

# Bang Bang

Dr. Dre

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  
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Everyday it's the same thang, L.A. ain't changed  
Niggaz still playa hatin, but Dre ain't changed  
I'm just a lot smarter now  
cause these niggaz is bangin ten times harder now  
Niggaz ringin 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  
Niggaz got AK's, niggaz is way crazier  
than Dre was back in his N.W.A. days  
Niggaz spray strays and shoot without lookin  
Niggaz walk by and blast without leavin a footprint  
I think the attitudes are twice as worst  
It takes half the time to get your life reversed  
Always tryin to play Rambo with they ammo  
Make a nigga wanna stay in family mode

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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 niggaz are dumpin  
You'll be shakin your soul loose from the box at the coroner's  
Makin death not so foreign to ya  
Niggaz 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

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Now tell me - what the fuck is this man?  
Niggaz doin brothers in worse than the Klan  
Can't even stand, in front of your buildin and chill  
without yieldin, twelve-year-old children that kill  
blood spillin, thugs be illin, unnecessary slugs  
fillin the sky, usually drillin the one  
that wasn't willin 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 hitlist -- peep this  
I cock back, you bow down  
Bust round, bloody the ground, retaliation sounds like this

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