

# Bang (feat. T.I. & Lil' Scrappy)

Young Jeezy

[Chorus]

Hit 'em up, peace up, A-town down  
Hit 'em up, peace up, A-town down  
Hit 'em up, peace up, A-town down  
If you ain't from round here dog don't even come around  
Twist ya fingers up bang motherfucker bang  
Throw ya hoods up bang motherfucker bang  
Eastside! (Hit 'em up bang motherfucker bang)  
Westside! (Hit 'em up, bang motherfucker bang) Do ya thug thing gon' get 'em up  
Represent ya side nigga hit 'em up  
Disrespect we gon' take it there  
We 30 deep lil nigga we ain't fighting fair  
You better holla at ya partners  
Before we catch them outside and hit they ass wit dem choppers  
The .45 make my pants sag  
Catch me bouncing through the club wit my black flag  
You don't like it do something nigga  
Where I'm from if we don't like it we do something nigga  
And you know we gon' ride homes  
Stomped a nigga ass out until they turn the lights on [Chorus] Me and Jeezy on the back street  
Choppers in the back seat  
What we fin to do the questions yean even gotta ask me  
Desert in my lap and skullcap and a black tee  
Looking for the niggas that say they fin to attack me  
Turn the music down low and let the 'llac creep  
Fuck the police I give a damn if they catch me  
Wait a minute that's that nigga looking at me  
Let off 50 shots you niggas ran like a track meet  
I know my partners would have did the job for a flat fee  
But seeing dem niggas bleed is the only thing that's gon' relax me  
I'm hands on nigga damn what you say  
All them games that you play don't stand a chance in the A nigga [Chorus] Roll up on yo block  
All the bullshit stops  
Man hoe know that I'm the prince so that ass gon' drop  
I was born in the A with things in the way  
Smoke weed everyday  
Zone 3 where I stay  
Yeah I think I'm the shit cause I got an SS  
But the shit a old folk so you can receive the letter

I'm the best of the best  
And the freshest of the fresh  
Gotta pistol black out wit an Atlanta Hawk vest  
Gotta lifetime of trouble and my brain still nervous  
I don't rep the A by mistake I do the shit on purpose  
Do it how it's worth it rim and the cars swerving  
It ain't nothing but Lil Scrappy and g's up to start murkinin' ya[Chorus]

Songwriters

Jenkins, Jay / Richardson II, Darryl / Wallace, Zachery / Harris, Clifford Joseph / Alexander, Phalon

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