

Bang Bang

Problem

What
See me myself
Let me up in it, bet I make the thing bang
Only time I'm really on the streets is when you hear me with the swag on it
You know I'm from the hood so I'm a always bang
I be at the studio
When it come to them streets (bang)
Oh I got some niggas that'll go
Bang bang (Diamond Line)

Sippin on tequila with some senioritas
All these hoes ratchets but the actin like divas
Come through speedin, hoes all lookin
Boy watch yo threat, she will get yo life
Took them ghouls, ride like a roller bush, grey like a stroller
Cold as Minnesota, bitch hotter than Tacoma
Keep paper like 40, know I'm the same thing
Girl let me hit the thang thang, bet I make it bang

Bang
You know I'm out the hood, all my homies bang bang
You know how I do it, all my shit bang... bang bang
Bang bang bang bang bang bang bang
And when I'm up in it you know it's gonna bang

I make that pussy go bang
She rode me like a train
I go crazy deep in it, insane
On mamas that bitch can't hang
I beat like a case, squirt it in my face
She laugh when she did it until I swim in it
Looked her in her eye, gave her everything she needed
I call that thing kutra cause that pussy I defeated
Lucky lucky get, baby let me warn ya
I'm with that body like some shit straight off a porn hook
She lookin crazy but I'm runnin California
And Diamond Lane, bitch straight up haunt ya
Put that on yo kids, you didn't run, lil mama she dumb
Told er sit on my face, better yet jump on his tongue
Got em crazy, he shady, is when they say what he done
Make that pussy gangbang, on the hood she the one

Bang
You know I'm out the hood, all my homies bang bang
You know how I do it, all my shit bang... bang bang
Bang bang bang bang bang bang bang
You know how I do it, all my bros bang

It's a reason why they put me last
Prowling, riding shotgun, Bad Lucc on the gas
4 pipes hanging out the ass
Compton for real, you ain't gotta ask
That's the turf nigga, roll the grass
World star, knockout king, nigga fuck a pass
Unless you bang what I'm bangin
I'm reppin cities, put you in seaters, don't look at my chain
I tell the waiter hurry up, them guns is various

Got my shooters in this bitch, niggas stiff carried up
The Golden State Warriors is back
Putting hoes in yo snapback, clack like that
You ain't never met a motherfucker rap like that
Sold 12 million records, still strapped like that
And niggas say they want a problem in the back
Ye ain't even know I had a problem in the back
Listen

Bang

You know I'm out the hood, all my homies bang bang
You know how I do it, all my shit bang... bang bang
Bang bang bang bang bang bang bang
You know how I do it, all my bros...