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W.C. "Bang Loose"

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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 funked out panty stainer
Ghetto enough to get TV reception with a coat hanger
Smell me
(It's the [unverified] 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

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Timber, 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 anybody kill her? I'm blasting None of them like Danskin Closing caskets chromed Put my L.A. 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

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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 [unverified]

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 through 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 [unverified] trying to take these keys
A female fely in Burberry
Picking up money from the commissary
Don't fuck with Terry

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WC, Dr. Stank, Devil, Lady T Swang on, swang on

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