

# Bang Bang

Dr Dre

[Chorus]

Everywhere I go, all I ever seem to hear is  
Bang bang! bang bang!  
No matter where I go, all I ever seem to see is  
Bang bang! bang bang!  
Everywhere I go, all I ever seem to hear is  
Bang bang! bang bang!  
No matter where I go, all I ever seem to see is  
Bang bang! bang bang!

[Dr. Dre]

Everyday it's the same thing, l.a. ain't changed  
Niggas still player hating, but dre ain't changed  
I'm just a lot smarter now  
Cause these niggas is banging ten times harder now  
Niggas ringing they ass up in the wrong part of town  
Better turn they car around  
Rollin the window down (em: hey can we talk it out?)  
(hitt: nah get the fuck out!)  
Johnny got a shotgun  
And he ain't even strong enough to cock one  
Fuck tryin to job hunt  
Niggas got AK's, niggas is way crazier  
Than Dre was back in his n.w.a. days  
Niggas spray strays and shoot without looking  
Niggas walk by and blast without leaving a footprint  
I think the attitudes are twice as worst  
It takes half the time to get your life reversed  
Always trying to play rambo with they ammo  
Make a nigga want to stay in family mode

[Chorus]

[Knoc-turn'al]

Late nights is full of led that whistles as it goes by  
Murder arrives, anytime  
Bullets take flight when the fo'-five ignites  
Some hearts skip a beat, some get blew out, and every light  
Put you in the site of youngsters with automatics

Bustin on shit to lay everything down even tourists and non-affiliates  
These days, gun play is official with green lights on every block  
Know the sign tells you too it's not best to stop  
On every corner, cali niggas are dumping  
You'll be shaking your soul loose from the box at the coroner's  
Making death not so foreign to ya  
Niggas got rugers and m-14's with enough,  
Ammo to leave an armored truck swiss cheese  
I've learned to stay away from house parties  
I've seen too many go and end up absent without leavin  
Ain't no, warm welcomings, my eyes have witnessed the bend in on  
Nights that don't sleep, and fireworks until dawn

[Chorus]

[Hittman]

Now tell me, what the fuck is this man?  
Niggas doing brothers in worse than the klan  
Can't even stand, in front of your building and chill  
Without yielding, twelve-year-old children that kill  
Blood spilling, thugs be illin, unnecessary slugs  
Filling the sky, usually drilling the one  
That wasn't willing to die, yes sir in the killing field  
I got my, life preserver  
And I'll do my time for murder, these niggaz got the nerve to  
Question me, bout the colors that I got on?  
Now see that red dot on your knot  
Bout to get your whole crew shot on  
A soldier of fortune, I'm the wrong nigga to plot on  
Took him out on the spot before he even got on  
My hit list, peep this  
I cock back, you bow down  
Bust round, bloody the ground, retaliation sounds like this

[Chorus: x2]

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