

# Bang (feat. Lil Twist, Euro & Cory Gunz)

## Young Money

Yeah

(Turn on)I put the kush in the stogey, yeah, I put the Bentley in Drive

I'm pulling out the garage, and thanking God I'm alive

I've been through so much shit, been through trouble and back

I ain't do much time, but dawg I ain't going back

These niggas fake and they phony, the paparazzi wait on me

I left the jail in Givenchies, they should have posted that homie

I'm in the A with Rich Homie, I'm in the A with 2 Chainz

I'm in the A with my brother, it's YMCM Rich Gang

Now tell them niggas line up, I tell them niggas time up

This KTZ gon' stand out, it's clear I don't give a fuck

In my closet I eat you up, my fashion ill, no duh

My whip game insane uh Ferrari Testarossa's

Y'all niggas thought I lost it, I'm awesome

I just took a break to teach a young nigga how to boss it

Like when KG went to Boston

Or when Melo went to the Knicks

And he brought JR Smith and they both started ballin'

Big bro went from serving birds to pelicans in New Orleans

Uh, let me take a break,

Let me catch my breath

Rolling with the Birdman homie

It's YM over everything, nigga, I don't need nothing else

It's Lil Twist, nigga, I'm checked in

I fucked home girl and her best friend

You don't wanna miss out on your blessing

Got the dope dick and I use it as a weapon I justShoot'er, bang

Shoot'er, bangShoot'er, bang

Shoot'er, bangCheck (shoot'er) Sometimes I think I'm Michael Jordan

Michael Tyson, Michael Phelps and Michael Jackson

Might just drop my fucking tape and fuck around, it might go platinum

How'd I do that off of freebies? Fill my double cup with ether

Got the same buzz as niggas with an album off of features

See I'm doing it again

Got a tool in the timbs, now the rules gotta bend

No tools in the gym but I gotta bring it in

'Cause niggas wanna flex, but they really slim Jim

Gotta point it at him, him, fuck it and him

All I wanna do is kill kill for the ching ching

Got a best friend and the best friend got a twin  
 Gotta fit 'em all in, now that's a win win win win  
 The room's spinning 'cause I'm faded  
 Watch how you run up on these businessmen, they're gang related  
 I said I like the way she dance, she like the way I made it  
 Fuck me without paying a rent, imagine if I paid it  
 I owe you one girl, I owe you one's  
 Money always been the main attraction  
 Homie told me women always been the main distraction  
 And I'm too focused, I just hate to get disturbed  
 I'm busy making millions, she just started laughing so you know I had to Shoot'er, bang  
 Shoot'er, bang  
 Shoot'er, bang Shoot'er, bang  
 Shoot'er, bang  
 Shoot'er, bang Wanting manners when I don't even want a mask on  
 War paint like a baboon and my bitch got a red ass on  
 Young Money Cash Money to the dirt of me  
 So for certainly I'mma get my blast on  
 To the face of a fuck nigga trying to fuck with us  
 Think they can make it if they can run a decathlon  
 Stay blazing, I mack on,  
 Play brave and get back home with them AK's  
 Crack arms with a straight face  
 That calm and I fain gaze  
 And attack on with a straight razor in that palm  
 Any nigga want it he gotta get it  
 The Yappa got it rolling and rocking with it  
 I got a nigga showing and popping, picking and going  
 Packing a fight, everybody hit the floor, he shot the men and boom  
 Pall bearers, cold moms, militia all Bishop's, O-Dawg's  
 You should've drove off, hitting on bitches and poor dogs  
 Looking the nose off, looking like I'm flicking the stove off  
 When I'm kicking the stove off, kicking the doors off  
 Everybody hit the deck, still bodies get thrown off  
 Say making a remarkable pay  
 Meeting grandpa at a doc or a bay  
 Bad bitch, hide the grippers, I may  
 Fucking killing unbook, come the coppers and spray  
 Twizzie get the chicken, they plot him hopping the gate  
 If you get to trippin' then you get shot in the face  
 You ain't got the bitch in the kitchen popping the safe  
 Sorry to say, no eye witness, you finish you gotta bang Shoot'er, bang  
 Shoot'er, bang  
 Shoot'er, bang Shoot'er, bang  
 Shoot'er, bang

Shoot'er, bang

Songwriters

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