

Bang Loose (feat. Dr. Stank, Lady T & Deville)

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, 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

Swinging, 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 TerryVaboom, 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 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 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 looseWC, Dr. Stank, Devil, Lady T
Swang on, swang on