

Bang Bang

La Coka Nostra

If they're taking what you earned and you always getting burned
Put their face on the curb, you gots to bang bang
They wanna take what you got or they're blowing up the spot
I don't care if he's a cop, you gots to bang bang
Jealousy is a bitch, if he twitch he's a snitch
Trigger finger got the itch, you gots to bang bang
You wanna fuck with my gang?
We'll be bringing you the pain
It ain't ever gonna change

They say the pen's like a sword right before my sawed-off shotty was born
Knock on your door, pop your entire mind on the floor
Murder the usual clients just to gain the acceptance
Of a circle of super tyrants in a race for weapons
Most popular of course the AK-47
Bought a dirty bomb for nine hundred K in North Yemen
We the shifty-faced personification of militants
Facilitate pistols spray incredible distance
Behind the scenes of intrigue and the cold technology
Orchestrated chaos catapult fear in society
Seeds are planted, deceit and evil seize the planet
Make your choice: feast or famine
We creep with cannons
And spray everything like a fire truck and such
Still smoking like somebody just sparked up a Dutch
Or the Branch Davidian compound around town
Doomsday can start now, motherfuck a count down

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Recognise, analyze, mobilize, analyze the great white hope
Irish pope being canonized
The portrait's painted, about to get sainted
Any single kingdom you from, I'll reign it
The hustle been tainted, the plot's been foiled
The whole world sold out, you all got spoiled
I spit that flame, I spark that fire
All the woods bow down and they call me sire
I'm the true peckerwood Caucasoid messiah
I'm a crazy baldhead, death's when I retire
You can't burn my kingdom if it's made of fire
You was born from a bitch so you was born a liar

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Yeah, I ain't here to talk it out man, fuck a dialogue
I'm an enemy, you want a friend? Go and buy a dog
If the methods to my madness is idiotic
And violence is a disease, then everybody in my city got it
I pack a banger and I hang around with crooks
Who run across the country making money off the books
I'm gluttonous and greedy just as hungry as it looks
I seen they wouldn't feed me so I took it like a jux (gimme that!)
My eyes are open, head is racing forever
Got an army behind me, a federation of terror
They can blindly define me as the insomniac zombie
Who shot ya, look at ya, you remind me of Gandhi
It goes three times in the chest, point blank range
Forty-four right on the back like Danny Ainge
The cocaine makes my brain so strange
One up in the chamber, let the bullets go bang!

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