

# Bang (Cobra Krames Big Horns Mix)

## Rye Rye

Bang, bang, bang, bang, bang  
Bang, bang, bang, bang, bang  
Do what the song says  
Throw your fucking sets up  
Know how we start, come catch up  
Ain't nobody fucking with this I bet yah  
And my age you should name on the check up  
Bang, while you wait, it all goes down  
Swipe through the city, that I call my town  
And if you fucking up, damn right you a clown  
Ain't bangin high, don't make no sound  
Episodes of the violence bang  
Shots go hard, make your brain cells ring  
Floating with the stars in the city of the caine  
Let's ride out, throw it out and bang  
Bang, (all day) bang, bang (all day)  
Bang, Bang  
(What them motherfuckers say?)  
Bang, (all day) bang, bang (all day)  
Bang, Bang  
Throw it out and bang  
Bang, (all day) bang, bang (all day)  
Bang, Bang,  
Let's ride out, throw it out and bang  
So, let's bang it out  
And we can bang it anywhere, even in my house  
But don't think so slick, if you think the opposite  
I'm gonna bang your lips  
When I say go, pop bang  
And I say high, throw up your thing  
Move to the beat, do the 2 step swing  
And if you don't dance, fuck it go bang  
Chain gang, flip them man  
But at the parties slick'd insane  
Princess a diss, so bring my name  
Try to come near me, then shit go bang  
Living in chains like Menuse  
But I don't drunk off the shit called Goose  
Throw your fucking sets up

Rolling high with a star come catch up

Songwriters

Berrain, Ryeisha / Arulpragasam, Maya / Smith, Charles

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