

Bang Bang

Shy Glizzy

Uh, uh, uh
Trauma Tone

Ring ring (Brrrt), I just got a fed call (Call)
You know that must mean somebody is dead and gone (Uh-huh)
Got a redbone, she just want that bread, dawg (Want that bread, dawg)
I took her to the loft, she suck my head off (Oh)
Did this song, we didn't group up with the head on
New coupe (Skrrrt), same color eggnog
You play with the gang, we take your head off (Gang gang)
Bang bang (Young Jefe, holmes), murked 'em then we spin off

We gon' ride on a nigga, we gon' slide (We gon' slide)
Jump out, five of them niggas, homicide (Oh, oh)
She got tired of them niggas, she was smart (She was smart)
I had to hide all them niggas, they was hot (Oh, oh)
Oh, I knocked her out the park, it was a curve too (Woah)
I mix that Off-White with Louis just like Virgil do (Just like Virgil)
I'm insane, lil' nigga, I will murder you (Oh yeah)
Who these lame lil' niggas? I never heard of you (Never heard of you)
Got your bitch, yeah, Audemar my wrist, yeah (Check out my wrist)
I got brick fare, woo, I think I'm Ric Flair (Woo, woo)
Take a trip with a baddie, quick dip, yeah (Quick dip)
A nigga snitch, gotta put him in a ditch, yeah (Yeah)

Ring ring (Brrrt), I just got a fed call (Call)
You know that must mean somebody is dead and gone (Uh-huh)
Got a redbone, she just want that bread, dawg (Want that bread, dawg)
I took her to the loft, she suck my head off (Oh)
Did this song, we didn't group up with the head on
New coupe (Skrrrt), same color eggnog
You play with the gang, we take your head off (Gang gang)
Bang bang, murked 'em then we spin off

These niggas ain't hard as they speak
Left shots from the yard to the streets
These niggas facecard say deceased
If he play, put that boy underneath
I pray for my deacon, stand up and I preach
I'm preferring that chopper whenever I preach
Had to run up a sack, I ain't never gon' leech
Put Off-White on my back and Dior on my sneaks
When you talkin' that boy, we serve it better
Thirty hang out that pole, beyond steppers
We be stretchin' that dope for non-helpers
Every day we gon' roll, we all felons
Shawty a fool, admit that shit pressure
She sellin' them arms off her own celly
In the cell we don't crack, ain't nobody tellin'
I'ma rip me an app, put it up, I bet it
On the stage for that bag, ain't nobody smilin'
I got choppers and masses, you get the message
When they try to get to me, I up and pop it
They say shit to get to me, I never let it
That shawty so bad, I'ma beat her body
Thirteen grand on a bracelet, it cost eleven
Niggas bitches, they talkin' too much, I'm steppin'

Everybody around me, they strapped and ready, gang

Ring ring (Brrt), I just got a fed call (Call)
You know that must mean somebody is dead and gone (Uh-huh)
Got a redbone, she just want that bread, dawg (Want that bread, dawg)
I took her to the loft, she suck my head off (Oh)
Did this song, we didn't group up with the head on
New coupe (Skrrt), same color eggnog
You play with the gang, we take your head off (Gang gang)
Bang bang (Young Jefe, holmes), murk 'em then we spin off