Bang Time

M.o.p.

Bang bang ba-bang, ba-bang bang ba-bang

Ba-bang bang ba-bang, bang ti-a-bang time
Bang bang time (uhh) it's bang time (uhh)
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To the east my brother like a x-clan member
Sissy!!! lil' fame is a marxmen
I'm the son of sonny carson
I wash dirty cats through hood laundromats, where they lost at
Go home or go hard yeah this is real life warrior shit
These other rap dudes corny as shit
What'chall know about sidewalks with bloodstains, coroner shit
+cold as ice+ on some foreigner shit
Raised on the dark side, baptized in dirty water
The murder marx side, dark skies to early mornings
What's a nickel bag to a profit/prophet, graze hit 'em right out
Great day to do it again, same as the night out
{*whistling*} this is the good, the bad and the ugly
'round here we keeps it thuggy thuggy
Yeah and it's brooklyn's, finest, unfaded, brownsvillians
We'll shoot this bitch up like cowboys and indians

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D-block!! yeah, bang time
45'll hit 'em and leave 'em with hang time
Razor on his ass like the glass of a {?} line

Raw like cocaine line, nigga I ain't lyin
Your man's frame cryin from the flame of the iron
Hawkin him, walk with him, now better kneel with him
Try to be real with him, I'm so deep in it
That if you try to stand up his fuckin guts gon' spill on him
Play wit'cha kids, or a deck of cards
Me I go extra hard, still tryin to get it, like I'm escobar
Only question I ask is cash or a check involved
Put me on my p's and q's, let me know if death's involved
Like I give a shit, ignorant nigga
Yeah I pull the trigger quick, thought you woulda figured this
You want to know why the movement is rigorous
S.p. the ghost, on some y.o. killer shit, nigga! .. bang time

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Yo, somewhere in (brooklyn) is where you'll find this nigga, in my comfort zone
Semi circled by the grimiest niggas (c'mon!)
Walk with me, spread chalk with me sod
In the field where the real niggas are born (ghetto)
There's no surgeons here, we don't cut up body parts
We blast and leave yo' ass wherever it start
A half a block from the precinct, the homies are beyond thuggin and buggin
My whole borough's in judgment indecent
The thoroughest dimepieces straight out of action flicks
(gangsta bitch!) angela jolie this
Notion, forward motion, do what you gotta do
To get what you gotta get to get your shit rollin
And keep closin, by any means
The 50 cal the 40 or the 30 carbine
Let it steam motherfucker let's go, we in them greends
And on the grounds with it we down with it, that's how we bling

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