

Bang Loose

WC

Off that ignorant, belligerent
Gorilla people like mugilla
From the chickens liver stanky rivers like kitty liver
Take my finger out your putang you smelly funkadelic
With funkadelic reteric for you relics
(The buffalo fake the nigga street sweeper)
The Grim reaper's grim reaper
I'm a Don like Magic Juan, off that sauvignon
The game sprays out of my mouth, like a can of Krylon
Riverside to Saigon, I'm killing each track I rhyme on
You had tights on like you had nylons on
Boogie banga funk'd out panty stainer
Ghetto enough to get TV reception with a coat hanger
Smell me

(It's the words man)
Fake comedy for my accident done on purpose
About to set the fly one
Down with the ghetto Hiesman
I'll serve niggaz in the third person
Don't even try it

Vaboom, he's back to putting in work
Vaboom, to make your neck and head jerk
Make'em bang-bang
Make'em all move
Do the damn thing
My niggaz bang loose

Timmmbber
Hawk it's the big hawk
Ready to chalk
With the boom ping, ping
That make the Dre swing, swing
Flipped and slipped and clipped equipped the trigger
Hit. Click, click, click, click, click
Nigga, dissa, stealer, scrilla
Did-a-any-body kill her?
I'm blasting
None of them like Danskin
Closing caskets
Chromed
Put my LA throat back on
It's back on and getting cheddar
In my ride with the blue feather
In Linen
Strolling with the vengeance
And when I make that gun clap
bitch niggaz roll like pigeons
So if you claiming than brang it
And be about the drama
It's WC and I ain't your mama

Nigga make way for the big bomber
Mr. all night rider
Original bang hand glider
Scuffing up Chucks swiftly

Looking for a spot launch that mini-mat
And that's a hard hat
Do it till I get you
Pistol grip whip you
Nigga your pitiful
Picture me back burner material
Never
Scraped off Serial numbers and brought (??)
Ditching your block when live while you work
Cause it ain't no half repping
Either you riding or not
Cock it or keep stepping
Come on
Feel the breeze
What, y'all ain't know?
I got a squad so cold
We freeze all area codes
They need this - real Gs
Critical thesis
bound to break shit down to quarter pieces
For real
DeVil the boss under the Dub
Swanging
Giving orders to chickens and thugs

It ain't no bitch in this industry that flow like me
Matter fact, it ain't to many niggaz that can see me
For sure, I've been none to loc for way too long
Now the spot lights on me, so believe me its on
Its funny the way I'm hated
Always underrated
But ya'll hoes couldn't come with it if you masturbated
Niggaz wanna test me - I wish you would
Lyrics bang more harder than niggaz bang they hood
I come thru unexpected like the in Vietnam grenades
Got so much heat I make the Devil run for shade
This ain't no game nigga
So, don't fuck with T
Mess around and be headlining on Unsolved Mysteries
I got warrants for my arrest by the FBDs
For pushing off trying to take these keys
A female fely in Burberry
Picking up money from the commissary
Don't fuck with Terry

WC...Dr. Stank....DeVil...Lady T

Swang on

Swang on