

My Shit Bang

E-40

Turn my music up, turn my music up
Turn my-turn my music up, turn my music up
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Turn my music up, turn my music up
My-my shit bang, my shit bang
My shit bang, my-my shit bang
Nigga my shit bang, my shit bang
My-my shit bang, my-my shit...
Bang-bang-bang, my shit bang
Nigga my shit bang, my shit bang
Nigga my shit bang, bang, bang, bang
(Nigga my shit bang) bang, bang, bang, bang

My shit bang, my shit throp
I'm a muthafuckin beast, I'm a muthafuckin hog
Pull up with the slump
Or should I say black trunk sounding like I got a
alligator in the back
Paint wetter than melted ice, ralley and hockey strips
Burning rubber in every light, mean mugging like 'thug
ya life'
I be hustling all day and night, pushing all night and
day
Twisted and whippin yay, getting my gwopalay
So you put my Gouda my pay, when I get in my way
From da Bay to L.A. to the A this nigga connected
Worldwide nigga this mister how-you-be-headed
You ain't gotta like me but you gotta respect it
Woke up early in the morning and put one in the air
Got so high thought about running for mayor
Slap myself to make sure I was still there
Shit, showered and shaving then I cut my hair
Today I'm try'na get laid then put a pounding on the
mug
Try'na find me a bitch with a ass like a Worldstahiphop
bunny
Try'na get rich in this collectings stack my money
You can tell that I'm a D-boy by my baller tummy
Sometimes I'm just uppity-up, sometimes I dress skummy
Sometimes I dress high class, sometimes I dress bummy
If it ain't about no cash you can miss me
Most of the time you can find this hustla tipsy
BIATCH! Biatch

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UGHHH! I been running around all day try'na get my
decimals up (UH)
Anybody that try to stop me I suggest that they duck
Cause when I get the bucket I can assure you it's
nothing pleasant
My arsenal game is east but the west has all kinda of
weapons
Even if you're wearing chest protection a trauma plate
won't work
Cause I'm a aim at your hammit, I ain't goin aim at you
shirt
Alot of these bitch ass niggas should be wearing a
skirt
With the box of Morton and some maxi pads in they purse
Pillow talking and biting pillows, acting like some
brassies
Cause they're a whole bunch of that sucka shit a bunch
of popsicles
I should of been a tourist cause I'm stubborn as a bull
I'm a different type of dude and I stick to the rules
I'm a real nigga best believe it, I live it and I
breathe it
I tell it like it is and I call it how I see it
My potna used to be all sharp but now he all fefe
'What do fefe mean? ' Methamphetamine
I can't believe it, man you disappointed me
I'm devastated mayne he lost cool points with me
I'm standing outside of my crib with some gym shorts
and a hoody
Talking to my nig on the celly smoking a philly
Sipping on a fifth of that oil cognac henny
A hundred wall on them bricks, he got caught with a kid
of candies
If you didn't go to jail by now he probably be dead
So instead he in there with his uncle his daddy and
relatives
UHH!

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