

Bang (feat. YG Hottie & Slim Dunkin)

Waka Flocka Flame

Pow, pow, pow, pow, pow

Lex

Lex we in this bitch throwing gang sign, bang

Brick, brick, brick, brick, brick

Bricksquad bricksquad[Chorus: x4]

Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang!

We in this bitch throwin' gang signs, manB-L-Double O-D, right-side flag

Nigga know me, I'm green flag

Bitch, that's Grove Street

Squeeze on my trigger till my gun OD

Ride on my enemies, nigga just in to me

Niggas ain't have ?

Hundred grand chain, you ain't ? like me

All the ?

Got a gun seat behind me like my name Jay-Z

Can't no nigga blame me

Up? like some rabies

Got the hood life, I crazy

I'll paint your whole town red (Soo Woo)

Make your little brother scream Soo Woo (Soo Woo)

Make your little sister scream Soo Woo (Soo Woo)

Me and YG Hootie-Hoo (Boppin!)

Frenchie, Juice, Man, Guc' (Ooh)

Bet them boys gon' shoot (Bow! Bow! Bow!)

Sling a cap in Kebo

Gon' shoot for Freak 'em Free Throws

Free my nigga T-bone (T-Bone!)

I punch a nigga like I'm D-bow (Bow! Bow! Bow!)

Waka Flocka Flame, pussy nigga what's bangin'? (Bow! Bow! Bow!)

In the club throwin' up signs, right hangin' (Flocka!)[Chorus: x4]Ride on my enemies, throw 'em off in the C

Know a lot of niggas really dream about gettin' me

Ride on with niggas with the West Side, though

I ain't fuckin' with you if you actin' all 50

? in Tennessee

Keep me a mini choppa, flamed up

Me and Flocka West Side

My casa, I run

My house, my turf like the ?

West side fuckin' with the Down South

Red flags all at my shows
Used to kill, now we all about dope
Buy whips, put 'em all on fo's
Still kill, but it's all about dope
Get tricky, so play by the rules
Look, homie ?
Flip that pack, still grind some mo'
I love my hood and I love ?
I feed my hood with a spoon and fork
Fuck with me, you won't eat. Let's go!
Go against me, I'mma slit your throat
Get a rap check, but weed, buy coke
I make shit pop and ?
I'm the king around here
That's how shit go, nigga[Chorus: x4]Nigga, hold up, don't act like you know me
Just cause you Blood don't make you my homie
Fuck with you ? and clique probably phony
Real ? shit,nigga, you can call me Tony
Nigga, I'm a shooter. Gon' get your ass shot
Y shoot for Guc', guns shoot for Flock
Nigga I'mma bang roulette till ?
Wrong gang sign, nigga, palm that back
Whole clique goons, don't know how to act
? got the ?, Ted got the mac
Pussy nigga swung when I turned my back
Hold on, DJ bring that back
Pussy nigga swung when I turned my back
Shit, yeah, I told that nigga hold that
Knocked out his front seat, his ass come back
Don't check ?
Natural born shooter, I'm the club party pooper
Yes, sir, I'm the Dunkin'
But, nah, I ain't a Hoover
Natural born shooter, I'm the club party pooper
Yes, sir, I'm the Dunkin'
But, nah, I ain't a Hoover[Chorus: x4]

Songwriters

LEWIS, LEXUS ARNEL/MALPHURS, JUAQUIN/JOSEPH, LAMAR/HAMILTON, MARIOPublished by
Lyrics Â© Warner/Chappell Music, Inc. Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents
pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>