Trunk Bang

Dorrough

Mr. D O R R, yeah, might swang wide body
Trunk goin' bang like a 12 gauge shottie
Now er'body krunk
Trunk goin' bang like a muizeburg pump
Throwin' upper cuts like I'm you
Trunk goin' bank like I claim Piru
Dirty south ridin', might swang, might dip
Trunk goin' bang like a West Coast Crip
I wreck mics wit a passion
Trunks goin' bang like headboards clashin'
Album turned up whole street rockin'
Trunk goin' bang like two cops knockin'
Like Pinky an' the Brain, I ponder
Trunk go bang like flash flood thunder
People hate me like Bill O'Reilly
Trunk go bang like pops off Friday
Everything turned up, Kenwood turned
Let the trunk bang while I got the block lock

Down cut dog top down
Let the trunk bag to the head rest drop down
Ice game caked up, draped out, draped up
Let the trunk bang make the whole hood wake up
My click stay live, yo, yo, click ain't live, trunk go
Bang like ice cream paint job
(Yeah, buddie)
Next stop truck stretched out
Trunk go bang like 6-12's decked out
(Whoo)
Check that insides jet black
Let the trunk bang with the sunroof let back
Two tone flip change, lean back grip grain
Trunk bang make the Cadillac switch lanes
(Say, girl)
Damn is he ballin' you don't heard, right?
Let the trunk bang make the whole car swerve right

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