

Bang

The Game

You got them funny ass colors on, take it off
If you in the club with ice on we takin' off
I thought you was a gangsta nigga, you better shake it off
What?
Sh-Sh-Shake it off, or get banged on

Gettin' my bang on, red strings on
Luis Vuitton kicks, Luis Vuitton frames on
Luis Vuitton belt holdin' the fo'-five
You know who I am bitch, I'm Mr. Westside

This West West or nothin' - get your pistols, get your flag
Gangstas we love to sag, we cock it back and blast
Like booyaka-booyaka, we lay the party down
G-G-Game, Dogg Pound

Everybody get down

Look nigga... I nurture and breed
I ain't never gave a fuck about a bitches needs
And bitch niggaz try to invade our town
I'ma lay 'em down, spray the 'K and get out

Say goodbye to the '6-4, hello to the '6-trey
He ain't never seen hydraulics, look at his bitch face
Up, down - now watch my shit scrape
Daz call Snoop, I'ma Crip Walk to get Dre
and Blood Bounce back, heat on the track
Dribble rock like Wade and bounce like Shaq
Throw a O in the pot and watch it bounce right back
Like that (like that?) like that

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We street connected, respected, I gets pathetic
When I did it I must admit it, so nigga go and rep it
Lil' homies around her constantly on smash mode
Lil' niggaz with pistols that blowin' out your asshole
Bang how we give it, the culture that we live in
Fresh out the hospital or fresh out the prison
Real niggaz for life, the roots of the G tree
N.W.A., Dr. D-R-E

We not S-T-A-R's, we don't put stars in our shoes
Bitch we put the whole car on the shoes
You don't wanna see my car on the news
I'll "Set It Off" like Queen Latifah, red beam on the nina

Bang out, chippin' in traffic, dippin' the classic
Dippin' to classics, whoopin' that ass
It's hood niggaz ready to get it, your bitch can get it
Cause I know she'll suck a dick in less than a minute
Cuz, I'ma have to show him where the house at

Two milli macks, semi-automatic situational attack
In the back with a sack, Cadillac all black
Like this and like that
Bang, broken like glass and plastic
Bang out on him with the mask and plastic
We got access to massive plastiques
Purchased last week, D.P.G.C.
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Here come them outta town niggaz, what up Blood?
(What up cuz? They don't even know what 2Pac first album was)
Should I tell 'em Blood? (Nah, fuck 'em loc)
Me and Kurupt three-wheelin' on the hundred spokes
(Dash, brake, bounce and scrape)
Run up on the '6-4, see the AK's
(Bang) like Eazy, (Bang) like Dre
(Bang) like Snoop, (Bang) in L.A.
(Bang) like Crips and Bloods
From now on, wear a Bathing Ape hoodie get stripped in the club
Like a bitch in the club, watch him strip in the club
You like ice creams? Get a banana split in the club
No jewelry, you can't wear shit in the club
And that go for every nigga and bitch in the club
So you better take it off 'fore you get in the club
Game and Dogg Pound along side sittin' on dubs
Remember that

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