B.a.n. (the Love Song)

David Banner

Bitch ass nigga
Bitch ass bitch ass nigga
Bitch ass bitch ass bitch ass bitch ass nigga
It still sound like
You wanna do something bitch ass nigga
Yea
Hold Up

Dis for that mother fucking
Bitch ass nigga
Dis for that
Bitch ass nigga
It's for that
Bitch ass bitch ass bitch ass bitch ass nigga
Still sounds like
You wanna do something bitch ass nigga
Still sounds like

It's that body guard nigga
Dat snitched on TIP
It's your cousin or your homeboy
Told on Mike Vick
It's dat middle class nigga man
Tryna sell dope
Get caught
Turn bitch
An go an snitch on his folks
Yea
Now you wanna go
Too many live in the trap
he ain't have to turn Fed
we ain't do it like that
Boy I got a remidy
for des Snitches at the crib
you can't neva come home
bitch we know where you live
thugs grab your AK's
girls grab your 22's
lets take it to da streets

and show des snitches what it do
you motha fuckin

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Hold up

This is for my bloods
And this is for my crypts
Throw your sets up
One nation in this bitch
We so quick to kill each other
And the hoods where we from
But we hide the AK's when the fucking Feds come
De neva forget about us, lurcing around where we stay
We turn our fucking cheek and let dem faggits walk away
But god gave me a vision and now a thug sees
What would happen in da hood
If the vice lords and G's
All came together
Blue and red flags
Raisin a nation of black nigga ain't it sad
We got too many cowards
That'll let dem bullets pop
Cuz they'd rather get paid
And watch the young kids die
You motha fuckin

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I'm talking about the b-i-t-c-h-s n-i double gg-a-a
Let hit em with da AK
Yeah I'm talking about da AK
Man I'm talking about your home boy dats trying to fuck your girl when you in the wars with your main bay bay
Yeah I'm talking about Iraq
Lets stick that motha fucka when you come back
Lets hit him in da face with a ball bat
I mean a baseball
I mean fuck ya'll
I mean fuck him
Man I'm talking about dem niggas that'll stay in your house,
You put food his mouth
And dat nigga run out
Bitch you know who I'm talking bout
With your fat ass
If I get you round here then its gun blast
Click clack on your punk ass
One shot to your mother fucking head
And you fall then I hope that you die fast
Or you die slow
Ain't no hoe, I'm a blood man
Thug till da day that I die
Mississppi in dis bitch
That ain't no lie,
If you wanna kill me bitch go and try

Mother fuckin

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See what I'm talking about
Fuck dem mother fucking cops
We gotta start handle these pussy ass niggas
In our own mother fucking community
See they ain't going to do anything about these mother fucking snitches
Cuz it helps America my nigga
You know what I'm talking about
We gonna have to handle these pussy ass, punk ass, fuck, in the ass,
Ooooh I hate you niggas

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