

# Banged Out

## Black Knights

Yeah, yeah, banged out  
Black Knights, yeah banged out (not us)  
Gunshots rang out, rang out (yeah)  
Why, why, why, uh

You don't wanna fuck wit us  
Niggas wanna fuck wit the Knights  
You don't wanna fuck wit me  
Me and my niggas stay banged out for life

We banged out, gun shots rang out, we hang out  
Long Beach, Compton, niggas'll blow ya brains out  
Way out, who's in the house?  
Wu-Tang, Black Knights, the West Coast Killa Bee Gang

Flow marvelous, born fatherless, street scientist  
Slash pharmacist, mic arsonist, spit hot shit that rock shit  
Harder than the aftershock, spaz a lot  
Rob you wit a mask or not, cold crash ya spot  
Yo, who got it locked, Black Knights, niggas best act like  
They heard, if they didn't, all be spittin' up half-pints  
of blood, steppin' to us, thinkin' you thug  
Then turned bitch, when niggas don't budge  
And start spittin' out slugs, immediately, I guarantee it'll to be  
A massacre, splashin' ya, hollow tips, bashin' ya  
Wide open, exposin' ya dome piece, get off Long Beach  
The chrome heat, roll deep and don't sleep  
Stay low key, I play the cut, drunk, eyes halfway shut  
Heat tucked, big barrel brushin' my nuts  
I'm no joke, so analyze the words that I quote  
It's like I brush my teeth wit coke, every time I speak, it's dope

You corny niggas bore me, wit all ya tough talk and war stories  
Comedian M.C.'s wit more jokes than Joe Torre  
Real niggas support me, cuz real recognize real  
When I should be under the jail for the caps that I peeled  
But cops can't catch me, Mr. Flossy-Flossy in a Lexy  
Two thou', Jeep style, my gear dip freshly  
Come test me, you be another nigga on my shit-list  
My hit-list, my rest-in-piss-list, dare you to diss this  
Gang, I claim, Black Knights and get that ass beat  
You niggas is worst then bitches these days, if you ask me  
Flippin' the scripts, snitchin' and shit  
What's that all about, nigga, I ought to put this fuckin' gun in ya mouth  
And blow ya brains out, snitches get killed where I hang out  
Everybody and they momma out here is banged out  
From Compton and Compton don't raise no rats  
We raised to scrap, raised up to blaze the gat  
Like World War III, that's why I keep my guns off safety  
It ain't safe in these streets, I know niggas that hate me  
Faithfully, just waitin' for the day to erase me  
That makes me, get the gat and react hasty

I speak of a cracker like a pin cushion and grind  
Nigga, I been pushin' the line  
So much jackin' I should of gone blind, it's Black Muslim on mind  
Overdosed, overdrive, override

Who do the most? Who keep it live? You know the coast, you know the side  
Where niggas low-ride, bring drama and slang rocks  
I hang wit Compton and Long Beach niggas but bang Watts  
And got seventeen shots, and ain't a spot I don't stay heated in  
Peace to my niggas in the pen, who ain't never gon' see the street again  
I spent a lifetime on the bottom, repped it good  
In the midst of this modern day, Gamorrah, inside I kept it hood  
Stood my ground, kept quiet til the Black Knights found me  
Now we bangin' the kind of shit that's started riots in the county

Monk stay in the streets, lay low  
He creep slow wit a slow bop  
Patrol cops, harass, tryin' to find cracks and weed-bag  
Stashed in the cutter, Compton up, who off the hook  
Stay banged out, in spots, where shots rang out  
From past beef, do dirt, you stole, wear heats  
Down back streets, armed beats cruisers on mountain bikes  
This the Knights, fuck you un-alikes, you stagnate, stuck wit no hope  
We make bricks, hit after hits  
Straight out the dungeon pit, my sharp fatal sting picture flicks to  
punishment  
We run shit, from Compton, Long Beach, Watts, up north, Sac' down to the Bay  
Niggas step in my way, you get hit wit the "K"

We banged out, banged out, nigga...