

# Bang Time

M.O.P.

Bang bang ba-bang, ba-bang bang ba-bang

Ba-bang bang ba-bang, bang ti-a-bang time  
Bang bang time (uhh) it's bang time (uhh)  
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Bang bang time (uhh) it's bang time (uhh)  
Bang bang ba-bang, bang ti-a-bang time  
Bang bang time (uhh) it's bang time (uhh)  
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Bang bang time (uhh) it's bang time (uhh)

To the East my brother like a X-Clan member  
SISSY! Lil' Fame is a Marxmen  
I'm the son of Sonny Carson  
I wash dirty cats through hood laundromats, where they lost at  
Go home or go hard yeah this is real life warrior shit  
These other rap dudes corny as shit  
What'chall know about sidewalks with bloodstains, coroner shit  
+Cold as Ice+ on some Foreigner shit  
Raised on the dark side, baptized in dirty water  
The murder Marx side, dark skies to early mornings  
What's a nickel bag to a profit/prophet, graze hit 'em right out  
Great day to do it again, same as the night out  
[whistling] This is the good, the bad and the ugly  
'Round here we keeps it thuggy thuggy  
Yeah and it's Brooklyn's, finest, unfaded, Brownsvillians  
We'll shoot this bitch up like cowboys and indians

[Chorus]

[Styles P:]

D-Block! Yeah, bang time  
45'll hit 'em and leave 'em with hang time  
Raised on his ass like the glass of a [?] line  
Raw like cocaine line, nigga I ain't lyin  
Your man's frame is dyin from the flame of the iron  
Walkin him, walk with him, now better kneel with him  
Try to be real with him, I'm so deep in it  
That if you try to stand up his fuckin guts gon' spill on him  
Play with'cha kids, or a deck of cards  
Me I go extra hard, still tryin to get it, like I'm Escobar  
Only question I ask is cash or a check involved  
Put me on my P's and Q's, let me know if death's involved  
Like I give a shit, ignorant nigga  
Yeah I pull the trigger quick, thought you woulda figured this  
You want to know why the movement is rigorous  
S.P. the Ghost, on some Y.O. killer shit, nigga!... Bang time

[Chorus]

[Billy Danze:]

Yo, somewhere in (BROOKLYN) is where you'll find this nigga, in my comfort zone  
Semi circled by the grimiest niggaz (c'mon!)  
Walk with me, spread chalk with me sod  
In the field where the real niggaz are born (ghetto)  
There's no surgeons here, we don't cut up body parts

We blast and leave yo' ass wherever it start  
A half a block from the precinct, the homies are beyond thuggin and buggin  
My whole borough's in judgment indecent  
The thoroughest dimepieces straight out of action flicks  
(Gangsta bitch!) Angela Jolie this  
Notion, forward motion, do what you gotta do  
To get what you gotta get to get your shit rollin  
And keep closin, by any means  
The 50 cal the 40 or the 30 carbine  
Let it steam motherfucker let's go, we in them greends  
And on the grounds with it we down with it, that's how we bling

[Chorus]