

# 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)

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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Street sweeper cocked and aimed- (inaudible)

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!

Street sweeper cocked and aimed- (inaudible)

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