

Santana F/ Everlast

"I'ma Keep Bangin'"

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Prraw
Haha
South East San Diego in the muthafuckin house
619
Gangsta Nation crew, nigga
Bullet Loco
So get your muthafuckin facts straight
Check it out

[VERSE 1: Jayo Felony]

What that Diego like? A Uzi or a Mack 10
Bullet Loco and I'm bailin with my niggas from the pen
These snitches and tricks makin the set look real bad
Instead of that rag, buster, you need a badge
I gotta watch the pad real close for the break-in
Cause suckers be fakin but it'll be no more mistakin
Hand-pick my click, no weak link or busters
Just pimps and murderers and straight up hustlers
Who ain't givin a fuck about a nine to five
When I can pull up on ya, blast that ass and then drive
Your car away, far away and leave you with a frame
Sittin on bricks and that's a muthafuckin shame
You don't know my name or the set that I claim
For years I let embalmin fluid take over my brain
Killin over colors, fuck if it's my brother
But if I hesitate on he draw I might not see another
Day, some say (?) smokin and I start chokin them
bricks
And I'm pissin on your floor cause I ain't housebroken,
bitch
They snitched on the Loc when I was bangin
But now on my nuts you're hangin
And I just ask myself

Yeah muthafucka

Why I gotta live like this?
You're trippin and slippin and thinkin that you can fade
me

Nigga

[VERSE 2: Jayo Felony]

You must be on caine, speed, water, weed, hot cock or
ready rock

It's the Bullet Loco on the 47 block

On a mission as I'm gettin Inside like Edition

Bitches are wishin they could be huggin up and kissin

Me, but see Bullet Loco gon' stand with the upper hand

Hookers be lyin like the muthafuckin weatherman

Bitch, it ain't gon rain, it's a sunny day

For my AK to spray and lay any hooker that wants to
play play

Taytay your baby kids were up and saw me fuckin you

Beatin up the poo-poo with my dick stuck in you

I might smoke anyone when I'm swimmin in the water

(?) to San Diego news reporters

(?) puttin out a fuckin hit

Suck my dick, you're a trick, your perspective ain't shit

To my click I flick a shermstick bud in your eye

Bangin till I die

Nigga

Yeah fool

And it don't stop

Why I gotta live like this?

You're trippin and slippin and thinkin that you can fade
me

[VERSE 3: Jayo Felony]

My little homies walk the streets strapped ready to peel
a cap

So my enemy's gone on a muthafuckin map

Six feet deep, his boys might try to creep

I don't sleep, I keep my trigger finger on my heat

Huh, and sho' enough here they come on a sneak tip

But I got a AK-47 with a 50 round clip

Buck - I hit the driver and he crashed

Ran up on em busters and let em have it as I blast

Tic toc, you don't stop, mama smokin crack rock

Break that shit pipe and tell that hoe to stop

But on my block you got them ends, you got the lleyo

My kids got a appetite, so I just can't say no

I'm cuttin up my brick just as soon as I can buy it

I even got a sample of, here smoke and try it

It's all about the street life, my knife and my rag

The Loc used to sag even when I played tag

Fuck the drag, here I come with the gun, son

Blast that ass, question later, I ain't the one

Toss up the Thunderbird, never leave a homie hangin

Cause Bullet Loc ain't goin out, fool...

And I just ask myself
Muthafucka

Why I gotta live like this?
You're trippin and slippin and thinkin that you can fade
me

You must be on dope, nigga
Yeah and it don't stop

Why I gotta live like this?
You're trippin and slippin and thinkin that you can fade
me

You must be on dope, bitch

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