

# Bangers

## Alchemist

Yeah

I'm here nigga

Banks

G-G-G unitNow don't try to stand next to me right

'Cause I'm the nigga they came here to see right

Ain't nothin' 'round here for free right

And I'm here to let these motherfuckers know

That I'll do anything for the dough right

A felony walkin' out the front do' right

Ain't a motherfucker I gotta change fo' right

Therefore I'm a be this way until I goYeah! Guess who walk around with diamond chains and rings on 'em

A pair of throwback Jordan's, with the wings on 'em

With all this talking I'm guessin' they got them things on 'em

'Cause if not Milli's the Forty Cal's a ring on 'em

I know your kind gettin' by leave the city quick

Niggaz bleed just like us I'm on that biggie shit

First of all I'm supposed to ball

I'm supposed to have coast to, coast to callsAnd your niggaz on your CD's garbage

Yeah, they shootin' but they missin'

Sprayin' up the wall like graffiti artist

Some niggaz by the bootleg but go and cop the real shit

'Cause the fans love us I'm nicer than grandmothers

I wake up get dressed put on my tan butters

It's been this way since Puma's and Super Man cover's

A ice pick could do your liver harm

And have you screamin' in the back of the club louder than lil' JonNow don't try to stand next to me right

'Cause I'm the nigga they came here to see right

Ain't nothin' 'round here for free right

And I'm here to let these motherfuckers know

That I'll do anything for the dough right

A felony walkin' out the front do' right

Ain't a motherfucker I gotta change fo' right

Therefore I'm a be this way until I goYou now lookin' at the hood meal ticket seven thou on my wrist

It's kinda hard to keep the balance with this

It keeps the challengers pissed

I vacate to different islands and twist

And back home where the violence exist, now silencers fixed

You buy mileage as gifts as well as man's best friend

And I don't own no rottweillers and pits

It's getting extremely hard for the man to roam  
With little kids putting this picture on the camera phone  
Shit change now that the cameras on  
A bitch will jeopardize the marriage to fuck you when that man is gone  
These niggaz ramblin' on about the paper that they getting stop it  
I got more money than you in my little pocket  
Yeah, I'm stingy so it's stretch long  
With G-unit sweats on thread needle to Teflon  
Des' Eagle and vest on, 'cause everybody ain't enthused  
That's your name's around about good news, fuck y'all  
Now don't try to stand next to me right  
'Cause I'm the nigga they came here to see right  
Ain't nothin' 'round here for free right  
And I'm here to let these motherfuckers know  
That I'll do anything for the dough right  
A felony walkin' out the front do' right  
Ain't a motherfucker I gotta change fo' right  
Therefore I'm a be this way until I go{Alright Al, here's the deal  
You need to let me manage ya  
You need to let Swinndelle management  
I, Jerry, from Swinndelle management  
You need to let me manage ya  
Me, I can provide alota shit for y'all ya here me?  
Alota shit}{Who let the dogs out?  
That was me kid  
I let the dogs out, ya hear me?  
Alright, I can provide this for ya Al  
Your brother, he'll be part of the act  
We can hook it up  
It'll be like criss-cross  
Except we'll make ya put the hoodies backwards  
Me, Jerry, from Swinndelle management  
I can provide that}

Songwriters

ALAN MAMAN / CHRISTOPHER LLOYD  
Published by

Lyrics © Royalty Network, Universal Music Publishing Group  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent  
9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnlyrics.com/>