Bang Bang

Jacki-O

Checkmate-
This is La Macarena- just call me Quanto.
But nowadays everybody wanna be Blanco-
Guess I'm renamein' 'em- but I ain't blamein' 'em.
I laugh at these bitches- they macadamia'n.
3-0-5 chin checker- straight Down South girl.
You fucking with the real Cocaine Cowgirl.
Rich.
You can copy her- she got it from me.
You know, the little man- they always want to get it for cheap.
Bitch.
Straight out the lab- ain't been stepped on.
The last real bitch alive has just been slept on- Jack Rippa'.
No one's above and I'm hated for the same reasons that I'm loved.
They walkin' contradictions- hypocritical thieves.
That's why I don't play with mutts- they all got fleas.
Money make me smile- Mother- fucka' friend.
And I don't let shit slide- I love revenge.Bang, bang!
Street sweeper cocked and aimed- (inaudible)
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Street sweeper cocked and aimed- (inaudible)
Bang, bang!
Street sweeper cocked and aimed- (inaudible)Man, this bitch is jacki-jackin'- she improvise more than an Italian actor.
Seems the seamstress ran out of material- she lack fiber like a box of cereal.
Fuck patience- moderate mediation- any technicalities so feel retaliation.
How broke bitches dimes with nine cents- before you get on my page read the fine print.
Jacki, Griselda Blanco- put my foot up in a rap bitch ass pronto.
I don't do allies- they cause treason.
I don't do emotions- they cloud reason.
I don't play games- I don't play fair- I don't play victim- but I do play dare.
No mercy- love is numb- the pain is like shame I only learned that once.Bang, bang!
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Bang, bang!
Street sweeper cocked and aimed- (inaudible)Y'all better tell these bitches that Jacki is bad news- keep an eagle on my stomach like one of my tattoos.
If I up it- I'm gonna aim it.
If I shoot it- don't blame it.
My mama- didn't want me and the street couldn't tame it.
Better slow 'em down- tell 'em stay on they face-
Before I snatch off they lace and have to razor they face.
Bitches ain't trash- they dumpsters.
If I sss-slide up on 'em- you know I'm coming with Munsters.
And we don't got sticks- we got logs.
And we like Mike Vick- killing dogs and all.
Uh-
We don't tolerate haters- cut ya' ass up and feed ya' ass to the gators.
My shit's clean- they steppin' on dope.
None dancein' hoes- steppin' on toes.
Bitches 'bout as real as they facial features- makin' desperate moves is a sign of weakness.Bang, bang!
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