

Bang (DJ Sega's Philly Club Remix)

Rye Rye

Bang, bang, bang, bang, bang
Bang, bang, bang, bang, bang
Do what the song says
Throw your fucking sets up
Know how we start, come catch up
Ain't nobody fucking with this I bet yah
And my age you should name on the check up
Bang, while you wait, it all goes down
Swipe through the city, that I call my town
And if you fucking up, damn right you a clown
Ain't bangin high, don't make no sound
Episodes of the violence bang
Shots go hard, make your brain cells ring
Floating with the stars in the city of the caine
Let's ride out, throw it out and bang
Bang, (all day) bang, bang (all day)
Bang, Bang
(What them motherfuckers say?)
Bang, (all day) bang, bang (all day)
Bang, Bang
Throw it out and bang
Bang, (all day) bang, bang (all day)
Bang, Bang,
Let's ride out, throw it out and bang
So, let's bang it out
And we can bang it anywhere, even in my house
But don't think so slick, if you think the opposite
I'm gonna bang your lips
When I say go, pop bang
And I say high, throw up your thing
Move to the beat, do the 2 step swing
And if you don't dance, fuck it go bang
Chain gang, flip them man
But at the parties slick'd insane
Princess a diss, so bring my name
Try to come near me, then shit go bang
Living in chains like Menuse
But I don't drunk off the shit called Goose
Throw your fucking sets up

Rolling high with a star come catch up

Songwriters

Berrain, Ryeisha / Arulpragasam, Maya / Smith, Charles

Published by
Lyrics © Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC, PeerMusic Publishing, Warner/Chappell Music, Inc., Universal
Music Publishing Group Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>