

# Let It Bang

Skyzoo

Yeah  
Y'know what it is  
SK  
With 9th Wonder on the beat  
Elliot Ness...  
Custom Made, Bad Boy collabo (9th Wonder!)  
We all about the cash flow

The bottom line is, me and mine are solidified  
You little dudes run along, go and get a grind  
I rock rubber bands, but not for fashion  
I keep 'em cause I'm literally stacking  
And I don't fuck with Visa or plastic, I just pull out a [?]  
And wrap it with elastic, pillowcase stash it  
Spit straight acid, the stars is lookin' in  
I sit you on your ass, like your father should've did  
Ladies and Gentlemen it's the world renowned  
The city's favorite hustler I [?] up your town  
Dude keep a bad one shot, wearing her out  
Her deep throat so mean, she can't hear in her mouth [?]  
Lot of clones out for the throne, that's trying to be me  
Call this a mean sixteen, I call it easy  
SK and Elliot Ness, the George Jefferson  
Strollin' a hundred miles ahead of the rest  
So fuck running...

From corner to corner, state to state  
City to city, play this 'till you break the tape  
Now let it bang worldwide, let it bang (Hey yo!)  
Now let it bang worldwide, let it bang (Hey yo!)  
Yeah

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Two thousand and five version of the great George [?]  
Iceman with the nice tan, see me in person  
So imperfect, spit when the shit wasn't worth it  
Gang way deeper than what people see on the surface  
And that gat, small on my back, is for a purpose  
Them niggas tryn' run up on National Self Service  
I'll never be a slave or servant to any man  
I'm ridin' up slow and I'm letting the semi blam  
Damn, another dead body on my belt  
In a land down under where your mommy can't help  
You behind on the rent? I'm something like a pimp  
I grind overtime and bought the landlord a whip  
Tales from the crib, the bl\* is on my hip  
Black bulletproof vest, a book bag full of clips  
That's deep shit, deeper than deep six  
Deep as the bottomless pit, and even the abyss  
Shit...

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Yeah

(Skyzoo)

I run the pen on the paper, on the strength of the way that the drums knock  
I write whatever I feel, regardless if it gets me a deal  
While these wannabes claiming they dumb hot  
I treat it like him and him, you only get one shot  
And if you spit one line, saying you slum rock  
I'm walking away, and if you not say "son stop"  
I don't need that, and you ain't ever seen that  
You need to try being a fan, and relax

(Elliot Ness)

I can tell when the cops is looking, crack heads  
Smell what the block is cooking, and which rock they pushing  
"Off white", strips stay open all night  
Long like Lionel, got clientele  
When my team surface, the fiends purchase  
Run up in your crib, and rob all your workers  
I ain't trying to get money, selling dummies  
The only time y'all make the paper is the funnies