Bang Loose

WC

Off that ignorant, belligerent, gorilla people like mugilla
From the chickens, liver, stanky rivers like kitty liver
Take my finger out your putang you smelly Funkadelic
With Funkadelic reteric for you relics
(The buffalo fake the nigga street sweeper)The Grim Reaper's grim reaper
I'm a Don like Magic Juan, off that sauvignon
The game sprays out of my mouth like a can of Krylon
Riverside to Saigon, I'm killing each track I rhyme on
You had tights on like you had nylons onBoogie banga funked out panty stainer
Ghetto enough to get TV reception with a coat hanger

Smell me

(It's the [unverified] words man)

Fake comedy for my accident done on purpose

About to set the fly one, down with the ghetto Hiesman

I'll serve niggaz in the third person don't even try itVaboom, he's back to putting in work

Vaboom, to make your neck and head jerk

Make 'em bang, bang, make 'em all move

Do the damn thing, my niggaz bang looseVaboom, he's back to putting in work

Vaboom, to make your neck and head jerk

Make 'em bang, bang, make 'em all move

Do the damn thing, my niggaz bang looseTimber, Hawk, it's the big hawk

Ready to chalk

With the boom ping, ping

That make the Dre swing, swing

Flipped and slipped and clipped equipped the triggerHit, click, click, click, click

Nigga, dissa, stealer, scrilla

Did-a anybody kill her? I'm blasting

None of them like Danskin

Closing caskets chromedPut my L.A. throat back on

It's back on and getting cheddar

In my ride with the blue feather, in linen

Strolling with the vengeance

And when I make that gun clapBitch, niggaz roll like pigeons

So if you claiming than brang it

And be about the drama

It's WC and I ain't your mamaVaboom, he's back to putting in work

Vaboom, to make your neck and head jerk

Make 'em bang, bang, make 'em all move

Do the damn thing, my niggaz bang looseNigga make way for the big bomber

Mr. all night rider, original bang hand glider Scuffing up Chucks swiftly Looking for a spot launch that mini mat

And that's a hard hat

Do it till I get you, pistol grip whip youNigga, your pitiful, picture me back burner material Never, scraped off serial numbers and brought [unverified]

Ditching your block when live while you work

'Cause it ain't no half repping

Either you riding or not, cock it or keep stepping

Come on, feel the breezeWhat, y'all ain't know? I got a squad so cold

We freeze all area codes, they need this, real Gs

Critical thesis bound to break shit down to quarter pieces

For real, Devil, the boss under the Dub

Swanging, giving orders to chickens and thugsIt ain't no bitch in this industry that flow like me

Matter fact, it ain't to many niggaz that can see me

For sure I've been none to loc for way too long

Now the spot lights on me, so believe me its on

Its funny the way I'm hated, always underrated

But ya'll hoes couldn't come with it if you masturbatedNiggaz wanna test me, I wish you would

Lyrics bang more harder than niggaz bang they hood

I come through unexpected like the in Vietnam grenades

Got so much heat I make the Devil run for shade

This ain't no game nigga, so don't fuck with T

Mess around and be headlining on Unsolved MysteriesI got warrants for my arrest by the FBDs

For pushing off [unverified] trying to take these keys

A female fely in Burberry

Picking up money from the commissary

Don't fuck with Terry Vaboom, he's back to putting in work

Vaboom, to make your neck and head jerk

Make 'em bang, bang, make 'em all move

Do the damn thing, my niggaz bang looseVaboom, he's back to putting in work

Vaboom, to make your neck and head jerk

Make 'em bang, bang, make 'em all move

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Vaboom, to make your neck and head jerk

Make 'em bang, bang, make 'em all move

Do the damn thing, my niggaz bang looseWC, Dr. Stank, Devil, Lady T

Swang on, swang on

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