

BANG (feat. Mr. Man)

KYLE & Mr. Man

Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang!
Biggity! Bang! Bang!
Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! (Know what I'm saying)
Biggity! Bang! Bang!
Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! (We in the twinkie traphouse)
Biggity! Bang! Bang!
Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang!
Biggity! Bang! Bang!
Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! (It's the fire the kid spittin cuz)
Biggity! Bang! Bang!
Yeah Yeah Yeah
Skinny jeans, Chuck T's
Nigga like, "uh!"
K-i-does-what-the-*****-I-want!
Dude, niggas like you?
Better than me?!
Nigga like, huh? Wha?
Nineteen with a milli swag
Making white moms really glad
Whack rappers is really mad
Cause y'all suck like really bad!
Cassio on my wrist
Nigga time for me to get rad
I make this shit look gold
But nah nigga, this shit just brass
I'm a beast, I'm a beast
I'm a dog, I'm a dog
And I shut niggas down
And I'm not even on
If your shit sounds weak just hit up my phone
You need help with your songs, I'm the nigga you call
Cause I bang bang bang bang
Biggity bang bang
Run these tracks and you get hit with a train
or hook cause I know how to sang sang
Have your preteen goin insane
Lamborghini mercy
Your chick she so thirsty
I gave her a drink but, I don't think it's working

I see more of her than you, and I ain't met her in person
Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang!
Biggity! Bang! Bang! Mr. Man
Nigga damn
Where the ***** you been at, bruh?
I been up, banging on raps
Walking in show, making stages collapse
Remeber who is that, cause they know we are
Blowing up trees, ***** security guards
Touch Down and make the city ours
My hair nappy like a Rastafari
Stayed in my lane
Bringing that bang
Blow 60 K's of cocaine
Dreameed of gold chains around my neck,
Big crib, a bunch of whips like slaves
Overcomers that overcame
Y'all balling on minimum wage
Never heard of your crew
Ain't red nor blue but my niggas we bang
Yup, yup, yup
Let me get back to it
Oh wow, you said I couldn't do it
Funny as *****, are you dummies or what?
Cause I was gon' blow when you dumb niggas knew it
Ridin Around in my city
And these niggas know what I'm bout
Pull up on a 60s bike that cost more than your house
Yeah, everybody outside
Hearing shit that I like
Got them speakers blaring
There ain't anywhere you can hide
Uh

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