

# Wc "Bang Lose"

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F/ Dr. Stank, DeVil, Lady T

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[Dr. Stank]

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

[Chorus: repeat 2X]

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

[WC]

Timmber  
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

[Chorus]

[DeVil]

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

[Lady T]

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 it's 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  
(Chorus x4)

[WC]  
WC...Dr. Stank....DeVil...Lady T

Swang on

Swang on

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