
I had to go and fuck the crazy hoe
Call on Hot 97 'cause she know I'm on the radio
Crazy bitch

Yeah. Ja, you little, Stuart Little-looking motherfucker. I catch you I'll break your motherfucking neck, nigga. The only way [?] your little pals, you little faggot. I know the styles you been fucking too, you nigga, I pay you the fifty thousand. Check my album out, nigga, February 11th. [?] talk, you little bitch. Tried to jump on us like it was a promotional stunt. Seven days before your album drop, huh? You little bitch. Order protection. From who? From who I need to order protection from, nigga? You little... oh, man. You motherfuckers, man. You niggas is gonna make this a lot of fun for me