

Bang (ft. T.I., Lil Scrappy)

Young Jeezy

[Chorus]

Hit 'em up, peace up, A-town down
Hit 'em up, peace up, A-town down
Hit 'em up, peace up, A-town down
If you ain't from round here dog don't even come around
Twist ya fingers up bang motherfucker bang
Throw ya hoods up bang motherfucker bang
Eastside! (Hit 'em up bang motherfucker bang)
Westside! (Hit 'em up, bang motherfucker bang) Do ya thug thing gon' get 'em up
Represent ya side nigga hit 'em up
Disrespect we gon' take it there
We 30 deep lil nigga we ain't fighting fair
You better holla at ya partners
Before we catch them outside and hit they ass wit dem choppers
The .45 make my pants sag
Catch me bouncing through the club wit my black flag
You don't like it do something nigga
Where I'm from if we don't like it we do something nigga
And you know we gon' ride homes
Stomped a nigga ass out until they turn the lights on [Chorus] Me and Jeezy on the back street
Choppers in the back seat
What we fin to do the questions yean even gotta ask me
Desert in my lap and skullcap and a black tee
Looking for the niggas that say they fin to attack me
Turn the music down low and let the 'llac creep
Fuck the police I give a damn if they catch me
Wait a minute that's that nigga looking at me
Let off 50 shots you niggas ran like a track meet
I know my partners would have did the job for a flat fee
But seeing dem niggas bleed is the only thing that's gon' relax me
I'm hands on nigga damn what you say
All them games that you play don't stand a chance in the A nigga [Chorus] Roll up on yo block
All the bullshit stops
Man hoe know that I'm the prince so that ass gon' drop
I was born in the A with things in the way
Smoke weed everyday
Zone 3 where I stay
Yeah I think I'm the shit cause I got an SS
But the shit a old folk so you can receive the letter

I'm the best of the best
And the freshest of the fresh
Gotta pistol black out wit an Atlanta Hawk vest
Gotta lifetime of trouble and my brain still nervous
I don't rep the A by mistake I do the shit on purpose
Do it how it's worth it rim and the cars swerving
It ain't nothing but Lil Scrappy and g's up to start murkinin' ya [Chorus]

Songwriters

Jenkins, Jay / Richardson II, Darryl / Wallace, Zachery / Harris, Clifford Joseph / Alexander, Phalon

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